THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

JANUARY 1, 1949

15¢

Russia's Children from Cradle to Colleg
16 Page Picture Story

Rollicking New Nove
By Edwin Lanham

LIFE OF CHRIST
Painting in Full Color

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

Jan 1-1949

FREE PUB LIBR
KANS
A 27993
6 26
20

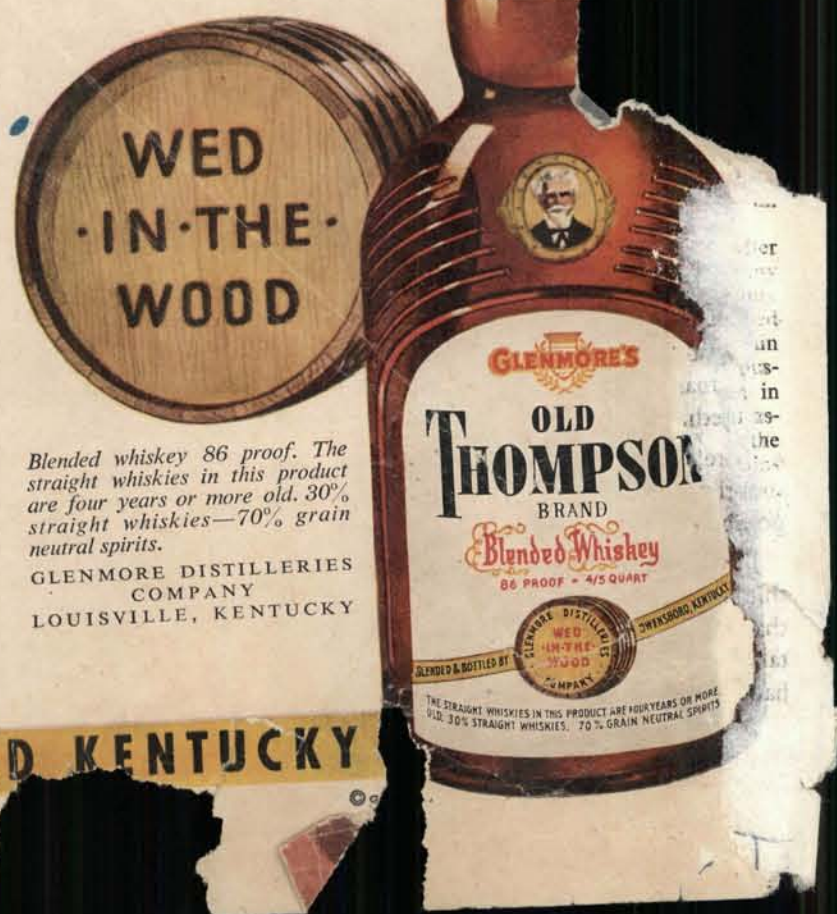
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good taste within easy reach

OLD THOMPSON
BRAND

mellower because it's . .

WED·IN·THE·WOOD means that fine Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs us more but gives you a richer, smoother whiskey.



Blended whiskey 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...'RE not going out with him?" Babs de- ...nded incredulously. After all, Harry was ...ing special."

... you kidding?" hissed Ann, covering the ...piece with her hand. "Of course I'm not ... out with him!"

...en if it was Saturday night, the idea was un- ...able. Not that Harry wasn't attractive. Or ... e wasn't well mannered. Or that he didn't ...ou to nice places, BUT . . . recently Harry ...ecome something less than "special."

It just goes to show that all a man's good points can be cancelled by one bad one*. And poor Harry never even remotely suspected what that one was.

Are you Sure?

You never can be sure about your breath. It may be agreeable one day and quite the opposite the next.

And when it *is* off-color you're down on the black-list. Isn't it foolish to risk offending . . . isn't it folly to trust to makeshifts when Listerine Antiseptic offers an *extra-careful* precaution against simple, non-systemic cases of halitosis* (unpleasant breath)?

Just give the mouth a quick, delightful rinse with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . *stays that way, too, not for seconds, not for minutes, but for hours usually.*

Before any date when you want to be at your best never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** for oral hygiene

Jan 1 1949

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Collier's next week

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE COLLEGE FRATERNITY CRISIS

By HOWARD WHITMAN

A thoroughly revealing report on the extremes to which many fraternities have gone to maintain their positions of snobbery and social exclusiveness on the campus. The first part of a two-part article beginning next issue.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Father of the Bride

By EDWARD STREETER

A hilarious story by the author of "Dere Mable." About Kay Banks and her father who is willing to give her hand in marriage for the price of a "simple wedding." What happens is funny to everyone but bill-paying papa. The first of three parts of a forthcoming Book-Of-The-Month selection.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEW WEAPON AGAINST TOOTH DECAY

By J. D. RATCLIFF

A brilliant new chemical discovery cuts down tooth decay by more than 80 per cent and eliminates sensitivity to cold.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I Surrendered Corregidor

By BRIGADIER GENERAL CHARLES C. DRAKE

At last, the true story of one of the most heroic and yet pitiful chapters in our military history, by the man to whom the sorry assignment fell.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

WALTER DAVENPORT, *Editor*

OSCAR DYSTEL, *Managing Editor*

WALTER ROSS, *Article Editor* KENNETH LITTAUER, *Fiction Editor* TONY PALAZZO, *Art Di*

Contributing Editors

W. B. COURTNEY KYLE CRICHTON JIM MARSHALL FRANK GERVASI AMY PORTER
RUTH CARSON LESTER VELIE COLLIE SMALL FRANK D. MORRIS BILL DAVIDSON

Associate Editors

Fiction: NAOME WALSH, KNOX BURGER, GERTRUDE BUCKMAN, MACLENNAN FARRELL, WALT GROVE
Family Features: RUTH FOWLER, JEAN B. BINGHAM
Humor: GURNEY WILLIAMS
Sports: BILL FAY
Aviation: FREDERICK R. NEELY
London: GWYN BARKER
Food: CHARLOTTE ADAMS
Washington: WILLIAM HILLMAN, Mgr., JAMES C. DERIEUX
Men's Fashions: BERT BACHARACH
Women's Fashions: TOBÉ
Articles: JAMES N. YOUNG, LEONARD A. PARIS, WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR., EDMUND ANTROBUS, WARREN BROWN

JOHN CONNER, *Assistant Managing Editor* MANLEY JACKSON, *Director Editorial Research* BRUCE DOWNES, *Photography Edi*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production Director* HELEN P. BUTLER, *Production Assistant*

Contents for January 1, 1949

Articles

LET'S GIVE THE POSTMAN A BREAK (*Part 1 of a two-part article*) — *Lester Velie* — 13
GRAND OLD LADY OF JOHNSTOWN — *Edith Asbury* — 20
TOUGHEST COP IN BERLIN — *Quentin Reynolds* — 21
RUSSIA'S CHILDREN FROM CRADLE TO COLLEGE — *Arthur Goodfriend and "Mr. Z"* — 30
NINE WISE MEN AND YOU — *Bill Davidson* — 48
DESIGN FOR VICTORY — *Thomas J. Hargrave, Former Chairman of Munitions Board* — 51

Short Stories

★ PRACTICALLY CHRISTMAS (*The Star Story*) — *Joseph Petracca* — 16
A DATE WITH 406 (*The Short Short Story*) — *Richard English* — 27
OPEN SEASON ON GEORGE — *Irene Kittle Kamp* — 28
SWEET INTERLUDE — *F. Hugh Herbert* — 47

Serials

RINGSIDE MAIDEN (*Part 1 of eight parts*) — *Edwin Lanham* — 8
PASSAGE TO PANAMA (*Conclusion*) — *Robert Carson* — 22

Features

THE WEEK'S MAIL — *from our readers* — 4
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD — *Freling Foster* — 6
HOW TO BE A SALONKEEPER — *James Dugan* — 12
FREEZE — *Stanley and Janice Berenstain* — 19
THE LIFE OF CHRIST — *Ayres Houghtelling* — 24
HATS — *Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw* — 26
CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS — *Don Tobin* — 46
INSIDE SPORTS — *Bill Fay* — 50
THE WEEK'S WORK — *Ted Shane* — 52
GUESS WHAT? — *Carl H. Winston* — 70
CLANCY — *John Ruge* — 71
VERSE — 65, 69
CARTOONS — 54, 55, 56, 60, 62, 64, 66, 67, 68, 70, 73
COLLIER'S BELIEVES: *In The Looming Year* — 74
COVER — *John Mechling*

The Week's Mail

CALLING DR. READ! CALLING NURSERY!

DEAR SIR: Read the latest report of Dr. Grantly Dick Read's theory of painless childbirth (Having Your Baby the New Way, Nov. 13th) and must add a word of warning to those expectant mothers who go off half-cocked as I did last year when I read (Nov. 16, 1946) his first Collier's story. I was p.g., and when the contractions started I relaxed and ignored them so completely, my son got himself born on the hospital front steps. I couldn't believe it was time to leave till too late. Has Dr. Read a solution? I'm p.g. again.

MRS. I. E. PEARLSTEIN, Phoenix, Ariz.

. . . I got Dr. Read's book, Childbirth Without Fear, one month before delivery, practiced the exercises only for that length of time, and had my baby boy without pain or discomfort or anesthesia—with the aid of a competent and sympathetic staff at the U. of Cal. Hospital here. My first baby was born amid the "terror and the agony." It will work for those who can really believe. MRS. GERALDINE KUHN, San Francisco, Cal

. . . My first baby was born shortly aft your first article appeared. Because of y lack of knowledge and the doctor's fa to recognize my symptoms, I had retu from his office to the isolated mount cabin where we lived then due to the ho ing shortage. There Andy was born perfect condition without any medica sistance. I know that if I had not take advice of your article the counter would have been dangerous—maybe As it was I relaxed and everything beautiful. I felt so good I walked

(Continued on page 61)

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 123, No. 1. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada, Labrador, Newfoundland and Philippine Islands, one year $4.00; two years $6.00; three years $8.00.

FOR PAN-AMERICAN countries in the postal union, add $1.00 for each year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 for each year.

REMIT by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us fi advance of the next issue date. Give both th new addresses.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Po Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879 the Post Office, Toronto, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collie National Weekly, should be accompanied by a envelopes and return postage. The Publisher ass responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscrip

COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

M·G·M brings you the BIGGEST COLOR BY Technicolor Musical!

Words and Music

FEATURING 22 RODGERS and HART SONGS

. . . AND A LOVE STORY AS THRILLING AS THE WORDS . . . A ROMANCE AS UNFORGETTABLE AS THE MUSIC!

and Starring (alphabetically)

JUNE ALLYSON

SINGS "THOU SWELL" . . AND SHE REALLY IS!

PERRY COMO

YOU'LL LOVE "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"!

JUDY GARLAND

HITS A NEW HIGH WITH "JOHNNY ONE NOTE"!

LENA HORNE

SHE'S TERRIFIC WITH "THE LADY IS A TRAMP"!

GENE KELLY

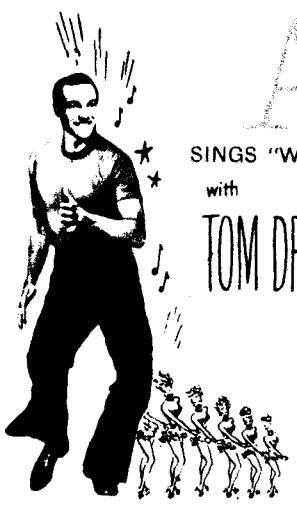
HIS "SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE" IS SENSATIONAL!

MICKEY ROONEY

MARVELOUS ALL THE WAY FROM "MANHATTAN" TO HOLLYWOOD!

ANN SOTHERN

SINGS "WHERE'S THAT RAINBOW" . . AND IT'S IN YOUR HEART!



with

TOM DRAKE · CYD CHARISSE · BETTY GARRETT · JANET LEIGH · MARSHALL THOMPSON · MEL TORME · VERA-ELLEN

Based on the Lives and Music of **RICHARD RODGERS** and **LORENZ HART**

Screen Play by FRED FINKLEHOFFE • Story by GUY BOLTON and JEAN HOLLOWAY • Adaptation by BEN FEINER, Jr.

Musical Numbers Directed by **ROBERT ALTON** Directed by **NORMAN TAUROG** Produced by **ARTHUR FREED**

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... **IMAGINE ME** dancing with a scarecrow! Hope somebody cuts in. How *can* a man be so careless about his hair? It's straggly, unkempt, and . . . oh-oh—loose dandruff! He's got Dry Scalp, all right. Maybe if I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . "

HE TOOK HER TIP, and look at his hair now! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just a few drops a day, and you'll see an amazing improvement. Checks loose dandruff . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It gives double care . . . to both scalp and hair...and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: ***DR. CHRISTIAN,*** *STARRING* ***JEAN HERSHOLT,*** *ON CBS, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS;* ***LITTLE HERMAN,*** *NEW MYSTERY SHOW, SATURDAY NIGHTS, ON ABC. SEE YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR LOCAL BROADCAST TIME.*

★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

AMONG NEWS STORIES which have no basis in fact but which nevertheless keep appearing from time to time, probably the most dramatic concerns an English widow and daughter who, returning from the Orient, stop over in a particular city, which was Paris in the latest version published in Europe in 1937. Upon arriving at their hotel, the mother becomes ill, calls the house physician, and he sends the daughter to his home for a special medicine. Coming back in two hours, she finds her mother gone, their room repapered and refurnished, and their names removed from the hotel register. When the physician and the clerk tell the girl they have never seen her before, she goes to the police, learns her mother is in an isolation hospital, hurries there and is quarantined. The mother was found to have the bubonic plague, and the hotel manager, knowing the establishment would be ruined if the fact leaked out, had done everything possible to obliterate all traces of the women's visit.

WHILE STROLLING ALONE in a park in Hamburg, Germany, on the afternoon of May 14, 1912, a world-famous man had a heart attack and died instantly. Although his photograph had been published countless times in many countries, he was not recognized by anyone among the scores who viewed the body on the spot and at the morgue that evening. This and the fact that the man had no watch, ring or wallet caused the police to believe that he had been merely a well-dressed tramp. After searching frantically for him for hours, the man's valet and two bodyguards finally found and identified—King Frederick VIII of Denmark, father of King Haakon VII of Norway and brother of King George I of Greece and Queen Alexandra of England.

A NEW YORK CRIME of which no one was ever convicted was the murder of twenty-three-year-old Katie Scharn who was beaten and strangled to death in her apartment on Second Avenue near Thirtieth Street about seven-thirty on an August evening in 1900. She had stepped out for ten minutes shortly before seven, did not answer her doorbell at eight, and her body was discovered at midnight by a brother who lived with her. Although Katie had fought desperately, no screams or sounds of a struggle were heard through the thin floor by a woman who lived below; and the murderer was either admitted by the girl or had keys to the house and to the apartment. So the major suspects were Katie's brother, her fiancé, and the owner of the building; and all three had perfect alibis. The strangest aspect of the case, however, concerned Katie's 10-minute errand. She had gone around the corner to a grocery, bought three pears and, as she walked back and was just turning the corner, two of the clerks saw her take a pear out of the bag and raise it to her mouth. Yet the girl's stomach contained no trace of fruit, and neither the pears nor any part of them could be found in her apartment or in the garbage of the entire building.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

HOMING PIGEONS were regularly used during the siege of Paris between September 19, 1870, and January 28, 1871, to carry mail to the isolated city. To reduce their weight and bulk, messages were set in type, then photographed in microscopic size and printed on thin films of collodion. The two birds dispatched each morning were able to carry a total of 8,000 letters, which produced, at the pigeon-post rate of ten cents a word, an average of $112,000 a day in postal revenue.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

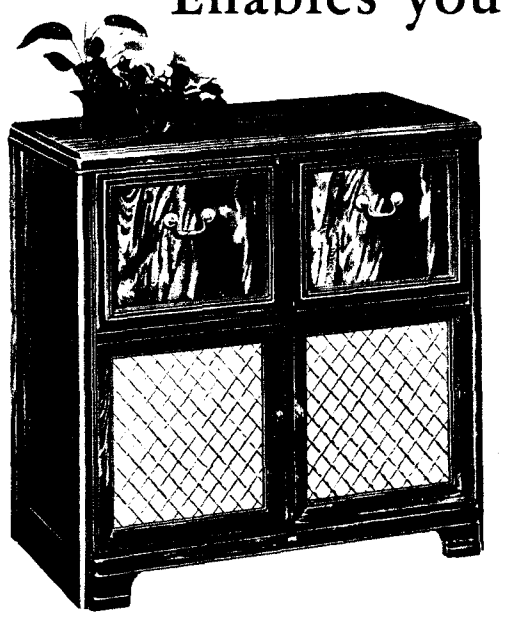
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Another Zenith Tone Triumph!

"TWIN COBRA" TONE ARMS

Enables you to enjoy Long-Playing Records, too

. . . as only Zenith can play them!



Comes in ten beautiful Zenith consoles.
Shown above is the "Twin Cobra" Regent, mahogany veneer combination with "Twin Cobra" Tone Arms, Silent-Speed Record Changer, genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM, Standard Broadcast radio, Radiorgan* Tone Control, built-in Wavemagnet.*

THINK OF IT! An entire symphony on a single disk—45 minutes of high-fidelity recorded music. And now Zenith enables you to enjoy this great innovation too—at its thrilling best in the new console combinations with the revolutionary "Twin Cobra."

This exclusive Zenith tone triumph incorporates *two* separate Cobra* Tone Arms. One is specially engineered to reproduce the new Long-Playing Records on the famous Zenith "radionic wave" principle. This Cobra is extremely light in weight, has a special stylus, and brings out the utmost in beauty and tone purity from Long-Playing Records.

The other tone arm is the world-famous standard Cobra with Silent-Speed Record Changer, for playing regular records on a radionic wave. Eliminates noise and scratch, keeps records sounding like new for over 2,000 plays!

Already, the "Twin Cobra" is a sensation among America's music lovers. Hear it today at your Zenith dealer's—in a variety of stunning console models.

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO AND TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO*
Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics Exclusively.
Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids.
*(R)

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VOL. 123, NO. 1 JANUARY 1, 1949

Agatha knew from the way Jack smiled that she would be asked to lunch again

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

By EDWIN LANHAM

Agatha Christopher is a small-town girl who is torn between choosing respectability or adventure. In one day she breaks her engagement, quits her job, and inherits a New York bar and grill—and ten per cent of a left-handed prize fighter who never can take no for an answer. Beginning a bright, new serial

PART 1 OF AN EIGHT-PART SERIAL

THEY had all agreed it was a good way to go, quiet-like, in your sleep. Close up the bar at curfew, get a snack at the dog wagon, pick up the morning papers, look over the Jamaica entries before you turned out the lights, then go to sleep and wake up dead.

"Take me," Si Kraft said, turning a solemn, philosophical eye on the barkeep. "I'm a younger man than Leo. How old was he, Oscar?"

"Forty-seven," said Oscar, the barman.

"Okay, take me," said Si. "I'm fifty-one. Saw the doc a couple months ago. Heart okay, he said. A good tick and a good tock. No sugar. Blood pressure perfect, and—"

"Talk about blood pressure," Oscar said, breaking in on a conversation that depressed him. "You draw a little blood off me, it would have a head. Talk about blood pressure!"

"What I mean is," Si continued doggedly, "there's nothing wrong with me, so what's gonna happen? I'm gonna step in front of a hack someday."

"It *was* a good way to go, all right," said Tony Franklin. He was a certified public accountant, and he spoke with finality.

They were the only three in the bar, and the room was dimly lighted by the ebbing sunlight of late afternoon. Oscar had not yet turned on the neon lights that winked out Leo's Place on the street outside, visible for several blocks along Eighth Avenue. They talked of nothing but Leo Christopher, who had died in his sleep that morning, and they had taken a few beers in memory of Leo.

The name of the bar was lettered in chipped gold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

on the plate glass facing the avenue, and in the lower left corner of the glass was a neon sign that said TELEVISION, and beneath it a cardboard placard, removable, that announced FIGHTS TONIGHT. The bar opened from the street for about the length of a railroad car, and only a little wider, but expanded to a square of space in the rear.

Si Kraft, whose livelihood was a mystery to those who did not have two dollars to bet on a horse, had left to his partner that afternoon the task of taking telephone calls, and Tony Franklin could afford to take his late summer idleness to the bar. Oscar, of course, was on duty, and had come in at noon to open the bar.

"Something we got to do," Si Kraft said. "Something nice. I got an idea instead of me sending flowers to the funeral and Tony here sending a bouquet, and Lefty Langan and the rest of the boys, I got an idea we should chip in all together."

"Sure," Tony Franklin said, "take up a collection."

"I know a florist I can get it wholesale," said Si. "For fifty-sixty bucks he'll do us proud."

Tony whistled. "Sixty bucks! For flowers?"

"I'll start it off," Oscar said. "Here's five bucks." He took a roll from his pocket and carefully removed a five. He was a big, deliberate man and the knuckles of his hands had a jagged look, like an eroded mountain range, from the many breaks they had suffered in the ring. "You gonna hold it, Si?" he asked.

"If you want," Si said. He had his wallet out, and put another five on the bar beside Oscar's. Tony Franklin probed his pockets, then matched the offerings on the bar.

LEADING a black Scotty on a leash, a redheaded woman came slowly into the bar and gave the three men a sweet, vague smile. She said, "Hiya," and sat down at one of the tables in the back.

Oscar said, "Beer, Lucille?"

"Just a short one, please," she said. She was a tall, soft girl, not very fat nor very old. Every afternoon she left the lunch counter where she worked, picked up her dog at her rooming house a block away, and took it for a therapeutic walk that customarily ended at Leo's Place.

As he drew the beer, Oscar called out, "Lefty coming in?"

"You bet," said Lucille Long. "He's working out at the gym, but he gave me a ring. I'm meeting him."

Oscar put the beer on a tray and carried it to her table. He went through the formality of patting the Scotty's head before he murmured, "Guess you heard about Leo, Lucille."

"I been depressed all day," the girl said, and looked up at him from big, earnest eyes. "It hit Lefty pretty hard. Him and Leo was always good friends. Maybe he ought to call off the fight."

"Let him fight," Oscar said.

She put her nose in the beer, but Oscar lingered, patting the dog. "He'll win, that Lefty," Oscar said. "Don't you worry."

"No use kidding yourself, Oscar," Lucille said. "He's dropped three straight, and I'm scared they outmatched him again Monday night. That Eddie Manolo is good. Leo said he . . ." She broke off, looked at Oscar, then drank more beer. "Oscar, tell me something, what happens now? I mean the bar. What gives with the bar?"

Oscar shrugged. "Leo left a will."

Si Kraft turned his head. "You see that will, Oscar?"

"No, I never seen it," Oscar said. "But Leo told me he had a relative. A sister or something. Maybe he said a niece. I don't remember. Anyhow, I got an idea that's where the joint goes."

"A dame, huh?" Si Kraft considered.

"From the sticks someplace," Oscar said.

Tony Franklin, looking thoughtful, said, "Suppose she'll take the place over?"

"I expect she'll sell out," said Oscar.

"Lucille," Si Kraft called. "I'm holding some dough here. We're kicking in for flowers for the funeral."

"Count me in, Si," said Lucille. "Lefty will want in on that, too."

FOR a while no one spoke, and it was apparent the silence was dedicated to Leo Christopher. It was broken by Lucille, who turned her head toward the door, smiled and flapped one hand limply from the wrist. "Been waiting for you, Lefty," she called.

Lefty Langan came forward with a slouching gait, moving self-consciously, with a shy grin. His hair was black and curly and fell forward over his forehead on the left side. His nose was slightly flattened between his eyes, which were bright and wide apart; his chin looked like a doorknob. He put a big, thick-fingered hand on Lucille's shoulder and dropped into a chair beside her.

There was a frown on Lucille's face as she watched the lights and shadows flicker and take shape on the television screen

"Lefty, we're passing the hat," Si Kraft said. "Flowers for Leo."

"Sure," said Lefty Langan. "How much?"

"A fin apiece."

"I'm gonna make it ten," Lefty said. "And here's ten for Lucille."

Oscar had brought a glass of ginger ale; he put it on the table at the fighter's elbow, said, "You work on the light bag today, Lefty?"

"Yeah."

"You got to watch that timing," Oscar said. "That's what you got to watch. You got to punch that bag. Keep punching that bag."

"Oscar, lay off," Lucille said. "Lefty worked out all afternoon. He knows what he's doing. Why don't you turn on the television?"

"Okay," Oscar said. "Lefty, things are gonna be different around here. Leo left a will. Looks like a dame is gonna inherit this here bar."

Lefty Langan sat up straight. "Say, Oscar, what the hell!" he said. "You suppose she inherits me, too?"

"What do you mean, inherit *you?*" Lucille demanded.

Lefty spread his big, toughened hands. "Leo had a piece of me," he said. "Leo had ten per cent. Oscar, you mean to say this dame gets that ten per cent? I don't want no dame having ten per cent of me."

"I don't like it neither," Lucille said. "Who is this woman, Oscar?"

"From the sticks," Oscar said. "Just some kid from the sticks."

Lefty grunted and reached for his ginger ale. He did not look worried, but there was a little frown on Lucille Long's face as she watched the lights and shadows flicker and take shape on the television screen at the end of the bar. . . .

Agatha Christopher lost her temper the day the letter came from the attorney in New York; she lost it quite thoroughly, and the exercise of this very definite weakness of hers, a fiery temper, was the culmination of a series of irritations and frustrations. The letter could not have arrived at a better time.

She had presented herself at the directors' meeting of the library prepared to fight, and her weapons were book reviews from the literary supplements of the Times and the Tribune. She was aware that these publications became lost unread each Sunday in the homes of the various directors somewhere among the sports pages, but for that very reason she felt that they would carry more weight at the meeting.

The issue was ostensibly the purchase of a book whose moral values had been brought into question, but in Agatha's mind it was associated also with the return of her engagement ring to Charlie Harper. All the time she was presenting her deft and forceful argument, Agatha was thinking of Charlie Harper.

"Now, Agatha," Roy Smith, the president of the board said, "you know that book's smutty."

"Smutty?" said Agatha icily.

"I read it," the president said. "And let me tell you, I kept it hid in the laundry hamper. I wouldn't want my girls to get hold of a book like that."

AGATHA might have commented that she had heard the president of the board regale his guests with locker-room stories considerably more smutty than anything in the book under discussion, but she restrained herself.

"The question is," she said firmly, "whether the book is literary in intent, whatever its achievement. As long as I'm purchasing books for this library I think I should be guided by my own judgment and that of standard authorities in the field. Please listen to this."

She read what the New York Times had to say, and as her voice droned the words she herself lost track of the content; she was thinking again of Charlie Harper.

They had driven the night before to the Lee House on the shore for dinner and dancing. She had tasted Daiquiris and dabbed at lobster thermidor and listened to an excruciating recital of Charlie's latest real-estate deal, from the water in the basement to the sag in the rooftree. There had really been no reason to become so irritated with Charlie, she thought, no reason, that is, except boredom.

She put the Times clipping down and Mr. Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The cab drew up to the curb and the driver said, "Here you are, lady." Agatha took one look and said, "Oh, no, not that!"

said, "Now, that's certainly interesting, Agatha, but the fellow who wrote that piece for the Times doesn't have to live in this town. He doesn't have to run a library. He doesn't have ladies like Mrs. Morrow on his neck."

"Do you mean to say our policy is to be dictated by what Mrs. Morrow thinks?" Agatha asked.

"Mrs. Morrow happens to be an officer of the Book and Needlework Club," said Mr. Smith. "She holds office in the P.T.A. When a lady of Mrs. Morrow's influence expresses an opinion it merits our consideration. And she's not the only one. We've had lots of complaints about that book."

"Suppose I read you what the Herald Tribune has to say," Agatha said inflexibly, and reached for the other clipping.

AS SOON as she began to read, her mind again departed from the text and returned to the Lee House and the gentle waves of the Sound lapping on the shore. It should have been romantic; there was even a moon. They had stood on the gallery and looked out over the water, and suddenly she had said, "Charlie, it's not going to work out for us. I'm going to give you back your ring."

Once she had said it, she had known it had been crystallizing in her mind for a long, long time.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," she had said. "But that's final."

Mr. Smith leaned over and took the clipping from her hand, and his voice broke in on her thoughts. "I said never mind, Agatha. I said never mind all that. I think the board has heard enough on this subject and is ready for the resolution."

"Mr. Smith," Agatha said firmly, "if I'm going to be librarian here, the purchase of books must be left to my discretion. I'm sorry, but that's final."

It was precisely the tone she had used to Charlie. She was fed up, she thought. That was it. She was fed up. She had worked hard for the library, and an unpaid job at that. She had followed all the literary publications and she had made her purchases with care. She had tried to build the library with each book she bought.

"I will now put the resolution," said Mr. Smith. "What we're voting on is the establishment of a committee of three to pass on all recommendations for purchases made by the chief librarian. Those in favor will please signify in the usual manner."

Agatha heard the chorus of ayes. There was no negative vote.

"Well, Agatha," said Mr. Smith. "You've heard the sentiment of the board. Now I don't want you to think for a minute that the board doesn't appreciate your work. You've done great things for the library, and we're all behind you. But see here, we're running this library for the town of Menasset, Connecticut, and not for Agatha Christopher, and the town is a little more conventional than you are."

Agatha had tried to be careful of her temper, and so, for that matter, had Mr. Smith, since that temper had a local reputation. Both of them failed, and Agatha broke in sharply, "Your definition of the word conventional would interest me, Mr. Smith," she said. "I suppose it's conventional to base your literary standards on the lowest level of literacy; and to crawl behind the bookcase if Mrs. Morrow is displeased is naturally the conventional thing to do."

HER restraint left her, and her precise phraseology with it. She rose to her feet, her cheeks hot, her eyes blazing. "Well, I've had enough. I'm through. I quit. Go get yourself a properly conventional librarian, Mr. Smith, and stock up on Elsie Dinsmore and the Five Little Peppers."

"Now, Aggie," Mr. Smith said mildly.

"And don't call me Aggie!" Agatha burst out.

She knew as she rushed out of the room that her outburst had far exceeded the provocation, but her sails were set and the wind was in them. And she was aware of all the discreet conversations there must have been and the planning what to do about Agatha Christopher and that book.

Perhaps she had been unreasonable, she thought, as she hurried on to the street, and perhaps it was because she had been altogether unreasonable in the case of Charlie Harper. She had not a foot to stand on in the case of Charlie. He had always been her friend. He had taken her to her first dance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why had she done such a thing, she asked herself, as she drove to her home, on a hilltop a mile from the center of the village. What had brought about so sudden a rebellion? Perhaps it was the summer's end that brought an aching yearning to the heart. Suddenly it had been too much for her and she could not face a life of deals in real estate, of living in a piece of real estate, of raising children in a parcel of property.

She sighed unhappily and turned up the hill to her home. Summer was nearly over, and summers were always so much the same. A little tennis, a little golf. Dancing at the Lee House, swimming in the Sound. Such summers could be peaceful. Such summers should be wonderful. But not, Agatha thought, with Charlie Harper.

The closing of the door brought her mother's voice like an echo, saying, "Agatha, is that you? I'm on the sun porch."

Agatha moved slowly to the sun porch. Gwen Christopher was mending the taped handle of a mashie and did not look up. She said briskly, addressing her topic like a golfer with his eye on the ball, "Charlie was here."

"Was he?" Agatha said tonelessly.

Gwen took a practice swing with the mashie, then looked up. She had her daughter's eyes, calm and set wide apart, but her tanned face was longer than Agatha's, and more placid. She said now, with the air of performing a duty, "Kiddy, I think we ought to talk this over. Weren't you pretty hard on Charlie?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "I was."

Gwen met her eyes, and as if balked by Agatha's admission, went off on a tangent. "A letter came for you," she said.

Agatha saw it on a table and picked it up, and glanced at the letterhead: *Martin, Elder and Barlow, Attorneys at Law.*

"Why don't you think it over?" her mother said. "You know, dear, that I never interfere if I can help it, but Charlie is terribly upset. He simply doesn't understand it. And, Agatha, neither do I."

Agatha said, "I quit my job at the library today, Mother."

GWEN put the mashie down. She would have shirked this conversation if she could, but it seemed to her that some sort of discussion of Agatha's moods and Agatha's actions was a maternal obligation. "I do think," Gwen began.

But Agatha, who had opened the letter and absorbed the first line of it, cried, "Mother, Uncle Leo died."

"Leo Christopher?" Gwen said. "That's too bad. When? Who's the letter from, Agatha?"

"Some lawyer," Agatha said. "Mother, I'm his heir."

"Well, you may be sure Leo didn't leave much," her mother said. "Poor Leo. He was the black sheep of your father's family, Agatha. Thrown out of prep school, flunked out of Yale. He was always in trouble and usually broke. I don't think you ever knew your Uncle Leo, did you?"

"Only when I was little," Agatha said. "I remember him, though. He gave me a drum."

"Heavens, yes," Gwen said. "When you were four. When is the funeral?"

"Funeral?" said Agatha. "It doesn't say. Wait, I guess they've already held it. He died last week."

"Seems somebody would have let us know," Gwen said. "The family should have been represented at the funeral somehow." She added apologetically, "Even for Uncle Leo."

"Mother, listen to this," Agatha said, and read from the letter: "The estate, all of which was bequeathed to you, consists principally of a restaurant property in New York City."

"A restaurant property?" Gwen was impressed. "Agatha, there may be something to it. Leo had his ups and downs. Maybe he was having an up. Let me see that letter."

Agatha relinquished the letter and moved dreamily to the window. A restaurant property in New York. It brought thoughts of soft music, deferential waiters, clams casino and crepes Suzette.

"I wonder what he died of," Gwen murmured. "The Christophers all die young. It was your father's heart." She let the hand holding the letter drop to her side, and she, *(Continued on page 57)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your living room will do. Call it a salon and tell Boudreau that Bea will be there. Then stick to your chaise longue and let the guests fall where they may

How to be a Salonkeeper

By JAMES DUGAN

NOW that women are dressing somewhat like 1913, a great change is coming over American social life. The cocktail party is out and the salon is coming in. Salon is spelled with one "o," which makes quite a difference in the refreshment bill. Also a salon comes off every Tuesday, instead of twice a year which is as often as the average host can stand holding a cocktail party.

The first thing when planning a salon is to call one of your rooms a drawing room. A front parlor full of friends and relatives caught in the housing shortage can be converted to a salon in the daytime. Salons are better in the daylight.

All salons are based on a devilishly witty hostess who gathers celebrities to her like a magnet. The average woman can be magnetized at small cost and placed on a chaise longue in the corner with an old Bennett Cerf jokebook concealed in her peignoir. A steady flow of wit is thus assured.

A regular supply of celebrities is essential to a successful salon. Do not be discouraged if you don't know any celebrities. Many people don't. However, a sure-fire way to bag a flock of men of distinction and women of allure is to start with the most famous person you don't know, say Lou Boudreau, manager of the Cleveland Indians.

Monsieur Boudreau is rich, handsome, witty, college-educated, brave and respectable, and he will add that wicked continental touch that will have all the men hand-kissing and re-enacting pick-off plays at second. You can bet your boots, when the word gets around town that Lou is a regular at your salon, the other celebrities will come like crazy.

But how to get him? Simple. Call him up and say, "Lou, on that get-together we talked about before the 1948 Series. How's Tuesday at four? No banquet, no speeches, but Bea will be here."

M. Boudreau will say, "Who's calling?"

You tell him your right name: "Why, it's Clint. S. Clinton Hammerschlager of 4356½ Argonne Circle."

Boudreau will say, "Oh," and conclude that you are one of the owners of the Indians he's never met. "Sure," he will say, "I'd like to drop by and say hello to Miss Lillie."

Boudreau and Beatrice Lillie mutually admire each other. It's a simple matter to drop a note to Miss Lillie and say, "Mr. Boudreau will be here, and he's anxious to talk to you."

With a start like that and a little word of mouth your salon will be off to make history.

Don't distribute funny-paper hats and highballs made out of cooking whisky; that doesn't go in a salon. And don't have any wire recordings of Little Clinton's first prayer, or color movies of the changing of the guard at Radio City. A salon runs on witty conversation and little cups of coffee.

Conversation is an old-fashioned kind of talk which consists of allowing the other fellow to finish his sentence before you break in with your own story. The clever salonkeeper always draws her guests out, forces them to be brilliant, and just sits back on her one-passenger sofa surreptitiously looking up toppers in the jokebook. For instance, if Lauritz Melchior is relating a mordant anecdote about the time he stepped on Fritz Kreisler's violin, the hostess will murmur, "Was he playing it at the time?" *(Continued on page 57)*

DRAWING BY DAVID SHAW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's Give the Postman a Break

By LESTER VELIE

In an age of mechanization and labor-saving devices the beast of burden has almost vanished. But your mailman, ruled by obsolete regulations, still plods his route in all kinds of weather toting 200 pounds a day. Have we forgotten him?

PART 1 OF A TWO-PART ARTICLE

Another exclusive "first" for Collier's is this two-part article which investigates the world's biggest business, the United States Post Office Department, and finds it a Stone Age anachronism in the Supersonic Era. In the first installment, Collier's invites you to meet your mailman, who carries the weight of this archaic behemoth on his shoulders as he makes the rounds of your neighborhood.

WITH a spare frame packing a lean 145 pounds, Jim Chandler is not the physical type. He is sixty-two, and of late he's taken to wearing glasses, because his eyes are dimming a bit. Yet Jim Chandler does the work of a horse. Relying only on the muscles of his legs and back, he daily plods some twelve miles, hauling loads that add up to nearly 200 pounds.

Jim is no obscure toiler. He works in the heart of Detroit, the labor-saving town that specializes in taking people off their feet. The load Jim Chandler totes couldn't be more important. It is the United States mail.

To the 583 modestly fixed families he serves, Jim is Uncle Sam in person, a warm human symbol of the role government has come to play in Americans' lives in a generation that has seen depression and war. Jim delivered the WPA checks that meant milk for the kids on his route. When the kids grew up a decade later and went off to war, Jim delivered their V-mail. He'll tell you:

"The parents used to sit on stoops, and they'd be no good until they got their V-mail."

In an aging neighborhood where two of every ten families receive Social Security, state pension or county relief checks monthly, little knots of people still wait on corners for Jim on the first of the month just as they did (in larger numbers) during WPA days.

For 34 years Jim has made his rounds almost as unfailingly as the moon circles the earth. Once he failed to show up, in a blizzard, but it was the postal regulations and not the storm that licked him. On that day, with trolley cars stalled, Jim ran and slogged the mile-and-one-half distance between his home and the postal station. He arrived eight minutes past the 6:00 A.M. starting time. Regulations allow a mailman not more than six minutes tardiness, so a substitute had taken over.

Jim is part of the 500,000-man organization which picks up an oblong of folded paper with your name and address on it, and out of the billions going in every direction miraculously gets it safely to you at Tacoma or Key West, or Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The way Jim, the mailman, works is typical of everything good in the post office—the way it gets the mail through despite all hazards. And everything bad—the foot- and handwork which makes our Post Office Department, the biggest business in the world, an expensive anachronism in the twentieth century.

Postal methods encrusted with a century and a half of usage and frozen into a book of regulations 707 pages thick are under fire by Congress, by engineers and by the letter carriers themselves.

To get a firsthand, postman's view of how the system works today, let's follow Jim Chandler as he makes his rounds.

Jim rises at 4:15 A.M. in his second-story flat in a two-family house in the Grand River section of Detroit. In the predawn darkness, he prepares his own coffee, three cups of it, while his wife Jennie sleeps. Breakfast done he indulges himself in two luxuries he won't be able to enjoy again for eight hours. He sits down. And he smokes.

At 6:00 A.M. Jim clocks in at the Roosevelt Park postal station. As we've seen, he can't be more than six minutes late. If he is, a waiting substitute is entitled to the job for the day. Besides this, he'd be penalized one demerit per every tardy minute. Enough demerits piled up at the end of the year may mean that bugaboo to all civil servants, reclassification to a lower rating. Offenses for which he can be demerited fill eight and one-half closely printed pages. Merit listings occupy less than a page.

Some of the demerits: Failure to pay just debts (100 to 500); loaning badge to another employee (50); divulging information about people to whom he delivers mail (100 to 500); working overtime contrary to instructions (10 to 50). Jim can be demerited for behavior off the job. A traffic violation for which he has already paid a fine in municipal court will put an additional 50 demerits on his record;

In front of a mountain of mail, Detroit's sixty-two-year-old Jim Chandler begins his morning round as he checks and rechecks bundles he has already sorted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is a rule that causes the National Association of Letter Carriers, the mailmen's union, considerable anguish.

But Jim can qualify for merits for "highly meritorious acts which reflect credit upon the service." Henry Druckman, a Brooklyn letter carrier, caught a flock of merits in his bag one day. Delivering his Flatbush route, Druckman heard a woman's scream and looked up to see a baby tottering on a second-story ledge. With a bound, Druckman got beneath the window. Down came baby, but the mailman caught him neatly—using his mailbag as a miniature life net. To the grateful tears of the mother, the post office added its own reward—several hundred merits.

When Jim Chandler enters his post office, earlier birds have worked through the night to sort out the mail for the station's routes. He takes his place before a battery of sorting cases and arranges his own mail in the order in which it will be delivered.

Beside Jim is John Gutkowski, a shy, mild young carrier who turned in so heroic a performance during the war that he came back with a Silver Star Medal.

Down the line is another veteran, Bertram Strong. Strong put his postal training to good use, during the war, delivering mail under fire, and keeping his field post offices right up there with the front-line troops.

Sprinkled liberally in the early-morning crowd are a number of colored clerks and carriers.

All work under an overhead gallery outfitted with slots through which postal inspectors—the F.B.I. of the department—can watch the disposal of every piece of mail.

When Jim came in, post office regulations took over his day. Regulations give him one minute to sort every eighteen letters in the order he'll deliver them. Long practice permits Jim to flip the letters into the sorting case pigeonholes swiftly as a skilled pianist would play Bach.

He gets a minute for every six-pound bundle of mail he ties up with string and puts in his bag.

There's a minute to pick up his master letter-box key from the custodian.

And there are eight minutes for personal needs in the men's room before he starts out.

The Manual That Omits Nothing

The regulations which spell out Jim's day leave nothing to chance. The Manual of Instructions has a rule for everything. It instructs postal employees as to the conditions under which "baby alligators, bloodworms, chameleons, hellgrammites, horned toads, hydras, leeches . . ." may be accepted for mailing. The regulations exhort postmasters to "carefully preserve all wastepaper . . . and all waste twine including remnants unfit for use. . . ."

What do you do when someone is injured? How do you mail a Bible to a blind recipient? (Answer: free.) What to do when a letter is opened by mistake? Or mutilated foreign currency is offered for mailing? Or mail is carried by a person who has not taken the prescribed oath? The regulations will tell you—today they contain 3,000-odd individual rules.

His indoor chores done on the minute, Jim and I started out to cover his route.

"Let me try your bag," I said.

Its 35 pounds dragged heavily on the leather straps across my neck and shoulder.

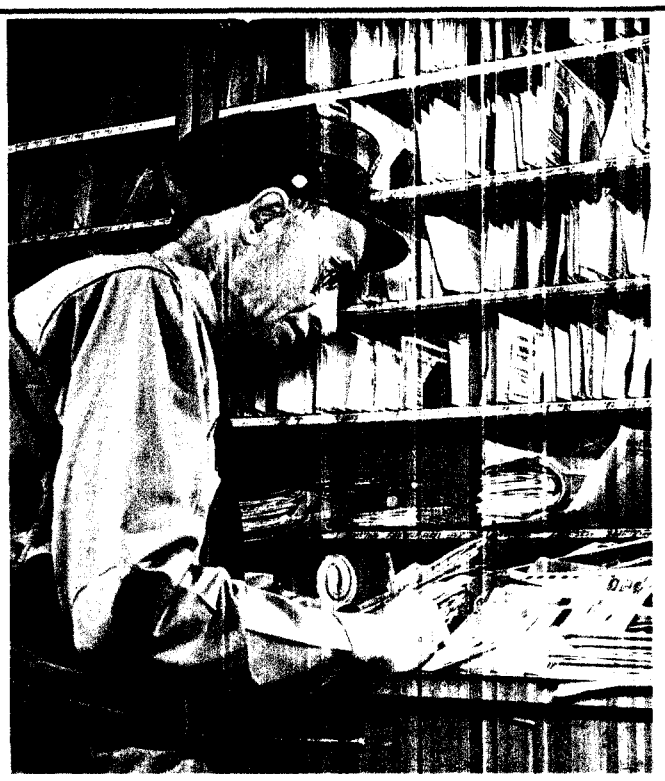
"You got to know how to hold it," said the sixty-two-year-old postman tolerantly. "And if you think this is heavy, you should have been here a month ago when the load had to be at least fifty pounds." (The load was reduced after years of agitation by the mailmen's union. The union protested that more than 20 per cent of the members suffered hernias and heart ailments.)

Jim's workaday world is framed with red brick tenements and wooden dwellings that were old when Detroit was building its first horseless carriages. For three and a half decades he has had a front seat at the familiar American drama of neighborhood changes. He has watched successive waves of Scotch and German families, Polish and Negro and Mexican-Americans wash over the area, each adding its own rich residue *(Continued on page 68)*

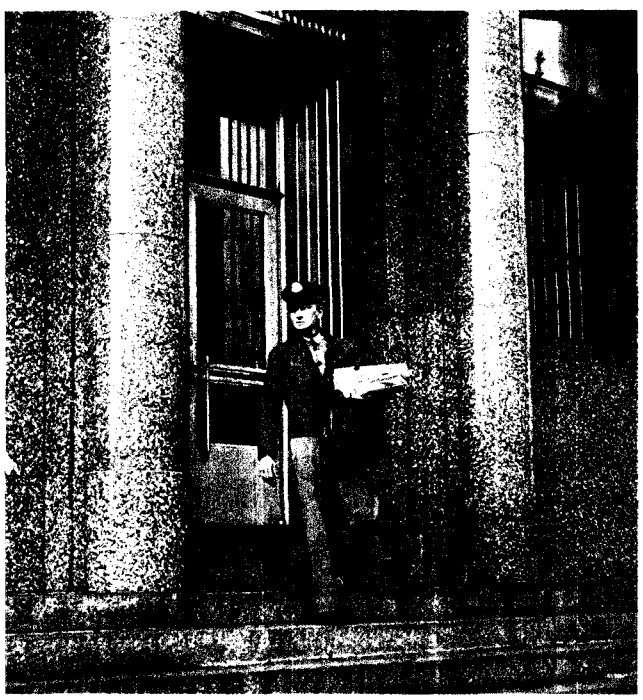
Representing Uncle Sam in person to 143,000,000 Americans, postmen like Jim are his best emissaries

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6:05 A.M.—Sorting the mail he will deliver, Jim is allowed one minute for every 18 letters handled

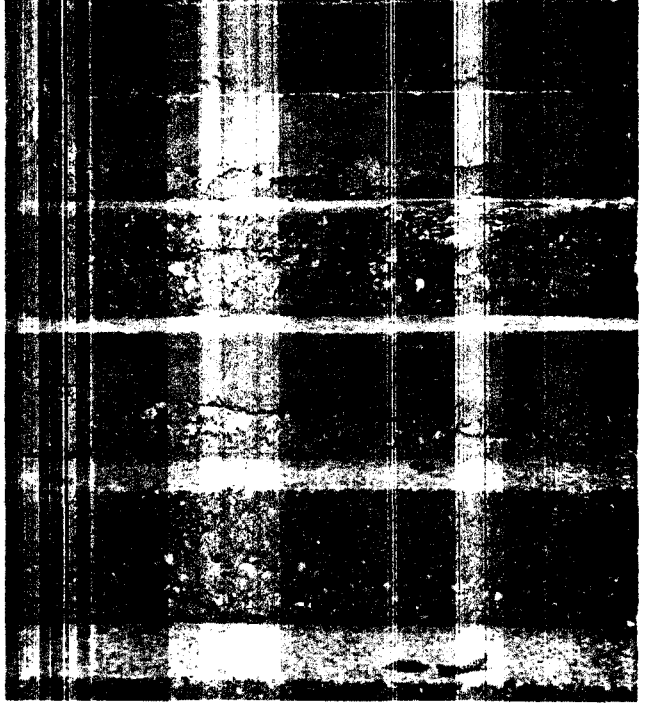


6:41 A.M.—Each postman is responsible for the forwarding of incorrectly addressed mail—a time-consuming service



6:50 A. M.—Jim leaves Detroit's Roosevelt Park postal station. His route begins a block away

7:40 A.M.—Well-liked in a neighborhood he has served for 34 years, residents eagerly await Jim's daily visits



8:09 A.M.—Much of the six-mile trip Jim makes twice a day is up steps, but he remains cheerful

8:46 A.M.—Refills deposited along the route keep the mail sack from ever becoming an easy burden

10:15 A.M.—Whether a neighborhood is rich or poor, the service furnished by the Postal Department is identical

12:15 P.M.—His morning route finished, Jim has 45 minutes to eat and rest before beginning all over

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DALE ROOKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD

Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

Papa meant well, but Mama knew best. Papa should have known that trying to reason with Mama was an idle waste of breath—and trying to get the best of her was a pure waste of time

THIS year," Papa announced at the supper table, early in December, "we have a practically Chrisamees." By that Papa meant there would be no tree, no fancy dinner, and no nonsense about surprises. He told us right then and there what we were getting: galoshes for Concetta, gloves for Amelia, and a cap with earlaps for me—articles of clothing we all needed.

Mama was to get a *chittara,* a wire-strung contrivance for making homemade macaroni, because, as Papa explained, he was sick and tired of paying the exorbitant prices for the packaged variety. Nonno, my grandfather, instead of the box of De Nobili cigars he was hoping for, was to get a pair of shoes. The ones he had been wearing for the past ten years were as wrinkled and cracked as his leathery face, but Nonno no more thought about a new pair of shoes than he thought of a new face.

When Papa made his pronouncement, Nonno looked beseechingly at him with a whipped father-in-law expression, sighed helplessly and dipped his spoon into the *pasta e fagioli.*

"You wasa say something?" Papa asked Nonno, shooting his chin out defiantly.

"No," Nonno said, shrugging his shoulders. "What I can say?"

"You need shoes," Mama said consolingly, patting Nonno's shoulders.

Papa nodded appreciatively at Mama's submissiveness and common sense, and went on. "For me, I want nothing. I be Sendy Claus—but a practically one."

"Why this year is gotta be practically Chrisamees? I no understand," Mama said.

"Ah, you no understand! Then I tell you why." And here Papa enumerated the reasons for our practical Christmas on his fingers.

"*Primo,*" he said, bending back his thumb, "is slow at the docks, and that means no so much money." He searched our faces to see if this economic logic was registering. No one said anything, all of us looking solemnly into our soup bowls, toying with the beans and macaroni in the orange-colored sauce.

"*Secondo,*" Papa continued, pressing one forefinger against the other, "me and you mothe'—"

"No tell," Mama interrupted with an embarrassed look at each of us.

"Why no tell?" Papa demanded, bunching his fingers like a garlic bulb and shaking them in Mama's face.

"No tell, Patsy," Mama said, turning her head to the window and biting her lower lip nervously. Mama cried very easily, and this was usually the signal.

"I tell."

And Papa told. "Me and you mothe'—" Papa said, looking at Mama, who was squirming in her chair. "Me and you mothe' gonna buy a baby."

Mama picked up a napkin to smother her sniffling and looked at Papa over the top of it with hurt, accusing glances. Why Mama should be embarrassed none of us kids knew, because the women in the neighborhood were always buying babies. Mrs. Scavo had already bought fourteen babies, and it didn't seem to bother her much. Mama pecked at the corners of her nose with the napkin and looked out of the window.

"And this time," Papa was saying, "we buy the baby from Dr. Capolongo. And it cost thirty-five dollar for Dr. Capolongo."

"I no want Dr. Capolongo," Mama said.

"I want," Papa said.

"I want *la levatrice,*" Mama said, meaning the midwife, "and she only cost ten dollar."

"*Levatrice!* Pah!" Papa said scornfully, putting her in the same class as the man who slits throats at the chicken market. Papa had no sympathy with Mama's witch cures, faith healing or midwives. These were all relics of Mama's peasant barbarism, and he was determined to purge them from her at any cost.

"I already told Dr. Capolongo," Papa said, with a tone that meant the discussion was ended and that if he saw Mrs. Onofrio, the midwife, around, he'd impale her on his longshoreman's hook.

"But the baby no come—no buy till January," Mama protested.

"Dr. Capolongo say you go his house Sunday, and he 'zamine you."

"'Zamine me? A *man?*" Mama was shocked.

"No a man—a doctor," Papa said.

"No!" Mama said, planting herself solidly in the chair and folding her arms across her bosom. This was an indignity she would never submit to. What kind of a woman did her husband think she was, anyway? How could he even suggest such a thing! Look at how smug he sits there, drinking his wine and eating *pasta e fagioli,* telling her to go visit a man—Oh!

"You got to go, or else how will Dr. Capolongo know when you buy the baby?" Papa said, filling his wineglass again.

Mama was indignant. "I know when I buy the baby. I no need him to tell me!"

"Maybe you wrong," Papa said.

"I never wrong," Mama said angrily. "With Concetta, Amelia and Joey I always right. Maybe doctor wrong!" Mama humphed.

"Doctors never wrong," Papa said.

"What'sa matter *la levatrice?*" Mama asked. "She was good enough the other three. Why we need a doctor now?"

"F'cause is safer," Papa said.

"And cost twenny-five dollar more. And you say we have a practically Chrisamees!"

"That's why we gotta have practically Chrisamees. F'cause it cost thirty-five dollar for Dr. Capolongo," Papa said, and then, as though suddenly inspired, he asked Mama very seriously, "What's Chrisamees?" Papa sat back confidently, as though he had asked her for an explanation of Einstein.

"What's Chrisamees?" Mama asked, as though Papa had asked her how much is two and two.

"Yes," Papa said. "What's Chrisamees?"

WITHOUT waiting for Mama's answer, he launched into a denunciation in his fanciest Foggian dialect. The sum of what he said was that the holy day had fallen into the hands of money-changers and exploiters of the poor.

Mama crossed herself. "Patsy, you craze!"

"Sure craze! After Chrisamees, you gotta money?"

"Patsy, I no wanna hear!"

"Oh, you no wanna hear! Well, I tell you who'sa gotta money after Chrisamees: the Three-and-Nine!" The Three-and-Nine was a sort of five-and-ten where they sold everything and anything costing from a penny to a hundred dollars; but they also sold things for three cents and nine cents. "That's who'sa gotta money, the Three-and-Nine, not me and you!"

"I no wanna hear," Mama said. "I make my own Chrisamees. I buy a tree. I buy—"

"No tree," Papa cut in.

"No tree?"

"No tree," Papa said. "What's a tree? You can eat it? You can wear it? You a monkey, you can live in it? What's a tree?"

"But the kids," Mama said, indicating the three

"Oh, it's a big surprise. Stop asking so many questions," Concetta said, smiling. "I'll find out for myself," I said and I went into the bedroom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of us, who were taking it all in hopelessly. "What kind Chrisamees it is without a tree?"

"That's what you say about Sendy Claus. What kind Chrisamees it is if they know there's no Sendy Claus. Well, I'm Sendy Claus. And without a tree, is still Chrisamees!"

"And what we eat?" Mama asked.

"What day is Chrisamees?"

"Thursday," Mama said.

"Then we eat like every Thursday: macaroni and meatballs."

"No, *lasagna, ravioli,* chicken—?"

"No," Papa said. "This Chrisamees is practically."

AS CHRISTMAS got nearer and nearer, we protested to Mama that we wanted a Christmas just like the other kids. Why should they have a Christmas and not us? Who were they? Were they any better than us? Was their father a longshoreman like ours?

I said, "Why should Dominick Bianchi get a set of windup trains and a Frankie Frisch glove, and me only a cap with earlaps? You promised me a Silver Streak sled and I want it."

Concetta said, "And why should Elvira Bianchi get a doll with eyes that open and close, and me only a pair of galoshes?"

Amelia said, "I want roller skates. I won't wear the gloves. I'll let my hands freeze."

Mama was cutting garlic cloves, which hissed and sputtered as they fell from her knife into the hot olive oil. She listened to all our complaints, shaking her head helplessly. "You heard Papa," she said. "What can I do?"

"You can do plenty," said Concetta, who was ten years old and had already skipped one class.

"What?" Mama asked mechanically, knowing there was nothing to do.

Concetta sidled up to Mama like a conspirator, and said, "If you don't buy the baby, we could use the thirty-five dollars for Dr. Capolongo for Christmas presents."

"Yes," said Amelia, who was nine years old and had never once been left back. "Why don't you buy the baby next summer? Babies might even be cheaper then."

"No," Mama said. "I gotta buy January."

"You don't have to buy it if you don't want," I said. I was eight years old and much smarter than Mama, who couldn't even write her own name and made a shaky X whenever she signed for anything she charged at the stores. But Mama was stubborn.

"I gotta buy," she said.

"Why?" I persisted.

"F'cause I promise."

"Who did you promise?"

"Never mind who," Mama said, shooing us all away. *"Vattene!* I gotta cook."

There was no reasoning with Mama, and Papa was out of the question altogether. Every time I started to say anything to him, I stopped right away; I knew that look of his with the stropping in it. It was hopeless.

The days went by fast—twenty shopping days till Christmas, nineteen, eighteen—flying like the calendar pages in a movie. And before we realized it, it was the day before Christmas, and still no tree, no wrapped presents in the closet, no chicken in the icebox, nothing. I heard Papa get up to go to work, and for all he cared it was just another Wednesday, just another day to shape up at the docks; and so far as I was concerned, it was just another school day.

When I stepped into the classroom that morning, Miss Robertson had covered all the blackboards with red, green and white chalk drawings of pine trees and wreaths, and was putting the finishing touches on a Santa Claus's beard. The kids were all standing around her, jabbering excitedly and jumping up and down. When she finished, she put the white chalk back on the blackboard ledge and turned to the kids. "All right, children. Take your seats."

When we were all seated, and the squealing had subsided, Miss Robertson announced that there would be no school that afternoon, and that instead of our regular lesson, she was going to read Dickens' Christmas Carol. This time the squealing was suppressed and muted, but just as intense.

Miss Robertson put on her horn-rimmed goggles, opened the book and began to read. Every few paragraphs she would stop to explain one of the big words or to explain what was going on, so that when the twelve o'clock bell rang she wasn't halfway through the story. As we filed out of the classroom, Miss Robertson handed us each a red-and-white-striped peppermint stick and wished us each a Merry Christmas.

But I felt just like that Scrooge guy: Bah! . . .

Mama was going to buy a new baby in January from Dr. Capolongo

When I got home, the house was empty except for Nonno, who was sitting in the front room, smoking and rocking and looking out of the window.

"Where's Mama?" I asked.

Nonno shrugged his shoulders without looking at me, and continued puffing his pipe.

"Where's Concetta and Amelia?"

Nonno shrugged his shoulders again, as if he were saying, "How would I know? Nobody tells me anything."

I left him and went back to the kitchen. Just for the heck of it, I opened the icebox to see if Mama had bought a chicken or a turkey while we were in school. There was nothing in it—just a half bottle of milk, a dish of margarine in it, a piece of stale provolone, and a mound of chopped meat for the meatballs.

I looked into the closets, but there was nothing there except the same old clothes nobody ever wore, and Papa's boots, which he wore when it rained and the docks were flooded. Concetta and Amelia must have come home from school and gone right out again because their brief cases were on the closet floor. I went back to the icebox, opened it, grabbed the provolone, and went out of the house, digging my teeth into the hard, crumbly cheese.

On the way downstairs, I sneaked a look into Bianchi's kitchen. Mr. Bianchi was on his knees, hammering a wooden stand into shape for their Christmas tree, which was on the fire escape.

Mrs. Bianchi was skinning and cutting eels, like the rest of the Sicilians in the neighborhood, for their traditional Christmas Eve supper. I couldn't see Dominick or Elvira, but I could hear them laughing way off, in the back of the house someplace. Go ahead and laugh, Dominick! You'll need more than a Frankie Frisch glove to make a ballplayer out of you!

Outside in the street, it didn't even feel like Christmas; there was no snow and there was a gray and dismal feeling in the air, as though it were preparing to rain. What good was the Silver Streak anyway!

I walked up the street and turned down Myrtle Avenue, the local downtown shopping area. Overhead, the elevated trains clanked along, and on all sides the push-cart vendors hawked their wares in singsong vowels. Here the crowd was thicker and noisier, the shoppers shouting to each other and to the merchants in a spirit of holiday abandon. For the women, this was the *Festa* of the year. Their shopping bags bulged at the sides and overflowed the tops, and their arms were laden with gifts and food. I was getting madder and madder at Mama and Papa as I went along.

IN THE middle of the next street was the Three-and-Nine, and in the middle window of the store, on cotton snow, standing up on its hind runners like a big yellow bird springing for a take-off, was my Silver Streak. Yes, *my* Silver Streak, if I had any kind of decent mother and father. I flattened my nose against the cold window and looked in.

I could see myself belly-whopping down the snow-covered steps of the Fort Greene monument, steering in and out among the trees and lampposts, side-braking and kicking up a snow spray way down on Willoughby Avenue. Then I'd be sledding down the long hills of the Sugar Bowl in Prospect Park, all the kids in the block watching me as I maneuvered the sled in and out of the crowds, never stopping, just going and going like an ice skater. Then I'd be racing Dominick Bianchi from the square in the Wallabout Market to Tony's, and—

The image vanished. A window dresser stepped inside through a small paneled door and began to adjust the red and green paper on the toys. The man stood in front of the Silver Streak, and all I could see now was Papa and his practical Christmas, the macaroni and meatballs, and me wearing a cap with earlaps.

I'd had enough. I turned north on Franklin Avenue and headed back home. On the corner a Salvation Army Santa Claus tinkled a tiny bell with a weary monotone, and across the street a bunch of Christmas trees stood against the el pillar, naked and pathetic, like orphans in a foundling home waiting to be claimed.

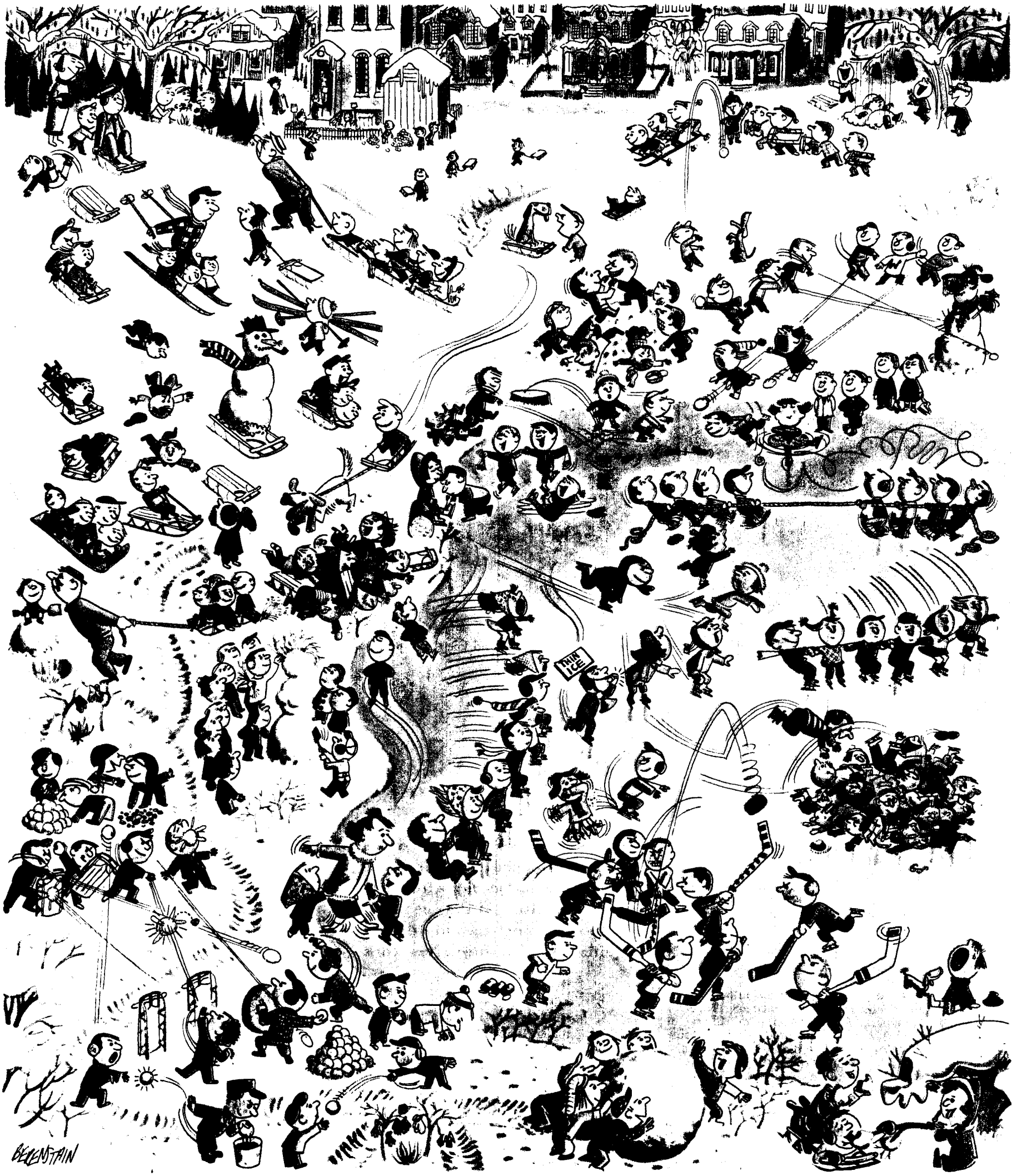
In my block, although there wasn't a soul to be seen, you could sense the impending excitement, a feeling that tonight the air was charged with some ancient meaning. No doubt I was imagining things, but, in all the houses, I could hear the sound of tinsel falling among the branches of the trees, and the sound of tinkling *(Continued on page 64)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Freeze

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

The rust is off the runners, and runny noses are rampant as our young fry spend a day at Collier's pond



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today, Mrs. Knox, her fingers twisted with arthritis, sits at home and keeps tab on her business. Quit working? Not for Mrs. Knox!

Grand Old Lady of Johnstown

By EDITH ASBURY

When Charles Knox died his widow stepped into his shoes and became America's foremost industrialist. At the age of 91 she's still working and still first citizen of Johnstown, New York

IN JOHNSTOWN, New York, a pre-Revolutionary town in the historic Mohawk Valley, telephone numbers "1" and "2" are listed under the name of Knox. The town's junior high school is named Knox, and the schoolboy athletes play their games in Knox Stadium, a $200,000 plant complete with field house and floodlights. Knox memorial bells chime in the towers of the Presbyterian and Slovak churches. The Y.M.C.A. swimming pool is a Knox gift, as are a home for elderly women and the Sunday-school room of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church.

Restoration of the baronial mansion of the man for whom Johnstown was named, Sir William Johnson (superintendent of Indian affairs in colonial times) was Knox-inspired. The handsome statue of Sir William, in the park which adjoins the mansion, was donated by a society of which a Knox was president. The industry which had spread the name of Johnstown all over the world is Knox-owned; the Johnstown post office is rated first-class because of the volume of Knox mail, about 150,000 pounds a year. Even the tourist who makes a quick stop at the Johnstown Hotel cannot escape the name; he'll find a Knox product on the menu.

Behind all this is an extraordinary woman, Rose Markward Knox, who is old in years but youthful in everything else. Last November 18th Mrs. Knox was ninety-one years old, but she still runs the Knox Gelatine Company, which she took over when her husband died in 1908. For 40 years she has been America's foremost woman industrialist.

Two years ago, when arthritis put an end to her daily visits to the Knox plant, she turned the presidency of the company over to her son, James, himself a 55-year-old grandfather. But Mrs. Knox keeps a close watch on the business; she's still the boss.

"She moved up to chairman of the board," says James Knox, "and I mean *up*. She still runs things. She has her finger on everything. I seldom make a move without consulting her. She signs all the checks, works on advertising copy and advertising campaigns, invents recipes, and comes up with more bright ideas in a day than the rest of us produce in a month.

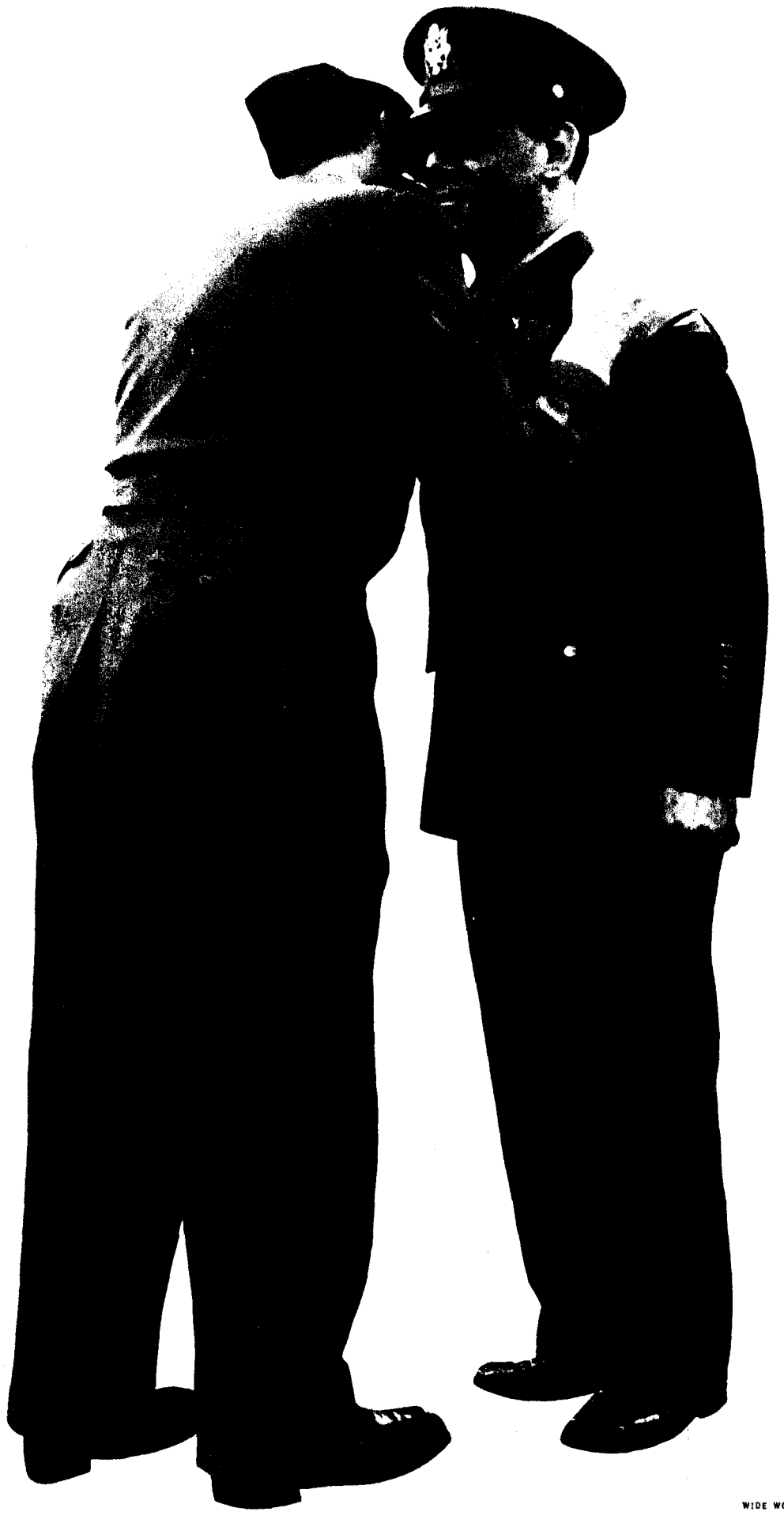
Mrs. Knox was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1857, at a time when a young lawyer named Lincoln was making a name for himself in the neighboring state of Illinois. When she was a young girl her family moved to Gloversville, New York, then as now the center of the American glove industry, and since the Markwards were not rich, she went to work sewing gloves.

At a dance one night she met dashing young Charles B. Knox, just back *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY STAN LEE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Toughest Cop In Berlin



WIDE WORLD

The tough cop gets a kiss—and the Legion of Honor—from General Ganeval in Berlin

Collier's for January 1, 1949

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Even the Russians respect Ray Carlucci, head of the U.S. Army's Criminal Investigation Division. A very rugged guy, when he wants to be, he doesn't bother to carry a gun. But it's a smart crook who eludes him, because he can give chase through any part of Berlin

IT IS very seldom that you see a man walk up to a very tough cop, throw his arms around him and belabor him with kisses. Some people, in fact, might spend their whole lives without ever witnessing such an amazing spectacle. However, I saw this happen in Berlin (with my very own eyes) and the cop, instead of starting one from the floor and landing it on the chin of the affectionate laddie who was doing the kissing, just blushed a little and stood quietly with his hands at his sides. The tough cop was Ray Carlucci out of Union City, New Jersey, and the character who did the kissing was General Jean Ganeval out of Paris, France.

It is true that the general kissed the cop only twice—once on each cheek—but even that is enough to inspire the ordinary cop to mayhem. Just before he went into his kissing act General Ganeval had pinned two medals on Ray Carlucci. One was the *Croix de guerre* with palm and the other was the Legion of Honor, medals seldom seen on the broad chests of gendarmes from New Jersey. This ceremony took place in the military compound of the French sector in Berlin, and when General Ganeval had finished, the whole place began to applaud. French high officials applauded; American generals clapped loudly; British officers (showing proper restraint) applauded politely, and so help me, a dozen high-ranking Russian officers grinned happily and applauded more loudly than all the rest.

The band played La Marseillaise and 500 French infantrymen stood at attention, and then it was over and everyone (including the Russian officers) rushed up to the tough cop from New Jersey and shook his hand and then finally he and I walked away to find his car. Carlucci was walking on Cloud Number Nine and he had the look in his eyes of a dazed sleepwalker. He kept muttering to himself, "How do you like that? How do you like that? Me—a dead-end kid from the docks—ending up with these medals. How do you like that?"

I led him to his car, found the keys in his pocket and told him I'd drive. In his bemused condition he would not have known the Brandenburger Tor from Pier Number Nine, Union City. So we drove back to his office.

"Did that French general give you the whole routine, Ray?" Miklos Strauch, the second toughest cop in Berlin asked. "Did he kiss you on both cheeks like in the newsreels?"

"Yeah, Mike, he did," Carlucci said proudly. "Is that all right?"

"Sure, it's all right." Strauch laughed. "We got a report while you were out, Ray, that four cars were stole last night. You want I should go out and get them?"

(Continued on page 69)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

CONCLUDING THE MADCAP ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRESS AND HER BODYGUARD

The Story: JOHNNY SMITH, a young lawyer, has taken the job of guarding ANNA MARIE BISHOP on a voyage to Panama. Miss Bishop, a lovely, rich, young industrialist who has received letters threatening her life, is the manufacturer of a home permanent. To advertise her product she has financed an archaeological venture in Panama, which will be headed by a woman named INDIA REDO. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes. Gradually, on the voyage south, Johnny and Anna Marie fall in love. When the ship stops at Mangrove Island to pick up India Redo, Johnny, Anna Marie and the captain go ashore. There in a hut Johnny and Anna Marie are held at gun point by Mrs. Redo and the captain. Mrs. Redo admits plotting against Anna Marie. It is her intention to sell the surplus Army airplanes to South American revolutionaries, abandon Anna Marie on Mangrove Island, and let her take the blame. When Johnny and Anna Marie try to follow Mrs. Redo and the captain out of the hut they are stopped by two fierce-looking Indians with machetes. The ship sails away. For several days Johnny and Anna Marie do nothing. Then, in a fight with the Indians, Johnny manages to knock one unconscious and wound the other. The next day an amphibian lands in the bay, and when Johnny and Anna Marie rush to meet it they are surprised to find FRANK GRAHAM, Johnny's ex-detective-agency partner, waiting for them.

THAT'S enough," Frank said. He indicated the man in the dark glasses. "This is Mr. Hervey, the copilot. Miss Bishop and Mr. Smith, Mr. Hervey."

"Hi," Mr. Hervey said.

"Give me a hand, John," Frank said. "I'm coming ashore."

"Slip down on my shoulders," Johnny said. "I'm wet already."

Steadying under the weight, he walked carefully to the beach. Perched on top of him, Frank raised his floppy Panama hat to Anna Marie. "Fancy meeting you here, Miss Bishop," he said. "What's doing?"

"You're the man who followed me from the hotel in San Francisco," she said.

"None other," Frank replied cordially. "From the hotel to Mangrove Island, to put it in a nutshell."

Johnny lowered him to the sand. "Help me hoist Miss Bishop," he said.

"I want to stay with you," Anna Marie said.

"You're getting on the plane," Johnny told her.

He knelt, and Frank helped her straddle his neck. He waded toward the plane.

"Take care of Miss Bishop, Mr. Hervey," Frank called. "Give her a cup of coffee and a shot of brandy."

"With pleasure," Mr. Hervey said. He grasped Anna Marie's outstretched hands and lifted her aboard. She whirled and looked worriedly at Johnny.

"Mr. Hervey," Johnny said, "how long can you stay here?"

"I'll have to ask the pilot," Mr. Hervey said.

In response to his call, the pilot stuck his head out a side window of the cockpit. He, too, was lean and sunburned, but older than Mr. Hervey. "Yeah?" he said.

"Mr. Craig, Mr. Smith," Mr. Hervey said.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," Mr. Craig said.

"Hello," Johnny said. "Listen, how long can you lay here?"

Mr. Craig craned up at the sky. "Not any longer than I have to."

"You wouldn't want to take off and make another landing in Biscuit Bay, would you?"

"Are you kidding?" Mr. Craig said.

"I have to go over there."

"Smith," Anna Marie said, "don't you go killing anybody else!"

Mr. Craig and Mr. Hervey looked very surprised.

"I'll go back as soon as I can," Johnny said. "If you should have to leave, come again for us, please."

"I'm going with you," Anna Marie said.

"Shut up," Johnny said. "Mr. Craig, if a couple of guys should come along in a boat and shoot at you, what would you do?"

"I might shoot at them," Mr. Craig said.

"That's all I wanted to know," Johnny said. "See you later."

Anna Marie blew him a wistful kiss. He returned it absently and went back to shore. The rain had practically stopped, yet Frank was under the small shelter of a palm. Picking up the rifle, Johnny blew the sand from the breach and joined him.

"What's this between you and the blonde?" Frank demanded suspiciously.

"Huh?"

"Blowing kisses back and forth."

"The dame is awfully emotional."

"Why are you going to the other side of the island?" Frank said. "How long do we have to wait for you?"

"You don't have to wait. You're coming with me."

"I'm afraid I'm too well dressed, Johnny boy. Look at this outfit. It's all the rage in Panama."

Johnny shaded his eyes and gazed out to sea. There was no sign of the launch.

"Look," Frank said, "you spoke of shooting or something. I'm a coward. You wouldn't want me along."

"Have you got a gun?"

"No."

"What's that bulge under your armpit?"

"Swollen gland," Frank said.

"Let's go," Johnny said.

Frank accompanied him glumly, grunting at the fast pace. They passed the two shacks.

"Is that where you lived?" Frank asked.

"Yeah."

"Who were those two guys in the boat?"

"They were guarding us. Guys named Anastacio and Pedro. I shot one of them."

"Which one?"

"I guess I'll never know," Johnny said, rather sadly. "Here's the trail. We'll have to go single file. If there's shooting, hit the dirt and cut loose—I've only got a single bullet left."

"This is like on Leyte," Frank said. "It's like in a book. You could get killed."

"You got us into it."

"I'll never forgive myself. Who is apt to shoot at us?"

"Anastacio and Pedro."

"This is a great place to be, in the jungle on a trail," Frank said. "It's giving me combat fatigue. I'm beginning to see Japs and machine guns."

AFTER that he lost his breath in the labor of the climb. When they reached the crest, Johnny paused and stared.

"What's the trip for?"

"To case some cargo the Leise Neilsen dropped here," Johnny said. "I have a hunch about it."

He started down as fast as he could go. His feet were growing accustomed to uncertain surfaces, but twice Frank fell heavily. "I'm ruining my clothes," he said, "and the ants think I'm the picnic lunch. How much farther is it?"

"We're here," Johnny said. "Stand still a minute and stop gasping. I want to see if I can hear the *chicleros*."

"The who?"

"Anastacio and Pedro."

"Oh, those guys," Frank said.

As soon as he was reasonably sure no one was creeping up on them, Johnny uncovered the boxes. Mangrove Island's incredible climate was fast going to work on them; the wood was already warping and softening toward rot. Using the rifle butt and barrel, he pried into the box nearest him, Frank helping. He slashed through oiled silk. The box contained .50-caliber aircraft machine guns.

"Didn't I mention machine guns a little while ago?" Frank said.

The next was loaded with bomb racks. Another yielded two Norden bomb sights. The fourth was packed with the tails for two-hundred-pound bombs.

"That's enough," Johnny said. "Now we know."

"Now we know what?" Frank said.

They stood facing each other, soaked with sweat.

RAIN was starting to fall. Frank's genuine Panama hat made in Ecuador, which had cost him twenty-eight dollars on the Avenida Centrale, was slowly dissolving.

"We know Mrs. Redo and Captain Maesk and the rest of them are really big operators," Johnny said. "We know their deal is to sell Annie's planes equipped for fighting. All the buyer has to do is come here and pick up the tinware."

"Is Annie in on it?"

"No. That's why they stuck us on Mangrove."

"Were they going to bump you off?"

"No," Johnny said, "I don't think so—unless we got rough. That reminds me, you've probably saved our lives. If the *chicleros* hadn't been driven off by your planes, they'd have tipped the new guys and we would have been done for."

"Think nothing of it," Frank said.

"How'd you happen to come?"

"Well, when the F.B.I. agent collared me two days after you left—"

"F.B.I.?" Johnny said.

"Yeah. Why are you so white? Are you hot with the bureau?"

(Continued on page 54)

He waded out with Anna Marie on his shoulders

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Life of Christ

By AYRES HOUGHTELLING

The artist tells how the noblest life man has ever known inspired the painting of his masterpiece

I CAN say without fear that I possess, or am possessed by, a deeply religious feeling. Throughout my youth, the story of Jesus was one that I loved; but I always was distressed at the lack of strength in the portraits I saw of Him. The conventional, aesthetic features and the delicately beautiful hands of the accepted portrayals seemed to me inadequate.

His sincerity, His sympathetic countenance and His strength should, I felt, be characterized by something more vigorous and dynamic.

I was bold enough to believe that one day I might capture His face and His bearing as I have often visualized them in my daydreams.

To do so was a challenge, because I wasn't sure that anyone could reveal in a single picture all of His attributes.

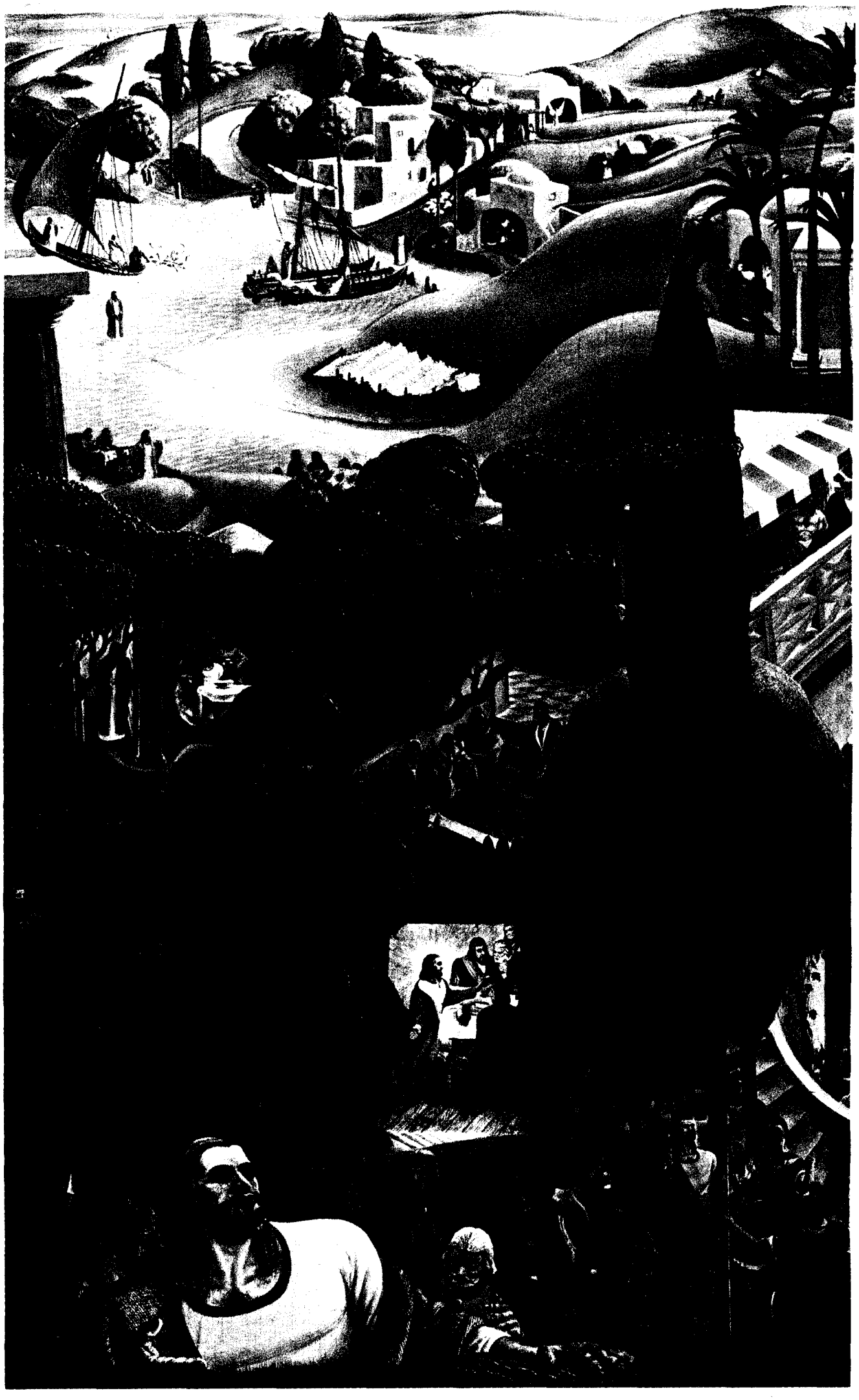
In my painting Alice in Wonderland I had taken a story rich in episode and drama and tried to tell it in one panoramic canvas. It was what I call an "art-told tale." When, finally, I set to work on my Life of Christ, I made use of the same technique.

For a year before I touched pencil to paper or brush to board, I prepared myself for my ambitious undertaking. For a time I went into seclusion, selecting for this purpose Marco Island off the coast of Florida, a remote and isolated spot where the long stretches of desolate beach and the constant movement of the surrounding water could help me to compose my thoughts and bring peace and order to my approach to the painting.

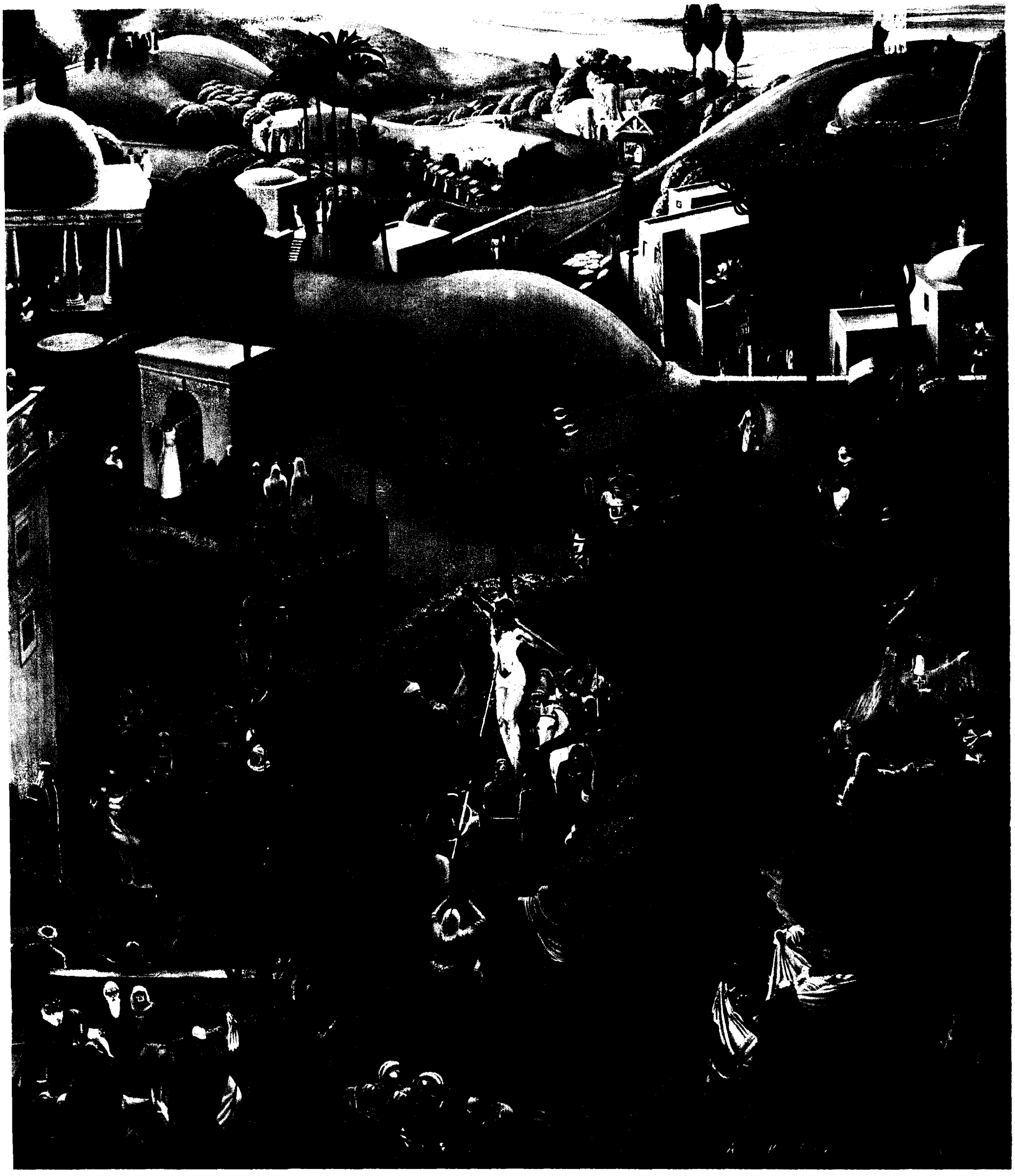
I remained on that island alone for six months. I studied the New Testament painstakingly. I went to ecclesiastical leaders of many denominations for advice and guidance. I prayed that I might be permitted to capture on my canvas all that I hoped to capture.

The painting is, I trust, more than a picture. I have tried to make it a moving, spiritual aid to all who seek to know and understand Christ.

See page 58 for key to scenes in the painting, The Life of Christ.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Anticipating the demand for reproductions of this inspired painting, Collier's has arranged to supply full-color prints and a chart identifying each of the episodes in the picture. The picture, 11" x 17", is on heavy, fine quality stock, 16" x 21". For your copy send $1.00 in stamps, check or money order payable to Department "C," Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hats

Comedienne Jane Pickens shops for a chapeau and winds up with the least of several evils

MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON AND SHAW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DATE WITH 406

Collier's SHORT SHORT

By RICHARD ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

Libby, she asked herself, what are you, a woman or a water tumbler? When a man strikes the right note you fall apart

LIBBY'S switchboard was off the lobby, and she could see the white Christmas tree that had been placed with cool exactness in the center of the lobby. Mistletoe marked the entrance to the dining room and holly had been painted on the frosted glass of the front door, but it was the tree that told everyone entering the hotel that this was Christmas Eve. Libby, still trying to clear her calls to the East Coast, decided that no matter how you dressed it up Christmas was still a stale routine.

"You look a little like that tree yourself." The bell captain grinned. "Tall and well put together. Just waiting for the right man to hang a few things on her."

"I've had things hung on me before," Libby said. "That's what makes me so frosty." The bell captain grinned as he went away, and she thought: By the time you ask me out to some chop suey joint I'll know my way around this town and I won't be going out with anyone from the hotel, either. That's how you get in trouble. Not that a girl mightn't slip a little for someone like that sandy-haired guy in 406.

It was funny, she decided, but by the time you had your own number, everybody else had it, too. That's why she was glad to be in a new town, holding down a strange board, swamped with long-distance calls the way you always were the night before Christmas.

He came up then, from the bar. Four-oh-six was tall and sandy-haired, still lean in the waist and hard in the shoulders. He had a rather shy smile and no freshness. "I hate bothering you," he said. "But isn't there a report yet on my call to Bridgeport?"

"Not yet, Mr. Sanders. New York City is still reporting a three-hour delay on all calls. We have to go through there, you know."

"I know," he said. "Everybody's calling home on Christmas." He looked unhappily about the lobby. His business finished that morning, he had been stranded in the hotel all afternoon.

"It's pretty ghastly," Libby said, and 406 looked at her suddenly, seeing her for the first time. "It's my first Christmas here, too," she said, smiling at him. "No fun for anyone. If you're going back to the bar, I'll have you paged there."

"No," he said, turning away. "I might as well go up to the room."

When Libby had come on duty at three, there had been the report that 406 had placed a person-to-person to Bridgeport at one fifteen, and he was just another voice to her. But a little later she had connected him on his other call, which was to Denver, and she had listened a moment, and then she began to know him.

Four-oh-six apparently was talking tc his brother. He said, "It's a hell of a note, Bill, but I can't even get back home for Christmas. Jackson wants to wind up this franchise deal as soon as possible. I don't have time to fly to Bridgeport and back, even if I could get a reservation. Which I can't."

Bill said, "Helen will understand."

"No, you don't know Helen. It's the first Christmas we've missed in ten years, and I can't even reach her. I suppose she's gone out to her mother's, expecting me on the six-o'clock plane."

She glanced up at her mirror. Libby, she said sternly, what are you, a woman or a water tumbler? When a man strikes the right note you fall all apart. But 406 had been nice. For something like him she might even wait around for a call herself.

It was almost nine before New York reported back that Bridgeport still did not answer. She plugged in 406.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sanders," she said, "but your home still does not answer. I'll call you as soon as they do." Then she asked kindly, "Would you like me to ring room service?"

"That's very kind," he said, "but on Christmas Eve in a strange town, not even a drink helps much. Not unless you have someone to share a Tom and Jerry with."

Half the fun in Libby's life and most of its pleasures had started accidentally, and suddenly his loneliness was hers, too. It was time to forget the past; this was a new town, there were new faces.

Her voice was low. "If you feel like I think you do," she said, "well, I get off at eleven."

Then in the sudden recklessness she had expected, 406 said, "That's the best news I've had all day. If you'd let me, I'd be delighted to buy you a Tom and Jerry. Maybe even two."

It was the first time in six weeks that she had felt like Libby. It was a new town and it could be a new life. The worst it could be was a shared evening when everybody else had someone they belonged to.

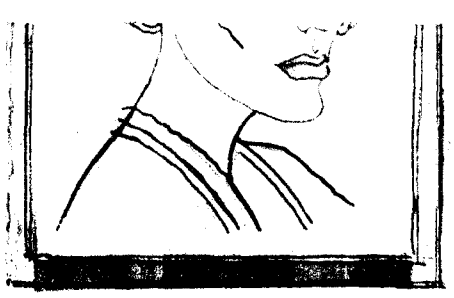
AT ELEVEN, just as she was clearing the switchboard, New York came through: "We have Bridgeport for you now, operator. A person-to-person call for Mr. Everett Sanders, Room 406."

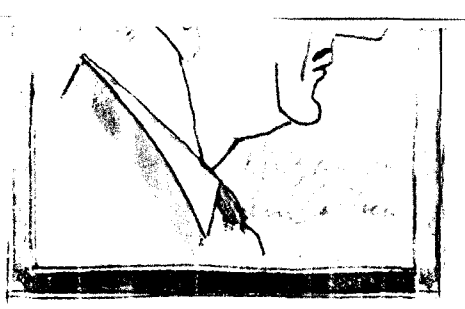
Libby hesitated. She could hear the woman's quick voice, a bright young voice, even after ten years of marriage. Behind it was the shrill voice of a child. Libby, reaching slowly for the plug, stopped. After ten years it seemed as if a woman could spare her husband for just one Christmas Eve.

Libby looked again at that Christmas tree in the lobby, so frosty in its aloofness. Outside, the snow was pelting against the hotel, bringing a white muffled world that should have concealed loneliness as it did the ugly face of the city. The voice of the woman in Bridgeport was anxious now, and when 406 heard it he would not be down for any Tom and Jerries with a strange girl in a strange town.

It was a little late to believe in Santa Claus, but Libby's too-generous mouth parted in a smile. She had no one else to give a Christmas package to and, plugging in 406, she thought it was not too bad a present to an unknown wife.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Open Season on George

By IRENE KITTLE KAMP

"I HAVE a plan," Lilly Pallin said, seating herself beside George Wayne at the table, with a charming flourish of her swirling skirts.

"That's no news," George Wayne said. Reluctantly, he folded his evening newspaper. "You always have a plan. Did this one need to make you late for dinner? We hardly have time to eat before curtain time."

"We have forty-five minutes," Lilly Pallin said. "Such anxiety, George. We've never missed a curtain yet. What you need is a wife."

"What I need," George Wayne said, "is my dinner. The least a drama critic can do is be on time for the curtain."

"Yes, yes," Lilly said, "that is all engraved on my heart. Now shut up—and listen to my plan."

"At least," said George, "if I can't stall you, we can order dinner first, can't we?"

Lilly thought that was fair. They ordered dinner.

"Now my plan," Lilly turned on George, "is that we get married."

"What?"

"You and me," Lilly said calmly.

George Wayne stared at her. She sat serenely upright under his scrutiny, a pretty, small, fair-haired girl with big amber eyes. "On an empty stomach?" he groaned. "You have to spring an idea like that before I've had my dinner? And I hadn't any lunch today, either. I was in the library all day looking up stuff for the new edition of my book—"

"See?" Lilly crowed, "you *need* a wife. Married men are better fed than single men—"

"I won't argue the point," George Wayne said. "Let's just say I am on a diet."

"George," Lilly wailed, "you mean you won't marry me?"

"Not so loud," he told her. "You have to yell like that? There's Freddy Jackson, two tables away. You want him to put a thing like that in his column?"

"It's an idea," Lilly said, turning her amber eyes on Freddy Jackson.

"No, you don't," George Wayne said, "none of your female blackmail tricks. Nothing in God's world will make me get married."

"How can you be sure?" Lilly asked.

"Never mind how," George Wayne told her, "I'm sure. Others may do as they see fit, as for me—"

"Hot plate," the waiter warned at his elbow, and then, "sorry, Mr. Wayne, *cannelloni* is all gone. I brought you some veal Parmesan, very good tonight—"

"Fine, Sam." George Wayne said.

"See," Lilly pointed out as the waiter went away, "if you were married you could have anything you wanted to eat. You wouldn't have to depend on restaurants—"

"I like restaurants," George Wayne said. "I like veal Parmesan just as much as I like *cannelloni*. What's more, I *love* being a bachelor."

"Pooh," Lilly said, "you're no bachelor. What kind of a bachelor is it has a girl like me to go steady with?"

"Listen," George said, "just because I take you to the theater don't get any ideas about me needing you. If I didn't have an extra ticket given me by the press agents it would never occur to me to take you to the theater. I hate to spend money on women. If there was any way at all that I could force you to pay for what you are eating right now, I would do just that."

"Well," Lilly said blithely, "you tried that on the first date and where did it get you? My mother told me that going Dutch with a man is one step short of paying for the whole shooting match. A woman has to be firm about such things. And you might as well take it like a man. And you might as well marry me, too."

"Not a chance. The idea of marrying is both abhorrent and frightening."

"Frightening, eh? Listen, George, I am now making eighty-nine dollars and seventy-two cents a week, including withholding tax and Social Security and so on, and I am now assistant to Miss Carruthers, the evening-dress buyer. I am considered passably pretty, and I am strong of wind and limb—"

"When did you get a raise and a promotion?"

"Today," Lilly told him. "Which is why I got this idea. I am now in a position to assume the responsibilities of a marriage. By which I mean that I will pay half the laundry costs, half of the maid, and so on. I will also make *eine kleine Nacht* lunch for you and your buddies when you have them in for a game of whist or parcheesi—"

"I don't have any buddies," George said. "I'm a drama critic. Also, eating in the middle of the night doesn't agree with me. And I need solitude and peace in which to finish revising my book Acting Is Easy."

"I had that in mind," Lilly said, "and I will be glad to correct your grammar and point out errors in your punctuation. In addition, I will, from time to time, buy you little tokens of my love and affection. Like fancy shorts and—"

"Buy yourself a token," George told her. "Take your extra money and invest it in a fur coat. It'll keep you warmer than a husband would."

"Listen, George," Lilly said, "I thought you could buy me a mink coat for a wedding present. I saw a lovely one in the window of the Thrift Shop. Naturally I wouldn't expect a new one."

"No," George said. "Don't think you can trap me like that. No fur coat. And no marriage, either."

"Okay," Lilly said, "At twenty-three a girl does not get any younger. But I am a woman of some honor and I will stick around until you have someone to take my place."

"You'll stick around," George said calmly, "as long as I have an extra theater ticket. You want more coffee?" . . .

All through the foolish and not very funny farce which George was reviewing, Lilly Pallin was pensive. But during the second intermission she seemed to come to life. She waved madly at someone across the lobby.

"Janet Graham," she told George. "She's dying to meet you."

The next thing George knew his hand was being shaken by a blond doll with a bored-looking man in tow.

"Mistuh Wayne," the blond doll was saying in a kind of Texas drawl, "I've always wanted to meet you. But Lilly is so selfish. I've admired your reviews, Mistuh Wayne. I've just studied and studied them. You know I'm aiming to be a big star, Mistuh Wayne, and I keep this old dog-eared copy of your book, Acting Is Easy, and I just sleep with it, Mistuh Wayne, I just sleep with it."

"How sweet," Lilly murmured.

"When I get to be a big star, Mistuh Wayne, you're the one whose reviews I'll look for."

"If he's alive then," Lilly Pallin said.

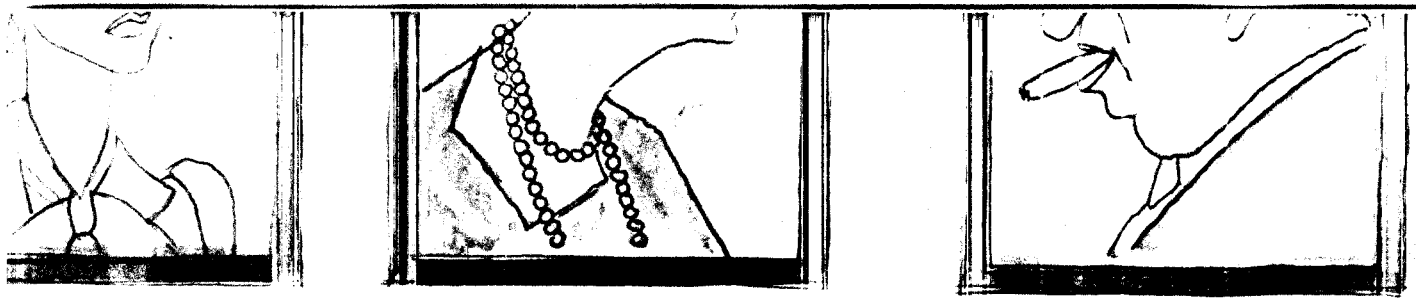
"Now, Lilly," the blond doll said, "you're just being unkind. Mistuh Wayne himself says that acting is easy."

"Not that easy," Lilly said. "And listen, Graham, don't look now but there's a man behind you."

Janet Graham squealed and turned to bring the bored-looking man into the group. "This is Jack Forbes," she said, "Lilly Pallin and *the* George Wayne. The drama critic. The man who wrote that wonderful book on acting. Mr. Forbes," she told them, "is my press agent."

A stir in the crowd indicated the curtain was going up on the third act. *(Continued on page 71)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The story of a man who absolutely and utterly refuse to marry a girl, and how they got married almost immediately

"A woman has to be firm about such things," Lilly said. "You might as well take it like a man"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia's Children from Cradle

By
ARTHUR GOODFRIEND
and "MR. Z" *

Key to the struggle between East and West lies in the minds of Stalin's children whose education is the bedrock of Russia's might. Collier's digs beneath the scare headlines and fevered debate to tell the factual story of how Russia's babies become Bolsheviks

LENIN said, "The school, apart from life, apart from politics, is a lie and a hypocrisy." In the U.S.S.R. schooling starts before birth, with the education of the parents, and continues until death. By and large, the process closely follows Lenin's dictum. From the first instructions given to mothers, through the Mother Goose books and primers of the child, and in almost everything else produced by the Soviet state to form the minds and attitudes of its citizens, education is political. It aims at creating a new kind of man and woman who believes that Communism is good and will survive, and that capitalism is bad and must die.

Soviet education aims at convincing its people that the future can be predicted scientifically along materialistic lines—that the laws of production always did and always will determine the course of history and that things of the spirit, God and man's soul, do not exist and therefore do not matter.

To accomplish these aims, the U.S.S.R. has been organized into a gigantic Red schoolhouse. Everything that is written and printed, filmed and exhibited, painted and reproduced, composed and played, is carefully controlled by the state to hold this "education" strictly on Communist lines and toward Communist ends. Stalin defined education in one word—"weapon."

"Its effect," he continued, "depends on who controls the weapon, and on whom it is intended it should strike."

The weapon strikes first at the mother—at the state's Institute for the Protection of Mother and Child, where she goes for prenatal care, and at the University for Parents, where experts lecture on such subjects as Good Habits in Soviet Children and Development of Character and Will Power in the Soviet Child.

An example of a lecturer's line: "Our children must appreciate how honorable is the title of mother in our land. Only in the Soviet Union has the state established the title of Mother Heroine and the bestowal of orders and medals on mothers of many children. And with the word 'Father' we address the great Stalin when we wish to express the feeling of filial nearness and of love and respect."

And as for fathers: "In our country there are no conflicts between father and children. Members of the older generation possess great merit in the eyes

* "Mr. Z" is a foreign correspondent whose identity cannot be divulged.

Fountainhead of Russia's millions are women who receive medals for raising five or more children

Collier's for January 1, 1949

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to College

The Order of Mother Heroine is awarded to Soviet mothers who have borne and raised ten or more children. Mothers of five children receive the Motherhood medal; those with seven to nine, the medal of Motherhood Glory. Over 2,225,000 Soviet women have earned these medals and scrolls from the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet—part of a system of honors and monetary awards which, after Africa, gives the Soviet Union the highest crude birth rate in the world

of youth. They have the rich experience gained in the revolutionary struggle and Socialist construction. They set the example of the victorious attack on the stronghold of monarchy and capitalism."

The baby is born in a state hospital. On the wall of the ward hangs the inevitable picture of Stalin. And the lullaby the mother sings to her babe may be the old Cossack lullaby, Sleep, My Baby.

"Sleep, my baby, rockabye, a-bye,
Tenderly the moon shines on your cradle . . .
The time will come when you learn about life in battle,
Boldly you will mount your horse and pick up the rifle,
I will embroider your saddle cloth in silk . . ."

At home, the parents read Sem'a i Shkola (The Family and School), a monthly magazine for parents published by the state. Titles in a typical issue include: How to Develop the Abilities of Children, Hygiene of the Love Factor in Raising a Child, The Selection of a Profession, Little Fighting Friends (about children in war), and The Fostering of Courage.

The Russian baby's Communist education may fairly be said to begin at the age of twenty-eight days. Then he is eligible for admission to a nursery. Lenin called Russia's nurseries "the germ cells of Communist society." They are generally connected with and run by factories and collective farms. Each morning on her way to work, the mother leaves the child at the admitting room, which is decorated with Stalin's portrait and slogans. Typical is, "Glory to the October Revolution." Nursery children are sometimes called "Oktiabriata," Children of the October Revolution.

Although the current official view advises against it, most babies are tightly wrapped, arms bound to their sides. An old wives' tale has it that tight swaddling prevents the devil within the child from tearing its eyes or nose. In many nurseries babies are placed together in big cribs. The idea is to accustom them to communal living.

From infancy onward, children eat, sleep, play and perform their natural functions in groups. At home, where whole families live in one room, most babies grow up without ever knowing privacy.

Mothers come to the nurseries several times a day to nurse their babies. Signs in the large feeding room read:

"Nurseries raise healthy citizens for the state."

"The nursery reorganizes family life, permitting any woman who so wishes to work."

Nurseries charge about 35 rubles a month (about $7 at current official exchange rate).

This mite has begun his Communist education. He is 28 days old and has entered a state nursery where mother may croon Cossack lullabies about life in battle. Lenin called nurseries "the germ cells of Communist society"

Above: Communal living is taught in big cribs, usually under a picture of Lenin. "Collective spirit" is aim

Below: He learns: "with the word 'Father' we address the great Stalin when we wish to express filial respect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soviet children recite to their teacher: "The stars of the Kremlin are shining over us. Their light is reaching everywhere. . . . Over the world is shining our great emblem. Glory to the Red Army. . . . Glory to our factory tools. Get stronger, our Soviet land. Stars start shining over the Kremlin. Glory to Lenin and Stalin"

Incubated from state nurseries, Soviet children are sometimes called Oktiabriata, "Children of the October Revolution," and participate in Soviet demonstrations

THE Soviet child's first three years revolve around the nursery. The kindergarten takes over between the ages of three and seven. According to Soviet decree, the nursery and kindergarten have two purposes: One is to rear active fighters for the Socialist structure. The second is to bring up materialists, activists and collectivists.

"A materialist," by Communist definition, "is a child who understands and can take full advantage of the physical objects that surround him, and use them to gain his own ends." An activist is described as a child "who reorganizes the objects around him so as to increase his own efficiency." A collectivist is a child who "co-operates with others."

An eminent Moscow specialist said: "We aim to rear children who will be socially useful even before they can walk. Most of our toys require at least a certain amount of collective effort in order to be enjoyed—building blocks, puzzle games, etc., are purposely exaggerated in size, partly because the size and weight require collective effort.

"Painting, drawing, singing are never taught to individual children, but always to groups. We are trying to instill into the character of every Russian child that he must not own anything at the expense of his fellows and society, and, therefore, he will find it advantageous to co-operate in all activity."

Some Soviet educators complain that the official schedule tends to make certain children nervous.

Nursery children recite stories that, pursuant to instructions from the Ministry of Education, "cultivate love of the Socialist Motherland, and tell of heroic episodes of the struggle of workers for their freedom. Vivid and imaginative stories about Red Army heroes, how Comrade Stalin and the Soviet government watch over every Soviet person."

A typical recitation: "At the same time as the sun, Stalin rises in the Kremlin. In that wonderful house he will wash himself with his hands and with the water from the Moscow River, and dry his dark face with a snow-white towel. Good morning, the whole country will tell Stalin . . . He will go on the balcony, opening the glass door. He will look out and admire how Moscow is growing.

"He will start puffing his pipe. When he takes out his pipe a golden ring will rise from it and move all over the country. The shepherd will look up and say, 'See, that means Stalin has started smoking.' The whole country will look up at this golden ring and say, 'Good morning, Stalin.'"

Religious instruction is taboo. When children ask about God the teacher is instructed to tell them that "God is a myth thought up by people a thousand years ago to explain things they did not then understand."

Another popular recitation: "Stalin is the wisest, the beloved father . . . Stalin is the symbol of happiness and life . . . Stalin is brighter than the sun in June, a powerful eagle."

Stalin's portrait appears on nursery and kindergarten walls. Molotov's picture is also quite popular, suggesting that he may be Stalin's successor. The children take part in Soviet national holidays, such as May Day and the Anniversary of the Revolution. The older ones march and the younger ones are carried under banners reading, "Long live the leader of the Soviet peoples, the Great Stalin."

Puppet shows are popular with Soviet children. Either the teachers or professional puppeteers entertain them with performances of Cinderella, Puss in Boots, or Big Ivan. Big Ivan, who is blind, personifies the people, oppressed by little men labeled Czar, General, Priest and Kulak. When an owl finally dispels his blindness, Big Ivan destroys his tormentors, together with their palaces and churches.

Games follow the Ministry of Education's formula: "They reflect the surrounding life. Children play Red Army soldiers; in their hands are little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well grounded in Dialectic Materialism, Soviet teachers are taught never to tell a child about things he cannot see—such as God or fairies. Soviet "realism" is stressed

Statues of partisan children who helped the Red Army during the recent war make Russian boys and girls dream of accomplishing heroic deeds

flags; on their uniforms and caps are the insignia of infantrymen, tankmen, sailors and aviators." Toys are functional—tractors, building blocks, guns, tanks and locomotives.

On nice days, children are taken on walks to a near-by Park of Culture and Rest, where the teacher may tell stories about the Soviet heroes whose statues are displayed there. Here the children inspect exhibits of Soviet accomplishments in science, industry, agriculture and art.

Another walk objective is the Museum of the Revolution where the children examine such Bolshevik mementos as Lenin's original manuscript for Who Are the Friends of the People? (which tells how to fight a revolution), a homemade bomb, and paintings of the triumph of Red armies over "capitalist" interventionists and White Russian armies backed by the Western Powers.

In parades, on walks and in the classroom, children sing patriotic songs. Although too young actually to be Pioneers, the Soviet equivalent of Boy Scouts, a favorite song is The Pioneer Tie.

"Once you put your tie on, treasure it
For it is the same color as our banner.
Under this banner fighters go into the battle,
Our fathers and brothers fought for the Fatherland.
Once you put this tie on, your face becomes radiant.
Many a Pioneer tie has a bullet in it.
There is nothing dearer than a Pioneer tie.
The young blood that was shed made it even more red."

Children's books serve the same purposes as state-dictated education. Stalin called their authors "engineers of the human spirit." And, as engineers, they are handsomely paid. Their work is of two types: Some, like Kolobok, are simple fantasies about animals and people which appeal to children for their beautifully illustrated whimsey. Others are realistic, according to Communist lights, and deal with the Five-Year Plans, the growth of Soviet power, the greatness of Stalin and Lenin and Molotov. One short story says: "He is a friend of children. Children know and love Molotov."

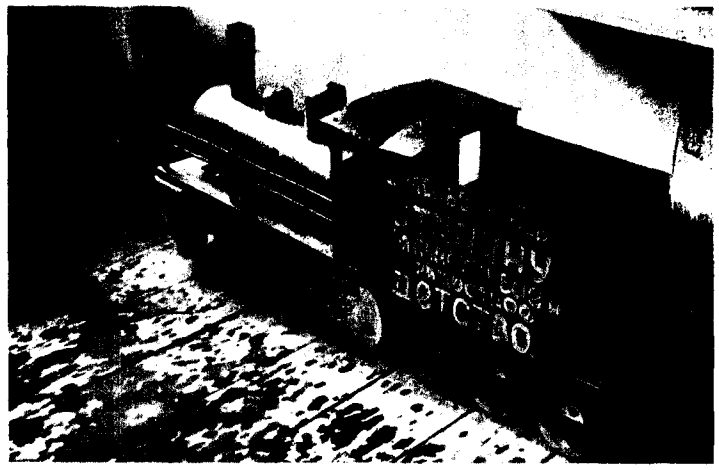
Marshak is the most prolific author of juveniles. His Mister Twister tells of an American millionaire who comes to Russia and quits the Hotel Angleterre because a Negro lives there. Other hotels, tipped off by the Angleterre porter, refuse to take him and his family.

Humbled, he returns to the Angleterre. The porter informs him that his fellow guests are of every race and creed but Mister Twister, "quondam minister, millionaire, banker and broker, owner of stocks, newspapers, steamers and real-estate blocks," to quote from the original, sees the light and embraces the nonracist views of the Soviets.

Russian Knights, by Mikhalkov, is another example of the picture books released by the State Publishing House of Children's Literature which inculcate patriotism and martial ardor in the preschool age group. Published in 1945, it starts: "In old times, just as today, the game of war was a favorite with children. The enemy is advancing upon Russia in order to burn down our villages. I have my armor, my shield and my faithful sword. I'll flash my sword when I come face to face with the enemy. Forward with Dmitri Donskoi; forward for our Russia."

The most popular of children's books is the Annual. The Annual is filled with the year's best stories, verses and pictures glorifying the Soviet state. A recent Yearbook's preface ends:

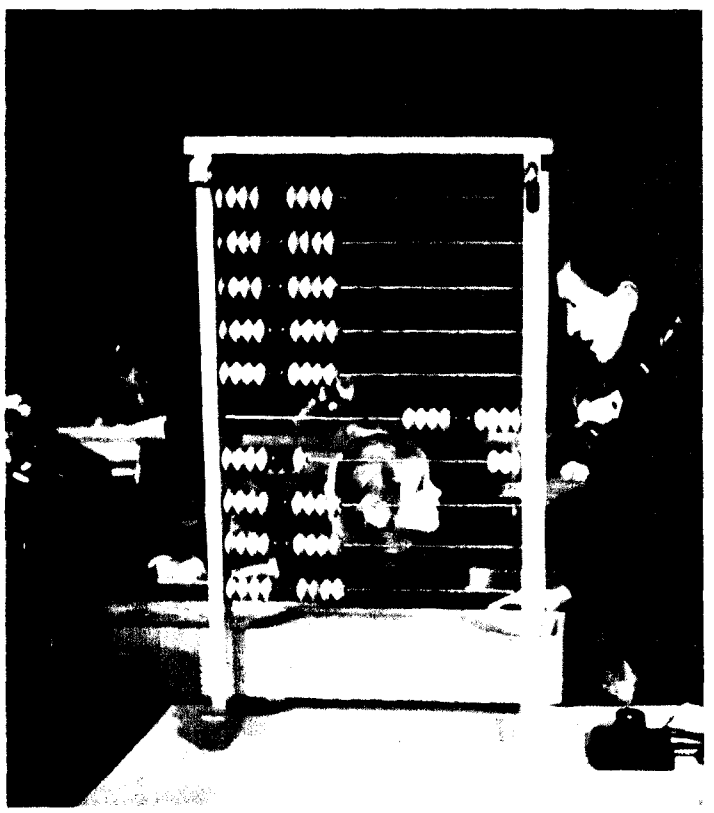
"Many wonderful days are in store for you this year. We celebrate the 30th anniversary of the day when Lenin and Stalin created our mighty Soviet army. On that day the entire Soviet nation will extend greetings to our beloved Soviet army, our pride and glory which defeated the Fascist enemy. . . ."



The toy train carries the slogan, "Thank you, Comrade Stalin, for a joyous childhood." Picture books expose racism of American millionaires and glorify Russian valor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Misunderstanding between East and West is increased by Soviet child's exposure to dogma. Sign on wall says: ". . . Flames of October storm liberated us all"



The abacus is popular in U.S.S.R. Typical arithmetic problems are realistic, dealing with collective farms or Army. Example: "A Red soldier had 10 bullets. He fired 4 bullets. How many were left?"

THE first day of school, September 1st, is a great occasion in the Soviet Union. The newspapers make much of it, with editorials such as this from Pravda: "Nowhere in the bourgeois capitalist world do children enjoy the rights to a full and free education as they do in the Soviet Union. In capitalist countries, people have no right to education. Higher education is the privilege of the propertied classes."

On that day children march to school singing the Soviet School Children's Song:

"Today with a gay song
Under a red banner we will go
To a new spacious school
Our light and happy home.
We are children of the factories and fields
And our road is clear.
For our happy childhood
We thank you, our dear land.
We will stand at the maps and blackboards
We will run through the glittering hall
We will study in such a way
That Stalin shall say to us, Excellent, children!
We'll learn about distant countries,
We'll study the structure of the earth . . .
We won't allow the enemy to
Tear down our October banner
We will grow up to be Bolsheviks
Ready for new battles."

The school itself is one of the three types of general educational institutions in the Soviet Union: a four-year school, which is compulsory for all children; or a junior secondary school with a seven-year course, the first four corresponding to the four-year elementary education and the last three resembling a junior high school; or a ten-year school, duplicating the junior secondary school, plus three years of advanced studies. Although Article 121 of Stalin's Constitution guarantees Soviet citizens the right to education, Soviet-style, little more than half of Russia's children complete seven years' schooling.

On the way to class, school children usually pass a life-size statue of Lenin and a placard with Lenin's dictum: "Study, study and again study." In the classroom are portraits of Lenin, Stalin and Karl Marx and scenes from Russian history, especially of battles of the Civil and Great Patriotic Wars.

A banner proclaims: "The enveloping flames of the October storm liberated us all." Beneath this is posted the class newspaper. Edited by a committee elected by the children, it features clippings from Pravda, reports of class achievement and failures, cartoons of pupils with bad marks or dirty ears and a variety of items such as a printed list headed, "What the Soviet Power Has Given Me" and a small white card reading, "All for Literacy."

Each child receives a *tabil,* or record book, on which the teacher grades his work. On the back of the record book is a list of rules. Rule No. 1: "It is the duty of every school child to strive with tenacity and perseverance to master knowledge in order to become an educated and cultured citizen and to serve most usefully the Soviet Motherland." The other nineteen rules deal mostly with cleanliness, obedience and respect for elders.

A typical teacher is a graduate of three years' training in a Soviet normal school. Admittance to a normal school is based on satisfactory elementary school marks and the purity of social origin—there can have been neither merchants, priests nor kulaks in her family.

The teacher's boss is the Minister of Education who defined, as the aim of the Soviet schools, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

development of these Bolshevik qualities in every pupil: "Soviet patriotism, Bolshevist vigilance, a Socialist attitude toward public and personal property . . . and realism to withstand the alien ideology inherited from the psychology of private property ownership and petty bourgeois moods."

Teachers average 500 rubles a month ($100). The best teachers may receive the Order of Teacher of Merit, which carries with it an additional 300 rubles ($60). Good teachers read Pedagogy, the teachers' handbook, and Teachers Gazette, the official teachers' magazine. Excerpts from these publications:

"Without discipline one cannot achieve high productivity of labor. Without discipline one cannot conquer in war."

"Our children must be indoctrinated with the spirit of collectivism, because a strong collective is the foundation of the Soviet educational system."

"Physical education is most intimately related to the cultivation of Communist morality and the traits of Bolshevik character in pupils . . . (it) promotes the development of qualities essential to the future warriors of the Red Army."

"It is the task of the teacher to reveal to the pupils everything loathsome and hideous committed by the ruling classes of czarist Russia to show them the oppression, the bondage and the injustice suffered by the workers in pre-October Russia . . ."

"The pupils of the Soviet school must realize that the feeling of Soviet patriotism is saturated with irreconcilable hatred toward the enemies of Socialist society. Hatred gives birth to class revolutionary vigilance and creates a feeling of irreconcilability toward the class enemy; the weakening of such vigilance undermines the cause of the Socialist revolution."

"It is necessary to learn not only to hate the enemy but also to struggle with him, in time to unmask him and finally, if he does not surrender, to destroy him."

"The overruling purpose of the school, according to Lenin, must be the cultivation of Communist morality in the pupils. Wealthy classes, as Lenin says, regard their morality as the morality of all mankind and founded on the commandments of God. We reject any such morality which is derived from extrahuman or extraclass conceptions. We say it is a fraud, a deception designed to dull the minds of workers and peasants in the interests of landlords and capitalists."

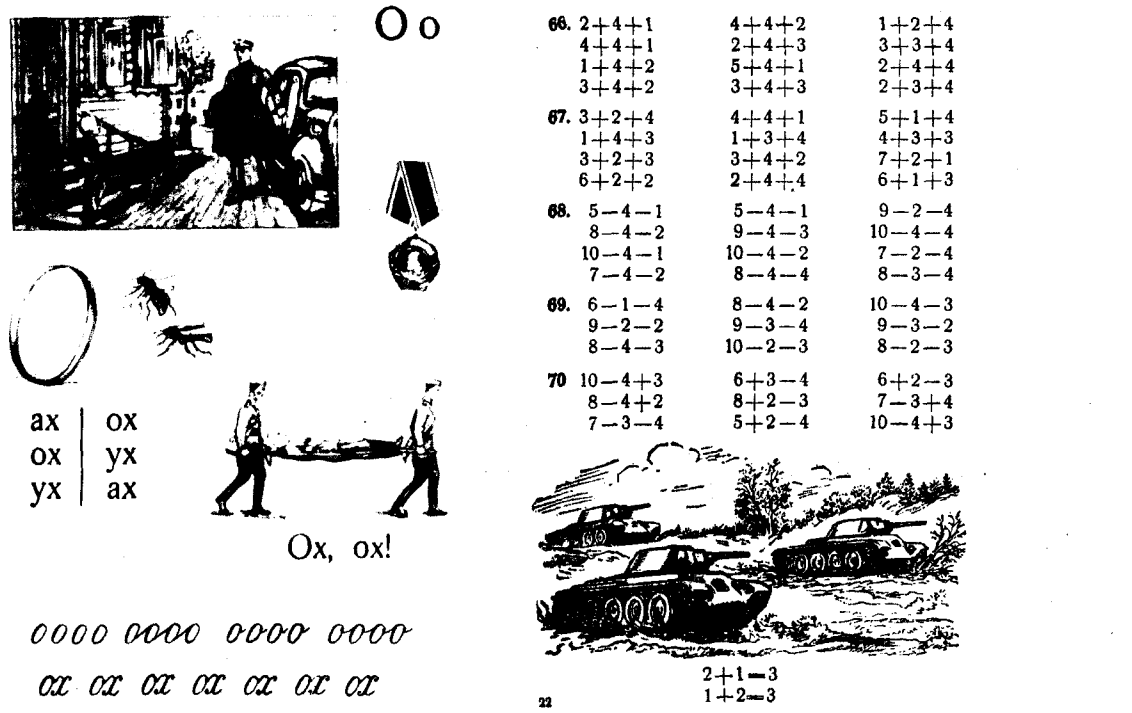
". . . We need a generation of youth transformed into responsible people by the conditions attending a disciplined and desperate struggle with the *bourgeoisie*. In this struggle genuine Communists will be developed; to this struggle must be subjected and with this struggle must be linked every step in the education of youth."

Textbooks play a vital role in preparing the child for this struggle. The *Bukvar,* or primer, from which the child learns to read and write, combines realistic content and novelty of method. Almost every page of the 1947 edition contains a full-color picture of some situation, about which the teacher can weave a tale, such as a fox in a barnyard or an ack-ack gun felling an enemy plane.

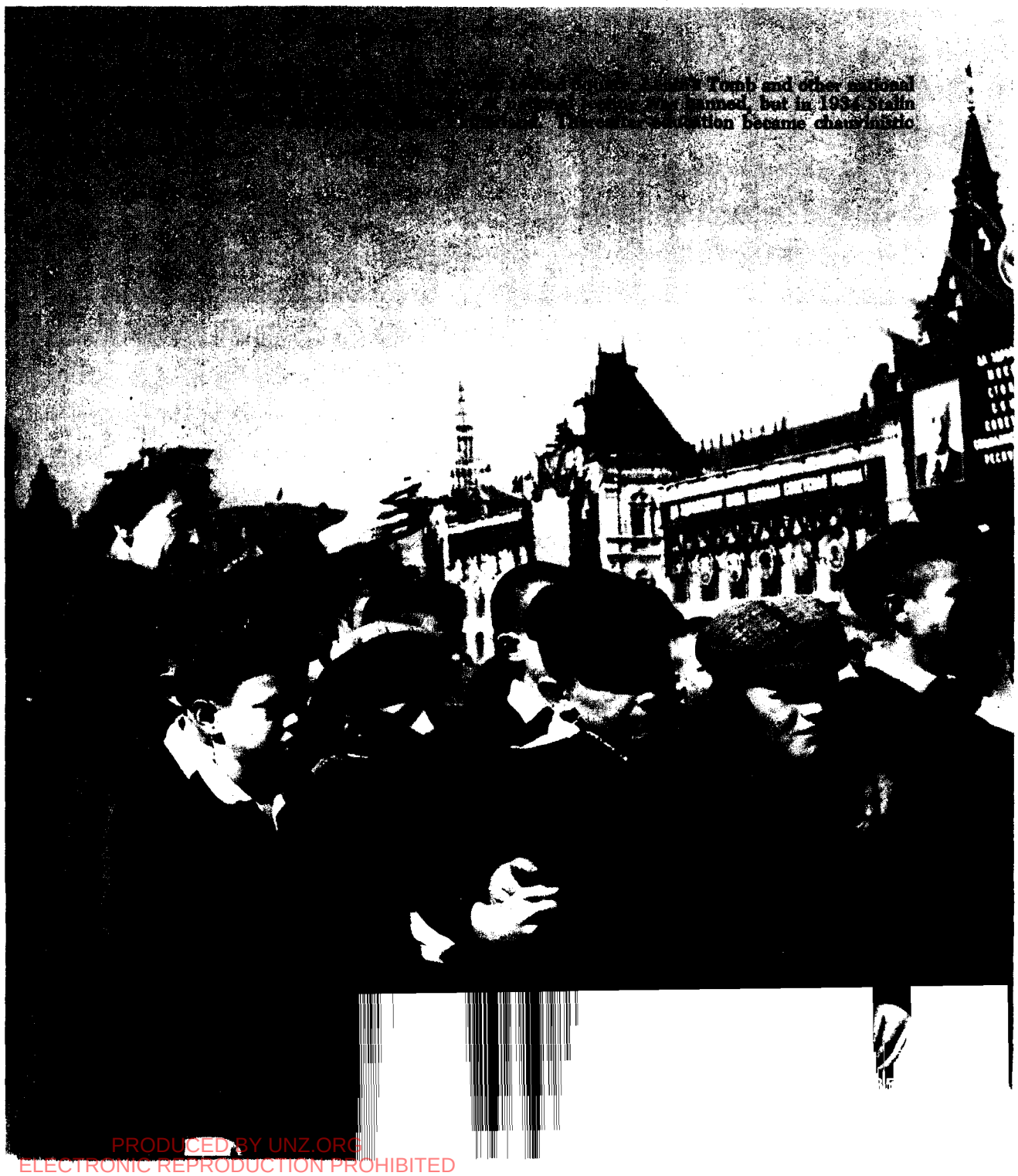
Then the letter to be taught, such as O, is shown in picture form, in this case a hoop and the round Order of Lenin medal. A wounded soldier on a stretcher says, *Ox, Ox,* (ach, ach) which suggests the sound. Below appears the script, written out so the child may copy it. Emotions are gripped by scenes ranging from the barnyard to war.

The primer ends with stories and poems about Lenin and Stalin. One, entitled A Good Comrade, states: "Volodia Ulianov (Lenin's real name) was in high school. Kollia said, 'I do not understand arithmetic. I shall go to Volodia. He knows everything.' He took his problem to Volodia because he explained things carefully. Soon Kollia learned to solve arithmetic problems. Often Volodia went to school early in order to help his comrades before their lessons."

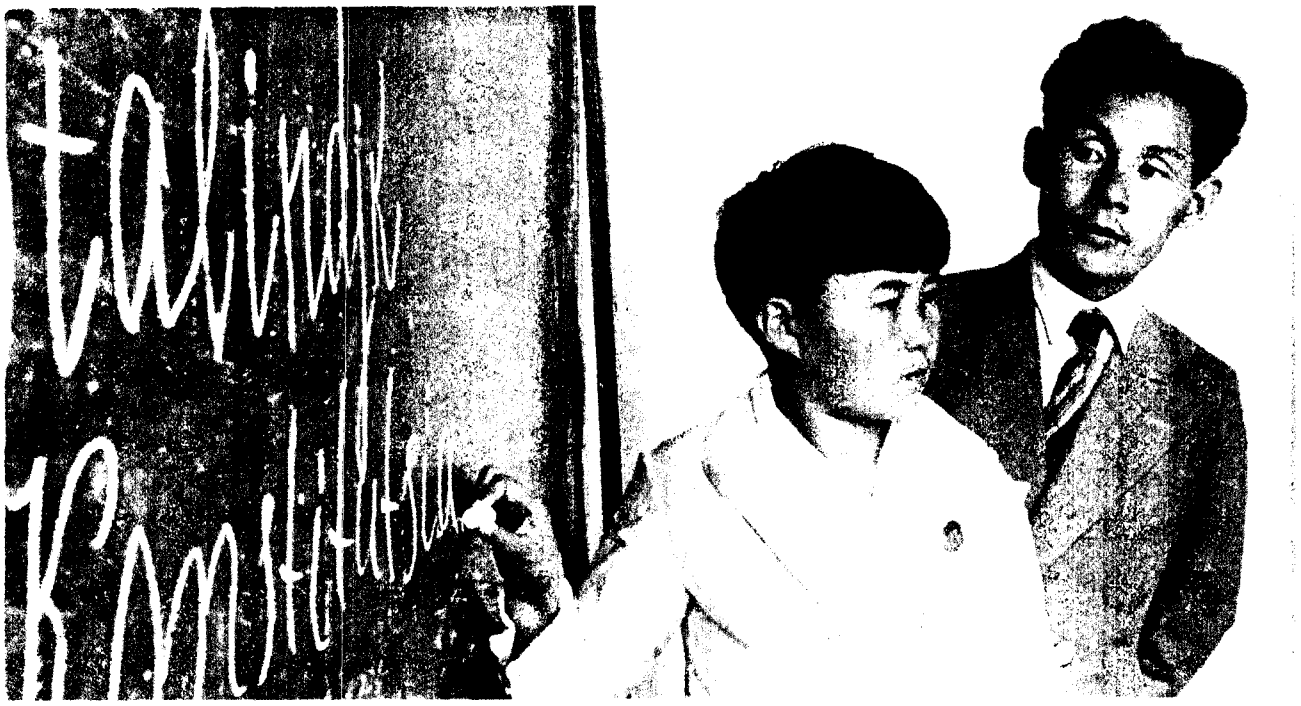
The arithmetic texts also strive for realism. Example: "In 1913 czarist Russia did not have any tractors, although it had 8,900 automobiles. On the 24th anniversary of the October Revolution, we had 43 times more automobiles than in 1913 and 67,300 more tractors than automobiles. How many automobiles and how many tractors did we have on the 24th anniversary?"



Textbooks play a double role, teaching ABC's along with the story of the Communist struggle. The letter O is likened to the round Order of Lenin medal, or the cry of a wounded soldier. Schoolbooks in Soviet Union are not free. The primer, left, costs the equivalent of 40 cents



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Soviet child learns civics in seventh grade. After writing "Stalin's Constitution" on blackboard, he learns it is world's "only genuinely democratic constitution" while U.S. is bourgeois dictatorship

Military training is high on the study list of these eighth graders. Teachers are reminded that "an important part of education in Soviet patriotism is cultivation of readiness to defend the Soviet Motherland"

The McGuffey's Reader of the Soviet Union, the Rodnaya Rech, starts students off with simple parables such as "Lenin is our Leader. Lenin taught us to live in a new way." Advanced students read poems and stories by Pushkin, Gorki, Chekhov. Love of Russia, of Communism and its leaders is stressed

HAVING mastered his ABCs and simple arithmetic, the Soviet child advances to more difficult subjects. Among these is Government, in which he studies the constitution of the U.S.S.R. "The Stalin Constitution," he is told, "is the only genuinely democratic constitution in the world," and, "The Soviet election system is the only democratic one in the world. The election law in capitalist countries is an instrument for the rule by the *bourgeoisie.*"

"The dictatorship of the proletariat—the State leadership of society—is the instrument for the destruction of classes and the revolutionary reorganization of society on Communist foundations," he is taught. "Bourgeois parliamentarism is a fraud on the people, a form of dictatorship of the bourgeois . . . The heads of states in capitalist countries (presidents and kings) materialize the will of the capitalists and serve their objectives." And:

"The undemocratic nature of Western democracies is exposed by the right of the President of the United States, and France and other bourgeois republics, to hold up legislation passed by parliament; the undemocratic system of the election of Presidents of bourgeois republics; the irresponsibility of the Presidents to electors and parliaments . . . the *bourgeoisie* is a servant of capitalism, the executor of its will."

Among the other points made in Soviet teaching of government:

"It is the sacred duty of Soviet citizens to defend their country against capitalistic encirclement." Espionage, terror, sabotage are "the favorite methods of capitalist and Fascist intelligence services."

"Only in the U.S.S.R. have all political freedoms been materialized." Soviet freedoms are compared with the actual lack of freedom of speech and of the press for workers under czarism and in contemporary capitalist countries.

Two hours a week, for a total of 198 hours, boys in the eighth, ninth and tenth grades engage in preconscription military training. During summer vacations ninth-grade lads go to army camps for 20 days of intensified drill and maneuvers. In 1946 military training for younger boys and girls was stopped, and 99 hours of physical training substituted. Most schools have Circles of Defense where terrain tables, models of tanks and guns, military pictures and charts are available for demonstration and study.

"In all educational work," the Soviet book on Pedagogy points out, "it is necessary to remember that to vanquish the enemy is impossible without the most burning hatred of him. Passionate love of the Motherland breeds inevitably strong hatred of the enemy. Enslavers of people, destroyers of culture and stranglers of liberty are hated by all to whom the freedom and independence of the Motherland are dear."

McGuffey's Reader of the Soviet child is Rodnaya Rech (The Native Language). The edition for younger children contains the simplest of stories and parables, such as "Lenin is our leader. Lenin taught us to live in a new way." The more advanced readers contain poems, fables, proverbs and stories dealing with history, science, patriotism, nature and folklore.

A typical reader (for the second year) starts with the national anthem. On page two there is a poem: "We love our Motherland and are ready to give our lives for her, for her broad seas, high skies and for her red banner." Short stories and proverbs about the Motherland follow, and then the child is reminded:

"You are one of the sons of your Fatherland. Stalin thinks of you in the Kremlin. He thinks that you are happier than everybody; cleverer than anybody; better-looking, braver than anybody on earth." Later in the book are short stories about the childhood of Lenin, a parable on brotherly love and short pieces by Tolstoy, Krylov, Chekhov, Pushkin and, the only foreigner, Hans Christian Andersen.

Geography is studied from the third grade on. Today's methods avoid the errors of the immediate postrevolutionary period when, for example, children glibly recited, "New York is the heart of finance and capitalism," but couldn't locate it on the map. In today's geography texts, only occasional passages reflect peculiarly Communist thought.

For example, capitalist exploitation of colonies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Formerly students would repeat glibly, "New York is the heart of finance and capitalism," but couldn't find it on the map. Now they are required to point it out

is stressed: "Life became especially difficult for the people of the tropics in the past 50-75 years when European capitalists went there. The capitalists subjugated these people, seized the best lands and like beasts of prey destroyed many valuable animals and plants. They compelled the people to labor on the plantations, in the mines, in the construction of railroads, etc. . . . Many settlements which refused to work were destroyed and burned."

Soviet geography texts take a dim view of conditions in capitalist countries. Examples: "In the western part of London are the government offices, the Houses of Parliament and the museums. Here also live the rich men in their luxurious homes. The eastern part is inhabited by poor people. Here the streets are dirty, houses overcrowded, damp and unheated in winter."

New York: "The headquarters of the capitalist trusts to whom belong a great number of the factories, plants, mines and railroads of the U.S. is in New York. In New York live people of the most varied nationalities . . . These immigrants usually live on the fringes of New York, crowded into filthy houses of stone and wood. The life of the immigrant workers in New York is difficult because of the high cost of living."

The United States: "Enormous resources of the country are in the hands of a group of billionaires who stand at the head of the industrial trusts of steel, copper, oil, etc. The powers of monopoly reached the highest degree in the U.S. This is the classical country of giant trusts and concerns which operate many billions of capital. Especially strong are the two financial concerns founded by the billionaires Morgan and Rockefeller. Each of them finances a whole series of trusts, not only in America, but in foreign countries."

As a result of the war, "the size of the industrial production of the U.S. was raised higher than ever. But already in the second half of 1944 there began a reduction of war industry, and when the war ended, unemployment developed in the U.S."

Possibly to give them a glimpse of the American depression, which the Soviets say is coming, texts tell Soviet children about the effects of first World War on the American economy. "After this war, the United States was distinguished by its prosperity. But behind the favorable exterior, there accumulated profound internal contradictions which became perfectly clear at the end of 1929 when a fierce crisis developed in the U.S.

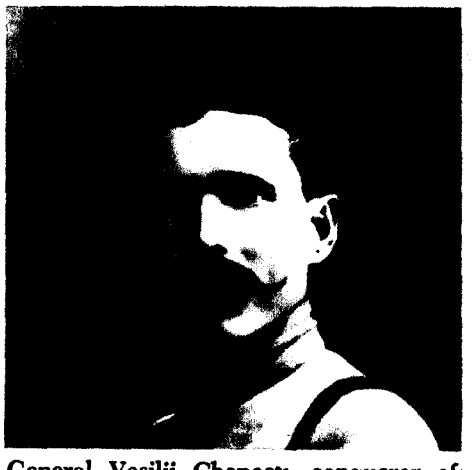
"The most advanced country of contemporary capitalism became the most advanced country in the depth and strength of the crisis . . . The country which until recently was astounding in the energetic development of its production powers began to seek a solution in the diminution of production and in the destruction of already created wealth. Millions of pigs were destroyed."

The foregoing assumes special interest when studied in connection with the official Soviet history book which the student reads in his third and fourth years. The text starts with the emergence of the state from the clan and tribe which, it asserts, "held all things in common. Gradually the clans broke up into families and instead of the common ownership of food and implements, there was now private property. Classes developed, the rich and the poor. Rich men made war and enslaved the vanquished. Then these rich, warlike men became rulers of their own and of neighboring tribes and in this way, states were formed."

All of Russia's history is then described, largely in terms of the unsuccessful struggle of the enslaved against their oppressive rulers. As early as the 13th century, Novgorod was ruled by boyars, merchants and priests whose power the people were unable to break "owing to their lack of political consciousness and organization." After repeated revolution and failure, the class struggle culminated with the success of the 1917 revolution.

The victory is credited to three reasons: 1. The Czarist government had become utterly discredited in the eyes of the workers and peasants. 2. A strong alliance was forged between the workers and peasants. 3. The vast masses of the workers and peasants rallied around the Bolshevik party, and recognized it as their leader and guide. These points, hammered home again and again, establish the Communist formula for successful revolution.

Peter the Great represents the glory of pre-Red Russia. His vision, industry, patriotism are held up as Soviet virtues



General Vasilii Chapaev, conqueror of capitalist-backed armies which aimed to destroy revolution, is history-book hero

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Military games are part of training of Pioneers. Leaders make it clear Pioneers are not guided by Boy Scout bourgeois principles. "Our aim is liberation of toilers"

Courage and marksmanship are symbolized by the statue of a member of Pioneer bands that helped Red Army

FIFTEEN million Soviet boys and girls between the ages of ten and seventeen wear the red kerchief of the Pioneers. Their brigade leaders make it clear that Pioneers are *not* Boy Scouts. "This is no training school in bourgeois principles. Our goal is the liberation of toilers, and the organization of a new order in which there will be no division into classes."

All this is affirmed in the Pioneer oath: "I, a young Pioneer of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, in the presence of my comrades, pledge that I will firmly defend the cause of Lenin and Stalin, the victory of Communism. I pledge to live and study in such a manner as to become a worthy citizen of my Socialist Fatherland."

The taking of the oath is followed by the challenge: "For the struggle for the cause of Lenin-Stalin, be ready!" To this the boys and girls reply with the Pioneer motto: "Always ready!"

New Pioneers memorize the laws and customs of the organization: "The Pioneer is true to the cause of the working class and to the covenant of Lenin. He is the younger brother and helper of the Communist party. He is a comrade to the workers' and peasants' children of the world."

He learns the difference between one's word of honor and one's "Lenin's word." When he *really* means something he gives his "Lenin's word."

At Sunday meetings he discusses Communist party problems, sings, dances, studies Marxism. He builds models of planes, tanks and tractors. In summer he helps with the harvest, and engages in scouting and war games at camp. In winter there are maneuvers on skis.

Pioneers sometimes sign Socialist agreements with their parents. Example:

"I (name of parent) a worker in such and such factory, conclude an agreement with my son, the Pioneer (name of son or daughter) in which I undertake until the conclusion of the *Pyatiletka* (five-year plan) to collaborate in the closest possible manner with my factory, and I join Storm Brigade "Fourth Year of the *Pyatiletka.*" I, a young Pioneer, sign this agreement and promise that I will not have unsatisfactory marks in any subject, will never be late for school, never play truant, will attend Pioneer instruction diligently and not fail to pass on from any group. I bring this agreement to the knowledge of the School Soviet and the Pioneer Troop."

Lenin's widow, Krupskaya, minced no words in pointing up the seriousness of the Pioneers' role: "The Pioneer should firmly grasp the meaning of Lenin's words that the essence of Communist morality is a readiness to sacrifice everything, one's life if needed, for the good of the working class."

Pavlik Morozov, whose story makes a favorite campfire tale, is the hero of the Pioneers. Pavlik reported his father to the Soviets for withholding grain and was murdered by counterrevolutionary kulaks. In case of conflict between family and party, the Pioneer knows that the path of duty lies with the party.

Ten boys and girls make up a Pioneer link. Four or five links constitute a brigade. Each brigade is attached to a Young Communist League cell, and a Young Communist (Komsomol) serves as brigade leader. Pioneer activities are directed by the Komsomol Committee, which, through its affiliation with the Communist party, employs the Pioneers to carry out the party's will.

Pioneers get a big hand in parades and demonstrations. They march to songs like "The Autumn Dawn."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Orphans of Red Army heroes are pampered pets of the Soviet state and get special training in Suvorov and Nakhimov Cadet Schools. Many are already decorated heroes, having fought as partisans against the German invaders

"The autumn dawn glitters like gold,
The streets are adorned with the banners of October.
Streets and schools are illumined with the lights of victories
Achieved by our fatherland in the past thirty years.
The Soviet home grows, mighty and wonderful.
Its military, scientific and labor exploits are world renowned.
With a gay resounding song we march forward
For our native land,
For Stalin and for our people."

Darlings of the Russian people and pampered pets of the Soviet state are cadets of the Suvorov and Nakhimov Schools. These are the elite of Russia's youth, 10,000 strong. They are orphans of Red Army heroes and of guerrilla commanders who died in the Great Patriotic War of 1941–45. In them are blended the best traditions of the Pazhevskii Korpus (the specially trained corps of pages for the prerevolutionary royal court) and the new Soviet army.

"Difficult in training, easy in combat," is the Suvorov motto.

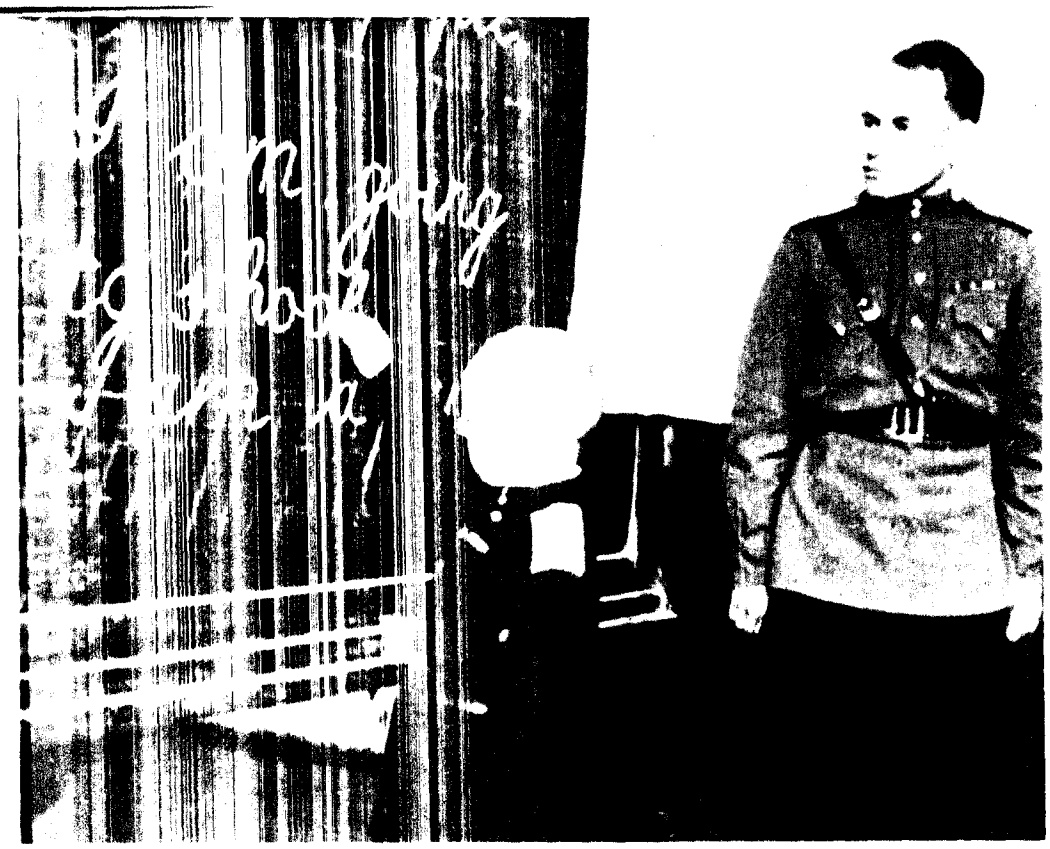
The naval school stresses "Nakhimov traditions of loyalty to the navy, sense of duty, daring and courage, in the spirit of the Black Sea sailors."

From the cadets' ranks, it is broadly believed, will come the officer-elite of tomorrow's Red Army and navy.

Many of the cadets are already decorated heroes, having fought against the Germans. According to one officer-instructor, "Many of these boys have led adult lives of adventure. We want to keep alive their courage and experience, but make them disciplined too."

Their study day, which begins at 6:30 A.M., includes four hours of English, tactics and strategy, in addition to the usual elementary and junior high school subjects. Another four hours are spent in drilling and weapons practice. From an old czarist nobleman-general they learn etiquette, right down to kissing ladies' hands. Under a dancing mistress they master old-fashioned waltzes, quadrilles and polkas.

The faculty consists of carefully picked, combat-trained officers. According to one Soviet account, "Officers talk to their pupils after class. They tell about the heroism of Soviet warriors, the lives of the great Russian leaders and the friendship which exists among Soviet officers. The youngsters listen attentively to their teacher, and each one of them dreams of accomplishing a heroic exploit."



Many cadets in the privileged Suvorov school have led adult lives of adventure. Teachers want to keep alive their courage yet instill discipline. English is a required subject. Graduates may someday be the elite of Red Army

At a tender age cadets learn to handle automatic weapons. Also on their schedule are etiquette and dancing. Far from feeling that latter is decadent, the school employs an old czarist general to put them through their paces

Cadets of Nakhimov naval schools learn "traditions of loyalty to the Red Navy, a sense of duty, daring and courage, in the spirit of the Black Sea sailors"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Admittance to Moscow's Ballet School is a great honor, hinging in part on parents' loyalty to the regime

CHILDREN of exceptional talent may attend special schools of music, art, theater and ballet. To be admitted to one of these schools is as great an honor as can come to a Soviet child. In addition to heavy programs in a particular school's specialty, children get a thorough general education that is little different, except in quality, from that of ordinary school children.

Among the best of these schools for talented children are the Ballet Schools in Moscow and Leningrad. Future stars of Russia's ballet begin their training at seven or eight years of age. They must pass a rigorous physical examination as well as demonstrate exceptional talent.

Whatever school a Soviet child attends—primary, cadet or special—he learns to respect the men whose example the state wants its children to follow. Foremost among these are Lenin, Stalin, Marx and Engels, and to a lesser degree, the current thirteen members of the Politburo. Other "heroes" cover the entire range of Russian history:

Alexander Nevsky, Grand Duke of Russia who defeated the Germans 700 years ago on Lake Peipus outside the present city of Leningrad.

Peter the Great, the czar who westernized the country, making the nobles shave their beards in the process. He mastered 14 different skills, from polka dancing to shipbuilding.

Alexander Suvorov, generalissimo of the Russian armies, who defeated Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, captured Berlin and took the keys to the city.

Literary heroes include Maxim Gorki, best-read modern writer and man of the people, who rose from the depths of czarist Russia to the highest fame, and Alexander Pushkin whose The Station Master was the first literary work to take the oppression of the lowly and humiliated Russian people as its theme.

Among the Civil War heroes are Vasilii Chapaev, ignorant shepherd boy and common soldier in the czar's army who rose to general in the Civil War, conquering the counterrevolutionary armies.

Two heroes of exploration are Valerii Chkalov, the arctic pilot who was first to fly across the North Pole to North America, and Ivan Papanin, originally a metalworker who led the first Soviet expedition to the North Pole and spent 274 days on drifting ice floes.

Aleksei Stakhanov is the greatest of the Soviet's labor heroes. He is the Donbas miner who devised the speed-up technique in coal mining known as Stakhanovism and whose method has since been applied to other industries.

The greatest hero of World War II was a woman, Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, a partisan fighter. She was captured, tortured and hanged by the Germans and is the Soviet Union's Joan of Arc.

In probably no other nation is there a newspaper for children with the circulation and influence of Pioneer Pravda. A daily four-page tabloid pub-

Hero of children is Ivan Papanin, the explorer who led the first Soviet expedition to land at the North Pole

Maxim Gorki, literary hero, rose from the lowest depths of czarist Russia to become the best-read modern writer

Aleksei Stakhanov devised speed-up technique in coal mines. His initiative and organizational ability set example

The Soviet Joan of Arc is Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, who was captured, tortured and hanged by Germans

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lished by the Central Committee of the Young Communist League, it reaches about 15,000,000 children. Its masthead carries the coat of arms of U.S.S.R., the legend "Proletarians of all countries, unite!" and the Pioneer slogan, "Always be ready for the struggle for the cause of Lenin-Stalin."

One of the many issues dedicated to Soviet holidays is reproduced here. The holiday in this case is May Day. The headline says: "Long live May 1st—the day for reviewing the militant strength of the workers of all countries!"

The editorial, headed Our Holiday, starts: "This is happening in your life for the tenth, twelfth or maybe even fourteenth time. And every time it is like a miracle; from white and cold, the earth becomes black and warm; light green buds appear on the naked branches of the trees. This miracle has a name. It is called spring. And in this marvelous time there is the most marvelous day—the first day of May when, in addition to the blue of the sky, the white of the clouds and the green of the grass, another color is added, the color of revolutionary freedom. The red color of our banners."

The poem to the right of Stalin's picture is entitled May 1st. It says:

"Today is the first of May . . .
The bands are playing,
Trolley cars are decorated with flags . . .
The unfurled banners wave like flames . . .
And many years ago
On this same May Day
The columns marched
As though ready for battle
And now and then they would quickly display
The forbidden red flag."

A typical issue of Pioneer Pravda usually covers Pioneer personalities and activities, descriptions of great national events like Artillery Day, harvests and elections and the world political scene. A typical story about the United States:

"The U.S.A. is the richest capitalist land. It enriched itself particularly during the two World Wars, 1914–1918 and 1939–1945. These wars ravaged almost all of the countries of the world, caused millions and millions of human sacrifices and enormous destruction. But this did not affect America. The U.S.A. played the advantageous role of the supplier of arms, and other wares, to the fighting armies. The production of the U.S.A. expanded and the profits of capitalism grew threefold while many lands became indebted to America for millions and millions of dollars.

"In World War II, the U.S.A. lost at the fronts no more men than usually perish in America from automobile accidents. America came out of the war with a big army and not with a damaged, but, on the contrary, expanding industry.

"After the war, many American politicians simply had 'their heads turned' from the realization of the importance of the U.S.A. In America many people, among them ministers, senators, generals and admirals, think the U.S.A. is now world master and is now in a position to dictate its will to other states, and that country which does not submit can be compelled to submit by force under threat of the atom bomb.

"However, the American people have not become any happier. Strange as it may seem, people in America now live worse and poorer than before. The surprising thing is that in the U.S.A. production has grown but the workers get less than before the war.

"A Soviet man living in conditions of Socialism knows that the more a country produces, the better people live.

"Not so in America. Capitalism is there and, moreover, it is the last stage of capitalism—imperialism. All the factories belong to a very small clique of billionaires—monopolists. One such monopolist owns all the automobile factories; another all the textile factories; a third is the absolute boss of the shoe industry. They do not even have competition and for this reason, although production has expanded, they are not thinking of lowering prices. On the contrary, they are rising in order that profits might increase . . ."

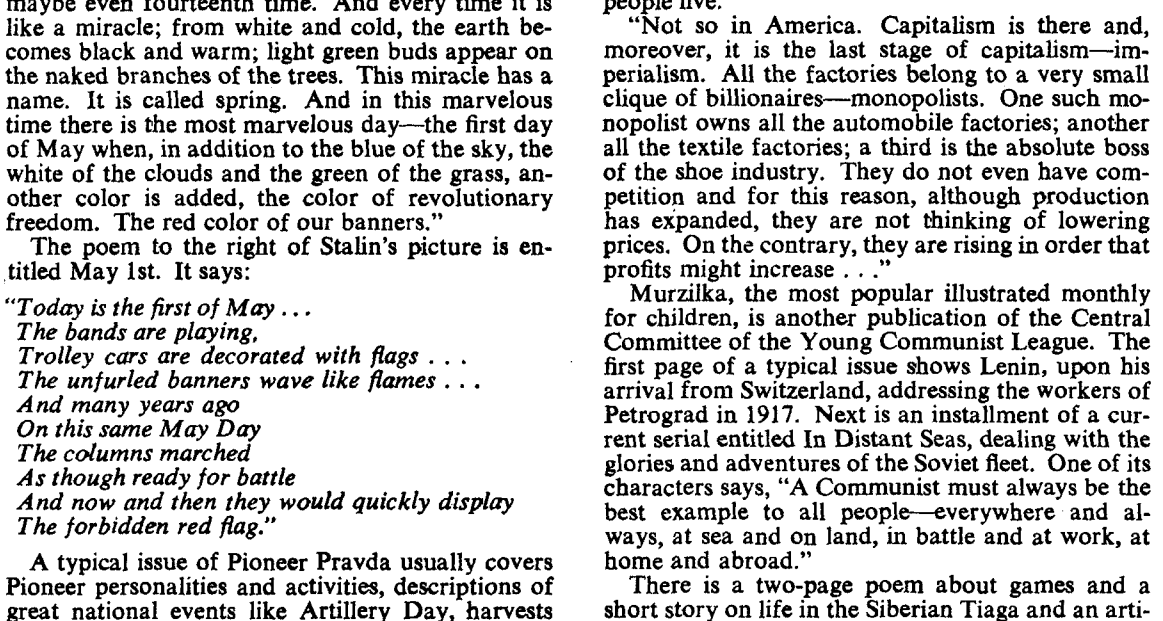
Murzilka, the most popular illustrated monthly for children, is another publication of the Central Committee of the Young Communist League. The first page of a typical issue shows Lenin, upon his arrival from Switzerland, addressing the workers of Petrograd in 1917. Next is an installment of a current serial entitled In Distant Seas, dealing with the glories and adventures of the Soviet fleet. One of its characters says, "A Communist must always be the best example to all people—everywhere and always, at sea and on land, in battle and at work, at home and abroad."

There is a two-page poem about games and a short story on life in the Siberian Tiaga and an article on the European woman champion runner, Eugenia Sechenova. Following is a four-page spread on the Kremlin with four verses on the glories of Moscow.

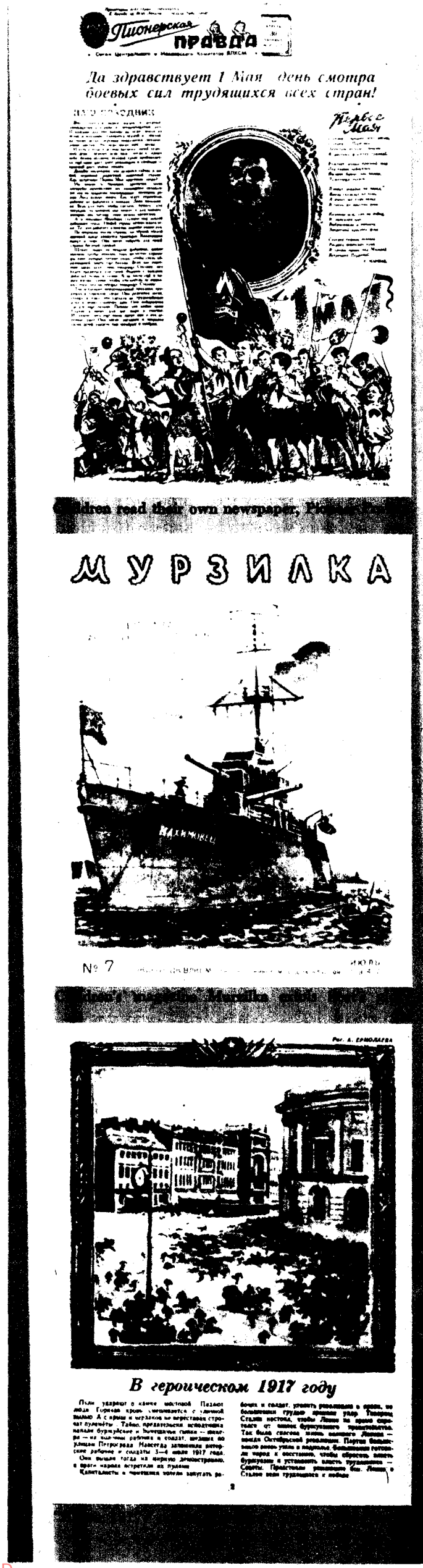
One of a continuing series on recent Russian history, in Murzilka, is shown in the illustration (lower right). The text reads:

"Bullets struck on the stone-paved street. People fell. Human blood mixed with the dust of the street. Secretly, treacherously, stealthily the cadets—the sons of landowners and moneybags—attacked the columns of workers and soldiers marching through the streets of Petrograd. The working people and soldiers came out on the streets for a peaceful parade but their enemies met them with bullets.

"Capitalists and landowners wanted to scare the workers and soldiers to drown the revolution in blood. But the Bolshevik party once more went underground. The Bolsheviks were preparing people for an uprising which would replace the power of the *bourgeoisie* with the power of the people—the Soviets. Decisive battles were ahead. Lenin and Stalin were leading the people toward victory."



From the kindergarten on, chess is the Soviet Union's favorite indoor sport. It is highly esteemed because it develops qualities of planning, strategy and foresight in the Soviet child. Schools provide full facilities and encourage local and national championships. Outdoor sports are soccer, volleyball, skiing



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AT FOURTEEN a youth must make an important decision—the choice of a profession. Theoretically, he can continue in the ten-year school, complete his secondary education and go on to a university or institute. Or he can enter a technical high school. Or he can enter a party school and become a professional Communist party worker, a diplomat, Army officer or journalist. Or he can go to a trade school for four years of apprentice training in a trade.

In practice, for most Soviet boys and girls, the choice is limited. Only top scholars are accepted on a tuition-free basis in the last three years of the ten-year school. Run-of-the-mill students must pay 200 rubles ($40) a year, which few families can afford. The same is true of Technical High Schools. To pay for food, clothes, lodging and tuition over a four-year period would strain the average family's budget severely. The party schools—for training diplomats, Army officers, journalists, party workers are open only to active members of the Young Communist League and, in addition, applicants require the backing of a high party official, which few youngsters can command.

That leaves the trade school, to which the vast majority of Soviet youth turns. A lad may elect the trade for which he feels best qualified, and his wish may be granted if the state needs workers in that field. Otherwise, he will be assigned to another trade in which the need for workers is the most critical at the time.

From the state's decision there is neither appeal nor escape since under the Labor Reserve Decree of 1940 Soviet youth can be drafted, trained and employed in whatever vocation the Council of Peoples' Commissars sees fit. The decree, credited to Stalin, states that "the task of further expansion of our industry demands a permanent flow of new labor power for mines, transport, factories and plants . . . Under such conditions, the state faces the task of organized training of new workers from city and village youth, and the creation of necessary labor reserves for industry . . ."

Thus, once the state planners decide miners, lumberjacks, railroad men or weavers are needed, quotas are set up for each republic, region and district. Calls go out to the elementary schools. Pupils are asked to volunteer for these vocations. Party workers and teachers appeal to their patriotism and offer inducements: free board, lodging, uniforms and tuition, and money, too, since apprentices are entitled to wages for any practical work they produce.

All Russian youth, from fourteen to nineteen, boys and girls, are subject to labor drafts. The draftee may not be aware of compulsion. The enrollment commission of the trade school where he reports holds session below a statue of Lenin and portraits of Stalin and other Soviet heroes. Banners proclaim: "May our powerful Motherland live and get stronger . . . Let us create a powerful state and reserves for industry and transport." A fuss is made over the boys and girls when they are driven off to school. The bus carries a banner: "Greetings to the pupils of Trade School No. 21. You are welcome."

An average trade-school course lasts from six months to two years. The school day, of eight hours, covers theoretical and practical work under technicians and foremen from near-by workshops. In the railroad school, where a third of the students are girls, the second year is spent in the field. Boys and girls receive uniforms, and live and work in separate classes and hostels. Medicine, movies and theaters are free. Patriotic posters and wall newspapers cover workshop and dormitory walls. Apprentices march in patriotic parades, attend courses in civilian defense, Marxism and the Five-Year Plan.

Students are legally liable for "voluntary quitting of schools, and for systematic and flagrant violation of school discipline." Punishment, provided by law, may be confinement to labor colonies for up to one year.

As for the apprentices' future, Section 10 of the Labor Reserve Decree says that "All those finishing the trade, railroad and factory schools are considered mobilized and under obligation to work four successive years in state enterprises in accordance with the directive of the General Office of Labor Reserves, with guarantees that they will be paid in accordance with general principles."

Boys and girls may be sent anywhere in the Soviet Union at the government's pleasure, with no choice as to the place or the job.

Despite the state's efforts to channel the energies of youth, a considerable proportion of Soviet teenagers, especially in the large cities, manage to express their individuality, satisfy their urges and behave in a more abandoned manner than their

At 14, the Soviet child must choose a career. The boy above appears before a committee prior to his entering a trade school. Theoretically, he could have chosen secondary education leading to a university course, or a technical high-school course where he would learn mechanics and science, or a school where he could have become a professional Communist party worker, a diplomat, Army officer or journalist

The vast majority of Soviet youth are channeled into the Trade School, but the boys may elect the trade they feel most suited for—and be placed in it if the state has an opening. Apprentices in Railroad school receive free uniforms

About sixty percent of Russia's Trade School students are being trained as metal and railroad workers. The others are factory apprentices—weavers, mechanics, carpenters, shoemakers. Students are legally liable for truancy or bad conduct

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

elders approve. In Russia, girls who adopt standardized dress and "fast" ways are known as "Fordiki." Boys who manage to wear loud ties and bright sport coats are called "Pizhons."

The typical Fordiki will have a crush on Lemeshev, the Soviet Union's middle-aged Sinatra. She will try to hear him whenever he has a concert at the Moscow Conservatory or Bolshoi Theatre. Sometimes she will join her friends at the stage door and ask for his autograph. Although still a rare practice in the Soviet Union, autograph collecting is a growing teen-age fad.

Stalin and Politburo members are too exalted for Fordiki demonstrations, but military heroes are considered fair game. One of the most popular soldiers with teen-agers is the dashing marshal of the Soviet Union, Konstantin Rokkosovsky. His standing may be judged by the story told by a member of the Moscow Ballet. One night, the dancer said, she dreamed she was doing a solo ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre before an audience full of Rokkosovskys. The dream made her very happy.

Such manifestations of teen-age exuberance are the butt of solemn, indignant editorials in Komsomol Pravda, and sarcastic pieces in Krokodil, the humor magazine. "Nice" boys and girls, and certainly potential candidates for the Komsomol, do not indulge in such bourgeois nonsense, these publications say.

The editorials scold youth for collecting phonograph records. More and more girls with a few rubles to spend invest in fox trots by popular composers like Dunayevsky and Bogomolsky, and as many foreign, and particularly American, records as they can find.

The fox trot was once considered bourgeois, vulgar and counterrevolutionary. Today the typical Fordiki can dance simple fox trots, waltzes and tangos. On national holidays, when there are musical bands on the large squares, hundreds of pairs of teen-age girls dance in the streets.

Girls dance with girls; the boys of their age are usually too shy to approach them.

Rarely, however, do even these impromptu parties occur out of range of some form or other of political agitation. A common sight is youngsters dancing under banners and placards proclaiming: "Workers! Enrich science with new discoveries, inventions and research!" or "The new Five-Year Plan materializes the Stalin program for ever-greater strengthening of our country."

AFTER the Communist party itself, the most important political organization in the Soviet Union is the Komsomol, or All Union Leninist Communist Youth League. At age sixteen, all Soviet boys and girls become eligible for admittance, and about 9,000,000 actually join.

A Komsomol is expected to be a model citizen, a leader of Soviet youth. He spearheads all the drives, campaigns and elections of the Communist party. When factories must step up production, he exhorts the workers; when the harvest is ready he spends his week ends in the fields, urging on the farmers. He is a big brother to the local Pioneer Brigade. In war, jobs involving danger—the handling of secret weapons, dangerous scouting expeditions, guerrilla fighting—usually go to Komsomols, men and women both.

In return, Komsomols are honored as Russia's young elite in this "classless" society. When good jobs are open, the plums fall to them. For anyone ambitious to get ahead, membership is a must.

Upon admittance, the Komsomol receives a small green book entitled Program and Rules of the League. The first 14 pages clear up any lingering doubts in his mind as to the issue between Communism and capitalism. Excerpts:

"The great Socialist revolution of October, 1917, is distinguished from every other revolution in that it placed the working class in power and put an end to all exploitation of man by man."

"It is precisely for this reason that the victory of the October Revolution means a radical change in the historical doctrines of world capitalism, a radical change in the methods of struggle and the forms of organization, in the everyday life and traditions, in the culture and ideology of the exploited masses throughout the world."

"Under capitalism, a small group of people (capi-

Western standards of beauty appeal to young Russian girls and to a degree the state caters to their desire for permanents, cosmetics and smart clothes. Inset photos were taken at a dress show staged by the Moscow House of Fashions. But overzealous Socialists, who have not yet caught up with official attitude, have been known to call out after a well-dressed girl, "Philistine, behaving like a petty bourgeois"

Soviet papers denounce dance madness of Russia's "Fordikis" and "Pizhons" (similar to our bobby-soxers and cake-eaters) as bourgeois and decadent. Youth of larger cities like to ape American ways, wear American clothes and read American books bought in the black market. Moscow Fordikis mob their equivalent of Frank Sinatra, and swapping Soviet actors' phone numbers and autographs is a growing fad

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nine million youths hold membership cards in Komsomol, the junior Communist party. Members swear to subordinate all selfish interests to the needs and desires of the state

A typical capitalist in book called "Komsomol" learns Soviet views on Russia's wo

Relaxing in a park, a young Komsomol reads his four-page daily, "Komsomol Truth." It stresses Marxism and Dialectic Materialism

Obedient to Stalin's wish that youth "study, study, study," to create new cadres of Bolsheviks, a Komsomol girls learns English

talists and landowners) concentrate in their hands all of the wealth of society . . . at the same time the great majority of the population . . . are forced to become the wage slaves of the capitalists and landowners, bear the yoke of capitalist exploitation and by their labor create the wealth of the capitalist slaveowners."

"The *bourgeoisie* (under capitalism) has done everything to enslave the toiling woman and to debase her. Her downtrodden position, her material insecurity, lead to an increase in prostitution."

"The position of toiling youth is unbearable; unemployment dooms it to an existence of semistarvation; pauperism and vagrancy increase . . . the most oppressed section of the toilers in capitalist society is youth."

After memorizing these and innumerable other vices of capitalist society, the Komsomol is reminded of the perfection of Communism. Then, in accordance with the rules of the league, he is pledged "to develop a Communist world outlook—to master the scientific revolutionary theory of the proletariat." To accomplish this, the Komsomol receives, and in turn gives to others, political and military training.

"Self-sacrificing defense of the Socialist fatherland, the consolidation of its might, well-being and glory," the rulebook concludes, "is the most sacred and vital duty of every Komsomol."

The boy or girl who promises, by virtue of his scholarship, patriotism and personality to contribute to the advancement of the Soviet state, may be one of the half-million lucky ones who are admitted to a Soviet university or institute. To be a veteran and a Komsomol helps his chances of admittance, and to have, in addition, influence in high party quarters practically guarantees it.

The students' goal is clear—a top job in Soviet science, industry, letters, government or diplomacy. To that end, the four-year course including vacations, is entirely "practical"—with a minimum of academic trimmings and no extracurricular bourgeois nonsense.

College life and "real life" are almost identical. Students join a trade-union and the university's Komsomol cell. For fun they play chess, do crossword puzzles in Komsomol Pravda and, as preparation for joining the party, attend discussion groups on Marxism. Social high lights of the year are university balls honoring May Day and the October Revolution.

There are no fraternities, sororities, honorary societies, teams, glee clubs or alumni associations.

Half a million boys and girls attend university. Admittance hinges on their grades and their promise, by virtue of personality, scholarship and patriotism, to contribute to the advancement of the Soviet State after graduation in their field

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stadia are attached to factories, not universities. The closest thing to intercollegiate sport is "Socialist Competition." Moscow University, for instance, may challenge Leningrad University to raise its students' proficiency within 30 days, or the University may "adopt" a near-by factory, pledging itself to eliminate illiteracy or hoist production.

Tuition fees range from $30 to $50 a year, but 4,000 of the best students receive Stalin Stipends of $95 to $190 a month and all students with passing grades get state grants up to $57 monthly. The co-educational dormitory is a distinctive feature of Soviet university life. Men and women live in the same building, but in separate quarters. Married couples have special quarters, with nurseries for children.

University presidents, usually high party officials, are appointed by the Ministry of Higher Education. Vishinsky once held this job in the University of Moscow. Most faculty members belong to the Communist party. Students are drafted for harvests, elections and other party work. Upon graduation, those with Stalin Stipends must work two years wherever the state directs.

The great difference in studies between Western colleges and a Soviet university is the Russian emphasis on "dialectical materialism," a subject in which every Komsomol and Communist party member is also drilled.

In essence, dialectical materialism holds that: 1. Nature is in a state of continuous movement and change, with something old always dying and something new always arising. 2. Only that which is arising and developing is invincible, not that which happens to be strong at the moment but is already beginning to die away. 3. Development in states, for example, occurs as an onward and upward movement from the old to the new, from the simple to the complex, from the lower to the higher. 4. This development is violent, not harmonious. It is based on the disclosure of the contradictions within a state. It is a struggle of opposite tendencies operating on the basis of these contradictions.

Once these fundamentals are mastered, certain things become clear to the Communist mind. 1. History is a science, not just a jumble of accidents and errors. 2. A study of history shows there are no immutable social systems, no eternal principles of private property, etc. 3. Hence the capitalist system, now full of contradictions, can be replaced by the Socialist system, just as the feudal system was replaced by capitalism. 4. Hence it is important to see the future in terms of Socialism which is new and dynamic, and not capitalism, which is dying—and to know that the transition from capitalism to Socialism cannot be effected by slow changes or reforms, but only by revolution. 5. Hence, Communists must not cover up contradictions in capitalism, but must disclose them, pursuing an uncompromising proletarian class policy, not a reformist policy of harmony of the interests of the proletariat and the bourgeois.

Key to the whole problem of society, the Communist learns, is production. The history of the development of society is above all the history of the development of production and peoples' relation to production.

All this leads to the final phase of the attack on capitalism. Capitalism, the Communist is taught, is certain to die because, by producing larger and larger quantities of commodities, and reducing their prices, it intensifies competition and ruins the small and medium private owners, reduces their purchasing power and, thus, the market.

On the other hand, by concentrating millions of workers in huge mills and factories, capitalism gives production a social character and thus undermines its own foundation. Why? Because the social character of the process of production demands the social ownership of the means of production. To have the means of production remain private property is incompatible with the social character of the process of production, the Marxists claim.

In periodical crises of overproduction, capitalists, having ruined the masses, burn and destroy goods and curtail production, throwing people out of work. This means, dialectical materialists conclude, that capitalism is pregnant with revolution; that its main feature is a most acute class struggle between the exploiters and the exploited, and that ultimately and inevitably, Socialist production, as perfected in the U.S.S.R., must prevail throughout the world.

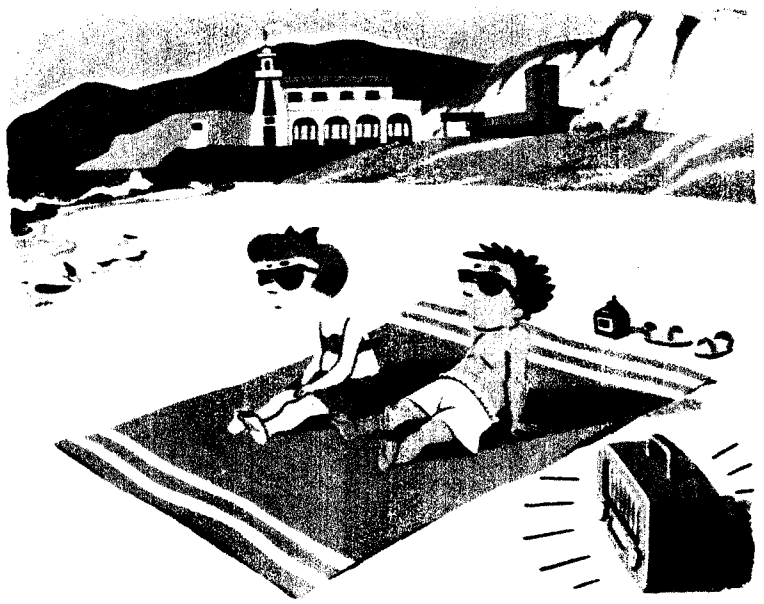
Photographs by SOVFOTO, JULIEN BRYAN and ROBERT CAPA

The education of a Communist never ends. When these students troop down the Grand Stairway of Moscow University and enter life, they will live to the theme indoctrinated at birth and amplified in youth: "Communism is good and will survive. Capitalism is bad and must die." Their job: to hasten the day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

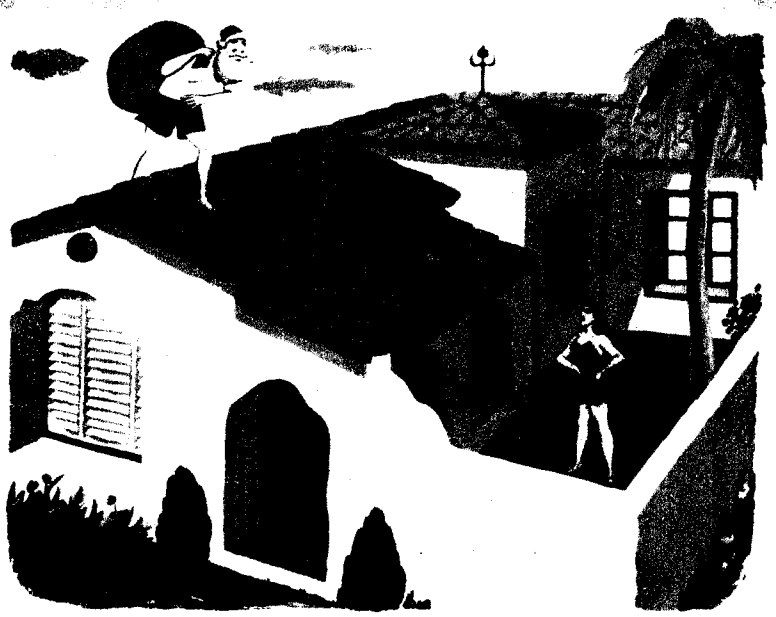
California Christmas

Cartoonist Don Tobin shows how the citizens of Hollywood and environs carry on Yuletide traditions in spite of the heat

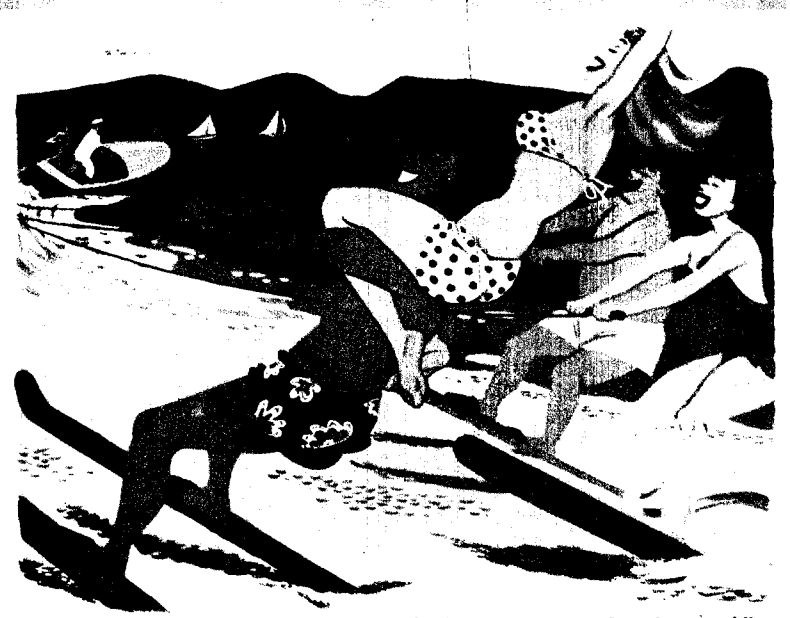


"'I'm dreaming of a white Christmas . . .'"

"Hey, Joe, can you spray the man a green one?"



"Why didn't you think of that before? Of course there's no chimney!"



"'Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way. Oh, what fun . . .'"

"Oh, boy—a real old-fashioned Christmas dinner!"

"I'll bet it was a Christmas present"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Catlin gently brushed his lips against her cheek. She stood rigid

It was a long ride, and Tom Catlin wanted to spend his time with a beautiful girl. He found one. She was fourteen

By F. HUGH HERBERT

Sweet Interlude

MR. TOM CATLIN boarded the Super-Chief less than two minutes before it pulled out of Los Angeles for Chicago en route to New York. He made the trip regularly once a month, and sometimes more often, and he had learned to time himself accordingly. The porter showed him to his drawing room, and Mr. Catlin, politely elbowing his way through the customary throngs of people who had come down to say good-by to friends or relatives, felt, as he always did on these occasions, slightly superior and pitying.

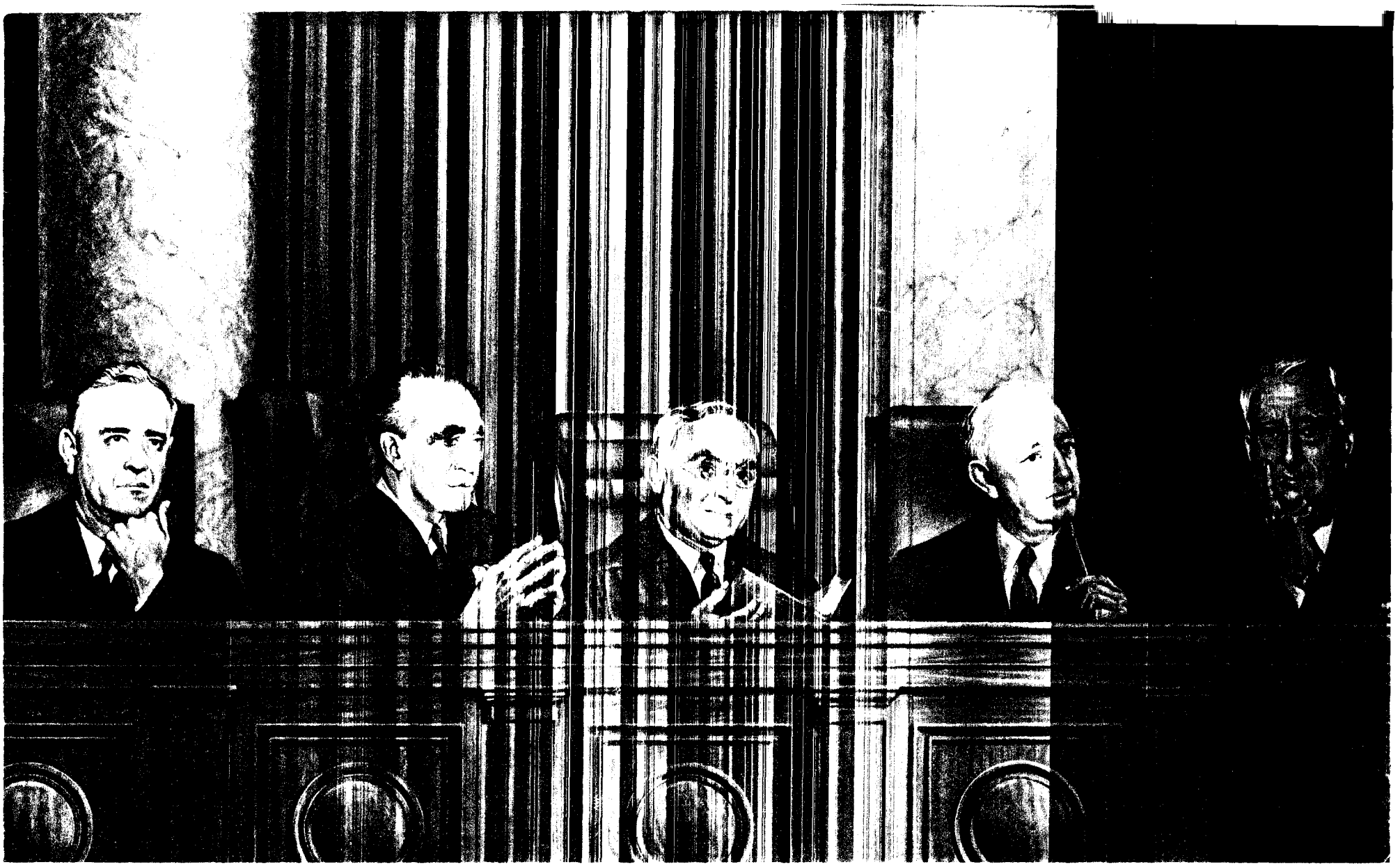
Mr. Catlin locked himself in his drawing room, unpacked his grip with speed and efficiency, washed his hands and face, and put on a clean shirt. He had gone to the train straight from his office, and it had been a hard, hot day.

Before leaving the drawing room Mr. Catlin, whose eyes were very healthy and whose vision was perfectly normal, put on a pair of dark glasses. This was his one affectation, which he reserved exclusively for travel. Mr. Catlin, a rather handsome young man, was by profession a prosperous and successful public accountant and tax consultant. He had discovered, on several transcontinental trips, that dark glasses made a splendid gambit in scraping up acquaintanceship with attractive and impressionable young women traveling on trains who often thought him a movie star. Being a bachelor, Mr. Catlin nearly always managed to have a lot of fun on trains.

Mr. Catlin then walked into the club car, ordered a drink, and looked around. He was disappointed. The club *(Continued on page 65)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WILEY B. RUTLEDGE, JR. FRANK MURPHY FELIX FRANKFURTER HUGO L. BLACK CHIEF JUSTICE FRED M. VINSON

Nine Wise Men and You

ONE day, a few years ago, a series of seemingly unrelated events took place in various parts of the country: In Columbus, Georgia, a pharmacist named Jordan James Sullivan took a dozen sulfathiazole tablets from a 1000-tablet container and sold them to a customer in a plain pillbox marked simply "Sulfathiazole."

In Chicago, a representative of Paramount Pictures closed a deal with a local movie-theater owner, allowing that gentleman the privilege of showing Charlie Chan and Tim Holt, in order to get Bing Crosby and Marlene Dietrich.

In New York, a gendarme entered the bookshop of one Murray Winters and served him with a summons for selling "a certain obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent and disgusting magazine entitled Headquarters Detective, True Cases from the Police Blotter, the same being devoted to accounts of criminal deeds, and pictures and stories of bloodshed, lust and crime."

These events *are* related in two respects: (a) They all came up for consideration before the nine august justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, and (b) they all affect *your* life.

Because of Mr. Sullivan's carelessness with the sulfa tablets, it now is illegal for pharmacists to make an extra buck by selling dangerous drugs in small amounts, without the original label warning of the dangers. Because the activities of the motion-picture distributors were adjudged by the Supreme Court to be contrary to the antitrust laws of the United States, block-booking of movies now is forbidden; and now exhibitors do not have to take a B picture in order to show you Betty Grable's legs in action.

And because the New York obscenity statute was too vague to cover Mr. Winters' alleged transgressions, you can still drool over all the pictures and stories of lust and crime that your heart desires.

This series of incidents points up one of the basic popular misconceptions about the Supreme Court —that it consists of nine old men, sitting up in the clouds like Olympian gods, holding complex discussions on issues that have no connection whatever with everyday life.

Actually, nothing could be further from the truth.

The Supreme Court consists of nine *young* men, sparkling with wit and humor, who sometimes put on a better show for their daily audiences than the Congressional investigations, quiz programs and theatrical companies that happen to be in Washington at the time.

They whip through an average of three cases a day, and most of these concern the same everyday occurrences (complete with drama, pathos and comedy) that can happen to anybody—events that are familiar to habitués of local magistrates courts and to listeners to radio soap opera. The only difference is that when the Supreme Court resolves these everyday conflicts of ordinary people, the way of life of every individual in the United States can be changed.

Landlady Ignored OPA Ceilings

In 1943, for instance, a woman in Macon, Georgia, named Mrs. Willingham took a fast look at the flood of war workers and soldiery pouring into Macon and decided to rent three apartments that she owned. This was all right, except that she blithely charged rents that were well above the OPA ceilings for that rental area. This outraged one of her tenants, who complained to the area rent director. That harried gentleman immediately dispatched a letter to Mrs. Willingham informing her that the rents must come down.

Mrs. Willingham hit the roof and rushed off to a state court for a restraining order against the OPA. The OPA then hit the roof and rushed to a federal court to restrain the state court from restraining them. The squabble careened into the Supreme Court, where Justice William O. Douglas said, "Rent control is necessary in the interest of the national defense and security, and for the effective prosecution of the present war."

And that was the end of that. But until Mr. Justice Douglas and associates had their say, the whole system of rent control hung in the balance. If Mr. Justice Douglas and company had ruled in Mrs. Willingham's favor, thus declaring rent control unconstitutional, your monthly tribute to your landlord could be three times what it is today.

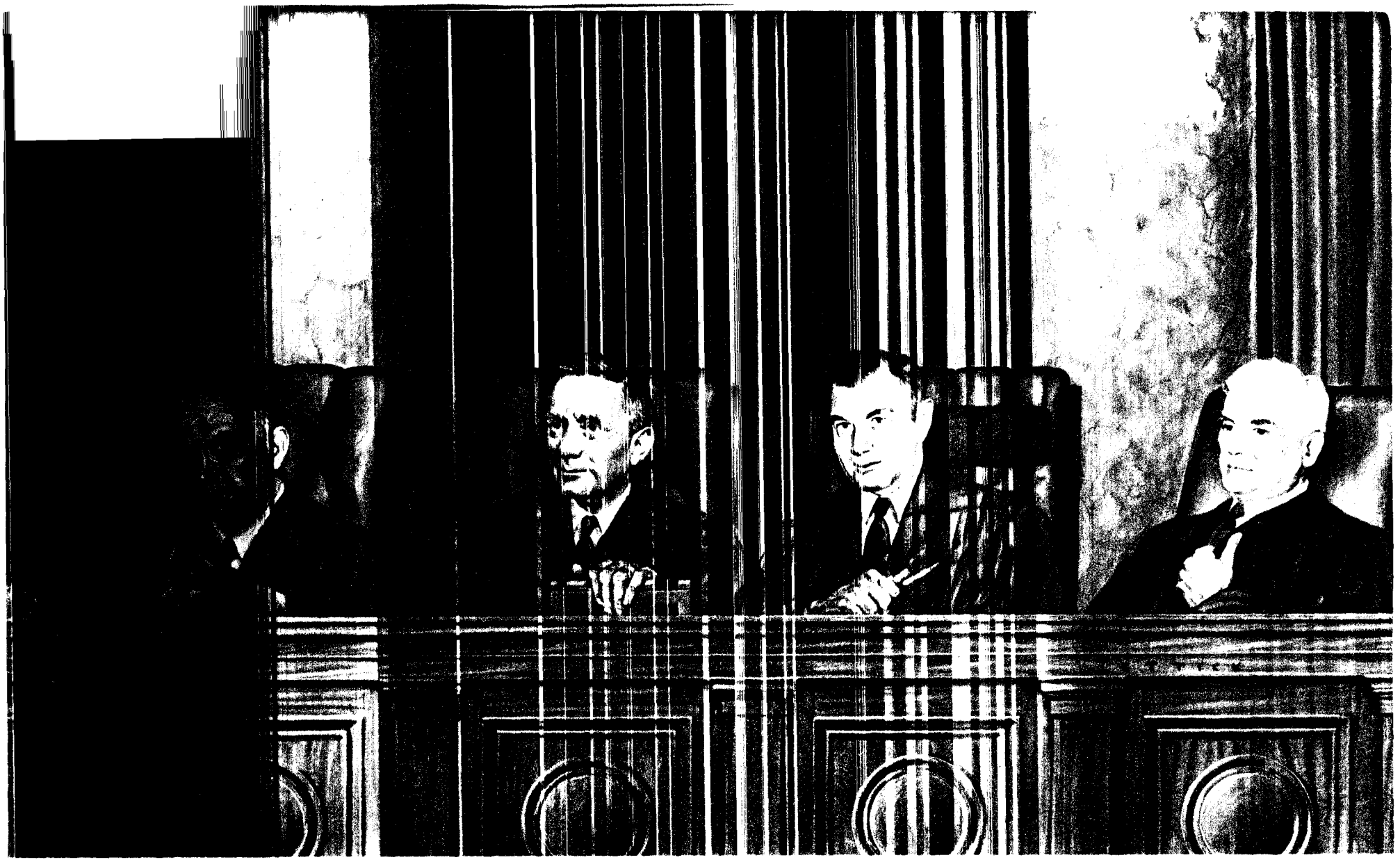
On other occasions, the Supreme Court has pulled switches that actually did throw every American life into reverse. The most famous example took place early in 1935, when a Brooklyn housewife walked into her neighborhood butcher shop and ordered a chicken for her family's week-end repast. In the manner of all housewives, she cast a searching glance at the fowl. Then she spat out imprecations. "Anyone," she concluded, "can tell that that was a sick chicken."

This became part of a bewildering succession of circumstances. The butcher filed a complaint against the wholesaler, the A. L. A. Schechter Corporation. The local National Recovery Administration office added this sale of a single unfit chicken to 59 other complaints against the Schechters—the most important of which was failure to observe fixed minimum wages and maximum hours for employees. Three Schechter brothers were haled into federal court. They were convicted on 19 of the 60 counts. Among the 19 was the sale of the sick chicken. The Schechters appealed.

Finally, the case came before the Supreme Court, and on May 27, 1935, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes handed down a historic decision in favor of

ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION FOR COLLIER'S BY BIRNEY LETTICK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STANLEY F. REED WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS ROBERT H. JACKSON HAROLD H. BURTON

By BILL DAVIDSON

Sitting in Olympian seclusion atop the U.S. judicial system, the Supreme Court guards your daily living with the utmost care. Puzzle contests, food prices and police morals are its concern. Its decisions are as vital to you as your pay check

the Schechters, declaring the entire N.R.A. unconstitutional—mainly because Congress had delegated too much authority to the executive branch of the government when the New Deal lawmakers passed the National Industrial Recovery Act. Because all this started with a Brooklyn housewife's week-end menu, and because it engendered a fatal illness in the N.R.A.'s Blue Eagle, *l'affaire* Schechter is universally known to lawyers today as "The Sick Chick Case."

Nearly every day, something like this comes up before the nine young men of the Supreme Court in the beautiful white-columned building adjoining the Capitol in Washington.

Revenuers Track Down the McNabbs

Have you wondered why there has been a scarcity of police third-degree brutality stories in the newspapers of late?

On the afternoon of July 31, 1941, the government's Alcohol Tax Unit office at Chattanooga, Tennessee, received information that the McNabbs of McNabb's Settlement, 12 miles up in the hills, were going to put some illegal moonshine on sale that night.

The federal agents sent confederates on ahead to purchase the whisky, and then the revenuers dropped in on the McNabb family, just as five of the hillbilly youngsters were serving cocktails in the family graveyard. In the confused events that followed, a rock was thrown. A government agent named Leeper traced the trajectory of same into the graveyard; Leeper went in among the tombstones, and was forthwith shot dead.

The government agents thereupon laid violent hands on Freeman, Raymond and Emuil McNabb. After three mysterious days, during which the boys were held incommunicado in the recesses of the Federal Building in Chattanooga, District Supervisor H. B. Taylor of the Alcohol Tax Unit emerged with a confession by Benjamin McNabb, a twenty-year-old cousin of the others, who had given himself up. On the basis of this confession, Benjamin, Freeman and Raymond McNabb were convicted of murder.

But then the Supreme Court got the case. Justice Felix Frankfurter pointed out that the mysterious doings behind the walls of the Federal Building (in which Benjamin had been stripped and the others had been kept on the floor of a bare cell for 14 hours at a stretch) were illegal. The McNabbs should have been taken before a U.S. commissioner or a federal judge for a hearing before being locked up. Frankfurter wrote that the Court would set aside convictions "secured by protracted and repeated questioning of ignorant and untutored persons, in whose minds the power of officers was greatly magnified."

The justice ended the majority opinion on an angry note. "The history of liberty," he said, "has largely been the history of observance of procedural safeguards." The McNabbs were freed, and from that day forth, the third-degree began to decline in favor as a method of obtaining confessions.

Have you wondered why there has been a scarcity of fake puzzle contests in the newspapers of late?

In 1945, the country was suddenly overwhelmed with proclamations concerning the "Facts Magazine Hall of Fame Puzzle Contest," in which, it seemed, you paid $3 and were eligible for a $10,000 prize if you could answer such difficult questions as, "Who was the inventor of the phonograph and the electric light?" affixed under a photograph of Thomas Alva Edison.

Of the 90,000 people who entered this contest, 35,000 tied for first place. These fortunates then learned that they could pay up to $42 more for a set of tie-breaking puzzles, and that the final winners could then write tie-breaking essays on "The puzzle I found most interesting and educational in this contest," to determine the $10,000 prize winner. In the meantime, the first wave of contestants alone enriched the magazine by $270,000.

The Post Office Department ruled this contest a fraud and banned it from the mails. Read Magazine, its sponsor, appealed to the Supreme Court. Justice Hugo Black had the following to say in his majority opinion:

"Paradoxically, the advertisements constituted at the same time, models of clarity and obscurity—clarity in referring to prizes and to a puzzle contest; obscurity in referring to a remote possibility of a letter-essay contest. In bold type almost an inch high, their advertisements referred to a $10,000 first prize. But the rules and the cost of the contest were placed in various parts of the ad in small type."

And that's how the Supreme Court even protects you from your own eagerness to be a sucker.

The Brother-in-Law from Texas

Have you wondered why you can travel freely from state to state without coping with barriers at the border?

In December, 1939, a resident of Marysville, California, named Edwards set forth in his car for the commendable purpose of picking up his wife's brother, a Mr. Duncan of Spur, Texas, and driving him to Marysville to live with them. The trip to Texas was uneventful, but when they crossed the California border on the way back, the Messrs. Edwards and Duncan ran into complications.

Edwards, in fact, was arrested. For California then had legislation designed to keep the Okie migrant farm workers (of Grapes of Wrath fame) out of the state; and technically, because he had no money, Duncan was an *(Continued on page 62)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside Sports

Collier's SPORTS

By BILL FAY

This is the Rose Bowl, first of the year-end arenas and still the colorful daddy of the annual classics

Will yours be a Cigar, an Orange or a Salad Bowl on this New Year's Day?

IT'S time for the bowl games—Rose, Sugar, Cotton, Orange, Sun, Dixie, Delta, Tangerine, Salad, Raisin, Flower, Youth, Gator (Alligator), Cigar, Vulcan, Harbor, and Pineapple. And what a time it's been, the maneuvering and scheming to pair off 34 teams on New Year's Day! Imagine the embarrassment of Memphis' Delta bowlers. They opened the bidding prematurely by extending a hearty preseason invitation to Tulsa, which accepted and then lost five in a row to Baylor, Florida, Texas Tech, Georgetown and surprising Nevada (65–14!), tied Wichita, and were beaten in their next four games.

Of course, all the bowl committees worried about Nevada—all except the Rose. The Rose spent the season worrying about noneligible Michigan, which spent the season despoiling the box-office brilliance of the Big Nine's Pasadena eligibles: Ohio, Northwestern and Minnesota. The other big bowls admired Nevada's press clippings, but was Stan Heath as supersensational as his pass-completion average against second-flight opposition?

Invite Nevada or play safe with a big-name school? That was the question at Dallas, New Orleans and Miami until twice-beaten Santa Clara gave them the answer: Santa Clara 14, Nevada 0.

But Heath, a migratory football worker, didn't worry at all during the brisk bowl bidding. The Rose Bowl would be just another football game for Nevada's vagabond quarterback. Home from the Navy in 1946, Stan announced to Milwaukee and the world at large that he was Purdue bound, reported for fall practice at Marquette and a week later was trudging up the hills of Wisconsin's campus.

That fall Stan pitched for the Badgers (freshmen were eligible then) but fumbled a couple of midterm exams. Not to be kept off the gridiron by a little thing like ineligibility, he declared he would return to Marquette. The Traveling Man's itinerary was revised by a Big Nine official who pointed out that Marquette, a voluntary subscriber to conference rules, could not let transferee Heath carry the ball until 1950.

So Heath went to Reno, obtained an uncontested divorce from Western Conference football, and embarked upon a career of higher passing at Nevada.

The indecision as to whether or not Heath and the Wolf Pack should be invited to join in any of the New Year's Day festivities was of no consequence to the many critics who are saddened by bowl games in general. They fear the promoters exploit the players. It seems the collegians are forced to spend Christmas away from home, traveling on extra-fare trains and inhaling balmy breezes. Somehow, the players never seem to complain.

Alabama's Harry Gilmer, who played in four bowl games from 1945 through 1948 (Sugar, Rose, North-South, Sugar again), testifies: "Postseason games require extra training and take away your vacation, but I'd do it all over again. I had more fun in bowl games than the regular season."

A Big Nine fullback who will be bucking snowdrifts instead of off tackle in the Rose Bowl complained recently: "Can't understand why Big Nine officials ruled that no team can go to Pasadena more than once in three years. Maybe they thought they were protecting the players, but the fellows on our club would like to go every year—if they could earn the trip.

"After all, when Michigan plays at Minnesota, or Northwestern plays at Notre Dame, the players don't get much time to relax. Traveling and chalk talks take up all the time before the kickoff. After the game you go right back home. But going to a bowl game is fun—plenty of time to relax on the long train rides, and lots of entertainment before and after the game."

Maybe the solution would be to schedule bowl games for Christmas. Then the colleges could fly their players home for New Year's. They could afford it, the various bowl gate receipts being what they are.

THE COST OF EATING

Jackie Robinson gained 25 pounds on the banquet circuit last winter and lost his base-stealing speed. Brooklyn's second baseman didn't slim down to running weight until late June.

Larry Doby isn't repeating Robinson's mistake. Doby has turned down 182 invitations from Negro groups eager to honor his brilliant World Series work against the Boston Braves. Explains Cleveland's center fielder regretfully: "I'd like to accept every invitation, but Manager Boudreau says you can't be a star in the banquet league and the American League both."

Doby will replace Joe DiMaggio as baseball's number one center fielder by 1950, but Robinson may never regain his position as baseball's most larcenous base runner. Last September, when the Giants were knocking the Dodgers out of the pennant fight, Jackie couldn't beg, borrow or steal a base off New York pitchers.

According to the dugout grapevine, Manager Leo Durocher (who shifted from the Dodgers to the Giants in midseason) had a tip on Robinson. Giant pitchers knew exactly when Jackie was set to take off. The tip has spread around the league, so Jackie will have to develop a new take-off technique.

BOXING'S LONGEST COUNT

Boxing fatalities are approaching a murderous one-a-month average. One reason (says a veteran second) is that some gloves are padded with felt instead of curled hair. When the felt gets wet, the gloves become blackjacks. A return to John L. Sullivan bare-knuckle rules would eliminate ring deaths. Knuckles stun and cut, but they don't kill.

TOO TRUE TOO OFTEN

It happens only in horse racing: Windows clean people.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Design For Victory

There are no ostriches among U.S. businessmen today. Facing the possibility of war they are preparing an emergency program that, by its very strength, may preserve the peace

By THOMAS J. HARGRAVE

Former Chairman of Munitions Board

AMERICA is preparing her house for peace —or war. Peace will be the invited guest, but war may crash the party. It's happened before. World Wars I and II involved us unwillingly in bloodshed that we hope will never be repeated. But in this world of conflicting aims and ideologies the U.S. must be ready for any emergency.

Men alone cannot win a modern war. To be the victor you must get there first with the most and best equipment. This requires having the most efficient industrial plant. I want to show here how billions of dollars and tens of thousands of lives may be saved by planning for industrial preparedness. War itself may be prevented.

When the last war broke out there was almost frantic confusion. Everyone wanted to do something but there was no adequate plan. One production program collided with another. A priority to buy materials soon became little more than a hunting license. It was two years before the Controlled Materials Plan brought order to the field of allocation.

Can we survive a delayed and a disordered start again? We must make industrial plans now, or risk disaster.

A program has been developed by the Munitions Board to be carried forward in co-operation with the entire military establishment and with American business. It includes the following objectives:

A survey of thousands of privately owned plants to learn what they are making and what munitions they might make in an emergency.

Preservation in an industrial reserve of more than 400 specialized munitions plants (built by the government during the last war), keeping them ready for quick production.

Retention and maintenance of nearly 200,000 essential machine tools (used during the last war) in an immediately available reserve.

Stock-piling of critical raw materials.

Guidance of private companies in making their own internal plans so that plant managers will know the part they are to take in defending this nation, and how to do it.

Allocation of thousands of industrial plants among the three armed services, so that each service will know where to go first for its munitions needs.

A continuing study of military requirements (based on strategic plans of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) in order to determine their production feasibility.

Co-ordination of military production, procurement and distribution.

Elimination of duplicate facilities and services, by making common use of them by the armed forces.

A periodic study of such economic controls affecting the military establishment as may become necessary.

About 80,000 plants of all kinds and sizes were engaged in war production during World War II. The survey will cover all of them, but only about 20,000 will be allocated. It is not practicable for the board to assign *all* industrial plants in the nation. Some will be subcontractors and many will continue to make essential civilian goods.

Still other plants—those making machine tools, bearings, gauges, tires, batteries, generators, compression pumps and the like—will continue their usual lines, but will probably be given advance orders—"phantom orders"—by some government agency to start production of the right items immediately the word is given.

Fourteen thousand five hundred plants have been tentatively assigned to one or more of the armed forces. Each will be visited by competent representatives of the Army, Navy or Air Force. Discussions will be held with plant managers and arrangements made so that if another war comes, these plants may move swiftly into production.

This comprehensive scheme to get set industrially is not the brain child of a few officials. It is not something talked over only in government offices or completed in whispered corridor conferences. It is, instead, the development of co-operative efforts by government and private industry. About 450 businessmen, serving on Munitions Board advisory committees, have helped mightily in putting it together.

Plants cannot operate without materials. If we wait until an emergency comes, many essential materials may not be available. The Munitions Board has consistently urged that an adequate stock pile of about 70 critical items be built up. No war of any duration could be fought without them.

On the basis of current prices an adequate stock pile will require the buying of more than $3,000,000,000 worth of materials like tungsten, manganese, copper, bauxite, tin, zinc, lead, chromite, coconut oil, pepper, sisal and industrial diamonds. But whatever the cost now, it will be far greater should war come. Then we would have to go far for most of these materials—to China, India and Africa. We would have to maintain long sea lanes, and we might have to fight to get them.

What Will Next War's Demands Be?

How do we know what materials will be essential in the next war? Is not invention moving along? It is and this is being carefully watched. But, there is slight probability that the munitions of another war would be wholly different from those formerly used, and those of which we have knowledge. Industrial preparedness *does not rest complacently* on experience of the past. It takes stock of that experience, and plans—not for "the last war" but for one *we hope never will* come.

In time of war the United States' military establishment becomes the biggest buyer in the world. During three years of World War II our military services bought something more than $17,000,000,000 worth of munitions and supplies. In a World War III, the buying would be still more tremendous.

To put more efficiency into buying, a single branch of the service—either the Army or the Navy or the Air Force—has been given the sole responsibility for procuring certain common-use items for all three. For instance, food will be bought by the Army for all services; coal by the Navy; trucks, tanks and automotive equipment by the Army; combat and landing craft by the Navy; photographic equipment by the Air Force. Petroleum and medical supplies are purchased jointly.

Already we have legally confirmed or initially placed at least 75 per cent, by dollar volume, of peacetime and wartime buying under single or joint procurement. So instead of competition by one service against another, we shall in most cases have centralized buying.

Standardization of equipment is another big project of the board. Engines of all kinds—automotive, internal combustion, industrial and marine —will be included. The Air Force and the air arm of the Navy have already done a magnificent job in standardizing airplane parts.

There will be a common catalogue of items. In World War II the armed forces handled 5,000,000 items. Because descriptions were not uniform there was much duplication. We should eventually be able to cut that 5,000,000 figure in half.

Standardization and common cataloguing will assure savings in production, transportation, maintenance, storage and training.

The armed forces are now publishing uniform procurement regulations for the first time in history. This means that for all three there will be uniform contract provisions, uniform inspection, uniform pricing, uniform packaging, uniform auditing, etc.

There will be common use of many facilities, too, ranging from airfields and hospitals to offices, cafeterias, laundries and post exchanges.

This industrial make-ready program is now being given a practical test. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have developed a strategic plan for defense against an imagined enemy. They have decided where and how to fight a hypothetical war. The role of each branch of the service in such a war has been assigned. In turn, the Army, Navy and Air Force are breaking down that strategic plan into the numbers and sorts of arms and other supplies required to carry it out. The Munitions Board then takes these military requirements and fits them, if they *will* fit, into the country's industrial potential—both civilian and military.

All this is being done in co-operation with the National Security Resources Board, which has the high responsibility of determining the industrial capacity of the nation for civilian requirements, for agency requirements—such as those of the Atomic Energy Commission—and for military requirements.

The Resources Board must balance the total national resources of every kind against total national wartime requirements—civilian and military. Available man power, available raw materials (from stock piles and domestic sources), available transportation, electric power, fuel, communication facilities, and the like, are determined. If the military requirements for the imagined war do not exceed the possible, the Munitions Board will declare the strategic plan feasible.

But if the capacity of the nation, as determined by the National Security Resources Board, is found to be insufficient both to produce the munitions required and to sustain civilian needs, the strategic plan must be altered or the material requirements of the services modified. This practical workout will be repeated from time to time and the military requirements altered as new techniques, new inventions, or revisions of the strategic plan laid down by the Joint Chiefs of Staff show need for alteration.

Nothing like this has ever been done before in the United States. We want peace—lasting peace —and we must work for it *always*. But until a workable plan for an international community of interests has been developed—a plan that will support such a peace—we must remain strong. We must be ready.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week's Work

This week's cover: *Street Carolers. Happy Boyd and Judy Maldewin gave photographer John Mechling a scare. Strangers, they froze up, till Judy blurted, "You're just like my brother Davie!"*

FEW of our lady illustrators are as beautiful (take it easy, lad!) as Barbara Schwinn, and few of them have undergone an experience such as hers while researching the sympathetic illustration she has done for our warm little story Practically Christmas on page 16. Let Miss Schwinn tell it herself:

"When Tony Palazzo approved my first rough for the picture, it looked like an easy job. All I needed was to find three children of Italian extraction and an old iron stove. Before I was able to pick up my paintbrush I found myself involved in the most fascinating experience of my 13 years as an illustrator.

"Neither my own files nor the agencies could provide the right kind of child the story called for, so I climbed into my car and cruised around New York looking at faces, faces, faces. None were right. Finally I was steered to a neighborhood just a few blocks away from my studio, by a policeman. He warned me to change into some old clothes and try to blend in with the scenery.

"He was right—the section was a mass of dirt, color, noise—and children, sloe-eyed, bounding children. When they saw me, despite my disguise, they immediately knew me for a stranger and ducked for cover, and I got nowhere.

Barbara Schwinn—illustrator, before changing into her old clothes

"Finally I got a tip from someone in the neighborhood. Two hours later I had met Gino—and I knew he was perfect for the boy.

"Gino turned out to be my best talent scout. He and his family went to work and scoured the neighborhood for a 'dear little girl with big, soulful eyes.' When I called for her, it made me heartsick to find she lived in a three-room home. Her mother was thin and ill, her father work-worn, two brothers were trying to compose a popular song without a piano. Her name was Maria.

"My biggest thrill was yet to come. Next day Maria brought me her girl friend: Cookie. When I opened the door, I gasped aloud. I was looking at the Mona Lisa, Jr. Cookie was the most ravishing child I had ever seen!

"As for the stove, the children then organized their relatives into a grand posse, and we went on a great stove hunt among the cold-water flats of Little Italy. We finally found the one I wanted in James Capovina's little store on Carmine Street. To my stove-weary eyes it was beautiful.

"Could you use any little Italian models—the sort that fascinated Raphael and Michelangelo? Thousands of them now call daily. Those children did a job."

ON THE theory that a man knows a thing or two about his wife, we asked Mr. Herbert Asbury to unburden himself about his wife Edith, who so cleverly profiles Mrs. Knox, the Grand Old Lady of Johnstown (p. 20).

The good Mr. Asbury informs us reliably that the Mrs. was born in Ohio. After whizzing through Western College for Women, and the U. of Tenn., she became a reporter, working in Cincinnati, Knoxville, New York and for the A.P. "Last year she made Collier's," Mr. Asbury continues proudly, "with a small poem. Maybe it was the originality of the title that did it: It was called Love."

Mrs. Asbury had also done fan mag stuff. "Once she did an article about Tyrone Power, an actor," reveals Mr. A. "For some reason not clear to me, a picture of her and Tyrone was blown up and now hangs above the bar at the Famous Kitchen on West Forty-fifth Street. Go over and see it sometime. Ask for John."

At present Mrs. Asbury is writing a book, trying to sneak a Ph.D. out of Columbia, looking for a maid, and scheming how to get into Collier's again.

Since we didn't ask for a picture Mr. Asbury obligingly sent us over one of the Mrs. "I say the hell with that!" cried Mr. Asbury. "Anybody would be glad to see a picture of her. That's not me in the picture—that's the butler. We hired him because he looks like me. He is sitting down because everything he is told to do floors him anyway."

In a checkup we found Mr. Asbury, the old fooler, was just kidding. That is he in the picture.

THE story behind our 16-page, 16,000-word searchlighting of Russia's Children From Cradle to College (pp. 30 to 45) begins in Paris during the war, where Major Robert K. Straus, peacetime publisher of Omnibook Magazine, met Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Goodfriend, the editor of Stars and Stripes, and author of 11 visual books and graphic devices to teach anything from marksmanship to map reading. Straus, impressed by the Goodfriend technique of book-concocting, agreed to publish a Goodfriend "visual" when and if peace ever came.

Peace, as we know it, came, and the logical subject choice for such a book was the number one world headache: the U.S.S.R. Goodfriend, however, wanted to cut through the headlines, the propaganda and the dusty books on Russia to get at the essential Soviet philosophy.

"We wanted to answer How Do Russians Get That Way? We wanted to enable Americans, conditioned to the American way, to undergo vicariously the education received by a baby born in Russia," he explains. "Perhaps that way, as individuals and without being carried away by pro- or anti-Communist propaganda, we might better understand how Russians think."

Goodfriend, leaning on notebooks he'd collected when he visited Russia under Intourist auspices in '36, mapped out a complete book, several thousand sentences of which ended in question marks. Columbia's Russian Institute suggested a certain foreign correspondent as the perfect man to answer the questions. His identity cannot be divulged just now, for reasons of his own security.

For the next six months Goodfriend and the unnamed correspondent practically lived together, up to their ear lobes in Soviet lore.

The American Russian Institute in New York made available its unmatched collection of Soviet newspapers, magazines and files.

In addition, a succession of mysterious characters, recently arrived from Russia, were uncovered, who, after assuring themselves that neither F.B.I. nor MVD lurked under Goodfriend's bed, told all they knew about the system.

With the mountain of manuscript under control, Goodfriend went to work on the visual treatment of the Life-Span of a Soviet Citizen. Poring over 30,000 pictures of the Soviet—practically all there are in the United States—he culled about 1,000. Goodfriend hopes they'll help to relieve the rather heavy accents of Communist dogma, which can't be ducked in any truthful statement of the Marxist position. Then he tackled the final assemblage job.

When Collier's heard of the massive project, it grabbed the magazine rights to the first completed section, which covers the phase from birth to university. "This happened in the nick of time," admits Goodfriend. "The work had taken a considerable toll of my disposition."

Goodfriend is a New Yorker who has spent most of his life traveling, taking notes, painting pictures and, he says, trying to figure out What It's All About. Recently he jeeped from New York to Rio. He thinks the war jogged him into a sense of responsibility. His postwar motto, he says, has become "Prose-Picture Projects to Make Tough Subjects Easier for Tired, Baffled American Readers."

TO PRODUCE California Christmas, the cartoon on page 46, Don Tobin fought his way through smog, cultists, pastel Xmas trees and orange juice for proper atmosphere and authenticity. For instance the beach scene with the kids listening to the radio is Santa Monica, and Don had to make four trips down to the sea before the fog lifted enough to see the Pacific. "Of course this was most unusual," claims Don.

He wanted to call the drive-in in another of the pictures, The Goody Goody, after one he'd spotted on the way down, but he felt there was no sense in making California seem as silly as it really is. "Also rejected my favorite the Toot-N-Tellum in Long Beach, on similar grounds," Tobin says.

If the reader (or looker) feels Mr. Tobin got his locale mixed up with Persia or the Taj Mahal in the last pic, he's wrong, Mr. Tobin assures us. The background happens to be a splendid example of California Byzantine, or African Renaissance, which vies in favor with California-Moorish-Italian modern, prevailing taste in the place.

The shirtless Santa Claus is perched on a roof around the corner from Tobin's. . . . TED SHANE

Edith Asbury instructs Mr. Asbury on making lemonade, with gelatine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Beautiful and Eminently Practical

Woman's Home Companion HOUSEHOLD BOOK

A Homemaker's Guide for Creating Your Own "Dream House"

NOW you can have a home in perfect taste and within your Budget too!

Here is one of the most readable and comprehensive* books on the care and repair of those things which make the average home a better place to live in. Unsurpassed for its common-sense approach to the hundreds of everyday problems which confront every family.

Decorate—Repair—Care For Your Home Yourself—Easily—Quickly—Economically

Whether you are a suburban home owner or a city-dwelling rent-payer, this Household Book by showing you "HOW TO DO IT YOURSELF" will enable you to minimize repair bills.

Let COMPANION experts, in nontechnical language, show you the simple devices any member of the family can use to achieve expert decorating results!

No matter what your income, how small your apartment or how large your house, this book will show you how to add friendly charm and praise-winning beauty to your home at a fraction of professional costs!

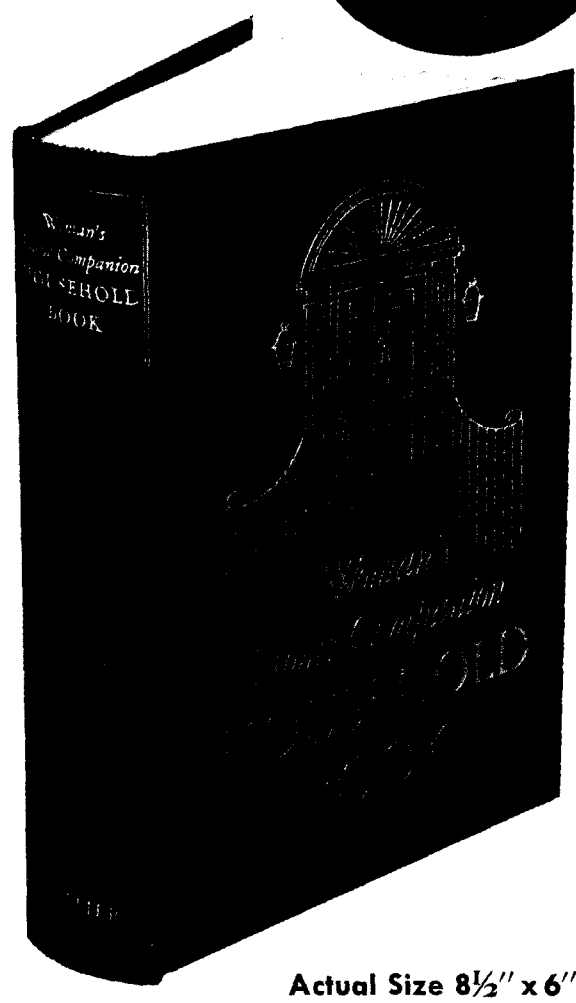
It contains hundreds of Money and Time Saving Ideas to make Household Dollars Go Farther.

Here are just a few topics chosen from among its 31 chapters replete with magnificent photographs and "Before and After" illustrations.

The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION HOUSEHOLD BOOK shows how to bleach old furniture to make it look like the ultra-modern. It contains many modern techniques and easy-to-follow instructions on how to paper or paint everything from the entire house, down to the ordinary bric-a-brac about the home. The directions are so clear that even the newest housewife can do a "hard to tell from a professional job" of reupholstering a popular Martha Washington type or a conventional bodouir chair; or even how to make slip covers for the favored wing-back chair in the living room. There are also many excellent suggestions in the departments of Sewing, Knitting and making linen accessories for every room.

For the "Man-of-the-House" there is a very practical chapter on "Home Workshop" with specific dimensional diagrams on how to construct such items of masculine pride as workbenches, bookcases, garden furniture, pipe racks and even a lowly shoe-shine box. There are also many new ideas in the chapters on Heating and Air Conditioning, Plumbing, Maintenance and Repair of the home, — not to overlook instructions on Insect and Household Pest Control, and "How" to remove 52 of the most common spots and stains from clothing, rugs and furniture, to save Household Dollars.

JUST PUBLISHED

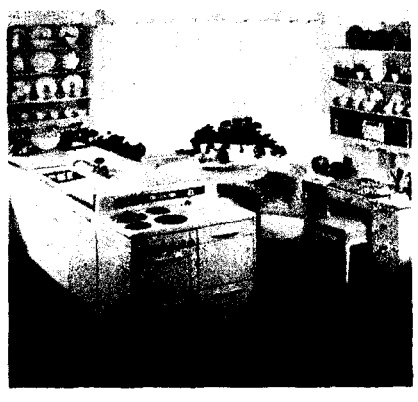


Actual Size 8½" x 6" x 2"

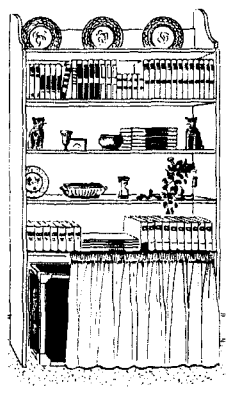
This gracious living room, adequate for reading, writing and entertaining, can be the product of leisure hours in the Home Workshop or Sewing Room.

*This encyclopedic adviser to the Homemaker contains 1,006 pages, 500,000 words, 64 pages of illustrations, 300 easy-to-follow line drawings, is clearly printed on white processed paper, and bound in serviceable dark blue Fabrikoid made especially for COLLIER'S by Du Pont with 22-karat gold title stamping.

Mondays are pleasant now! A rear-entrance catchall passageway was transformed into a bright, cheerful and efficient laundry.



The dream of every woman could be realized in the colorful charm and appliance placement of this SUNSHINE KITCHEN.



A WELCOME GIFT FOR ANYONE!

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The Homemaker's Book Shelf Dept.
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of "THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION HOUSEHOLD BOOK" for a week's examination on approval. If I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.95, plus a few cents postage, and $2.00 for two months until the total price of $5.95, plus postage, is paid. Otherwise, I will return the book at the end of one week and pay nothing.

(If you send check or money order for $5.95 with this coupon, we will pay the postage. Same return privilege and money-back guarantee if not satisfied.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

C-1

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 23

"Of course not," Johnny said. "Go ahead!"

"Well," Frank said, "the federal wanted to know everything about us and you and Bishop and Albertson and everything. I unloaded."

"Did you mention the threatening letter?"

"Certainly."

"Okay."

FRANK tried to shift the Panama on his head and a piece came off in his fingers. "The federal was perfectly charming, in a threatening way. He said American Intelligence had a lead from China on this flier Bishop was importing. He also said that Mrs. Redo was not a woman you'd trust with your poke, that our blond customer would bear watching, and that those four flying machines were causing official headaches. Naturally, he said, nothing could be done until something definite turned up. He was impressed by the letter, and wished you the best of luck."

"That was sweet of him," Johnny said.

"Wasn't it?" Frank said. "I got to worrying myself sick over you, Johnny boy, so I tapped Albertson for the fare to Panama and flew down. I was on hand when the Leise Neilsen docked in Balboa and started loading cargo. I flashed my badge on this Captain Maesk and scared the pants off him. He told me Bishop wanted to hunt treasure on the island, and that you stayed with her. Mrs. Redo was at a hotel, and I visited her and threw my badge around. She gave me the same song and dance.

"The next thing, I noticed I was being tailed. I got scared and stayed in my room and used the phone to hire Mr. Craig's amphibian for a ride to Mangrove the following day—yesterday, that is. Mr. Craig and Mr. Hervey are kind of tough, and they came to the hotel to get me. We went to the field in broad daylight and took off. Then we couldn't get through the overcast here and had to go back to San José to spend the night."

"I heard you yesterday," Johnny said. "You're a great detective and my best pal. We've got to get to Panama."

"Johnny boy," Frank said, "are you positive Annie isn't a teeny-weeny bit crooked and in this deeper than you think? Are we playing it safe for her to rush to Panama and finger the Mangrove arsenal? Couldn't the blonde have invested in surplus armament as well as hair oil?"

"Hair wave," Johnny said. "How can you think such stuff? I ought to wash your mouth out with soap."

"Wait!" Frank said. "Hair wave. That dame has waved your hair!"

"That's a lie!" Johnny said.

"Samson and Delilah!" Frank said. "Johnny boy, what is she doing to you?"

"Come on," Johnny said.

Frank grabbed his arm. "A moment of your time, wise guy. You beefed so much about Lois that I went and told her I'd have to see how she worked out with you before we could hope to pass through the portals of matrimony. We had a terrible fight over you. She said I had to choose between you and her, and I chose you. I sold my house. And now I find, having given up Lois, Mother, and the twins, and my home, that behind my back you are living on desert islands with babes who are giving you permanent waves!"

Johnny tore himself loose. "I refuse to discuss it."

"You have not heard the last from me," Frank said. "This is a desperate situation." He snatched at his Panama in his agitation, and it disintegrated. "My hat!"

Before Frank could recover from his anguish, Johnny was off. His pace was tremendous, and Frank lacked the wind to spare for further discussion. At the top, he was moved to deliver a few breathless words of remonstrance, but Johnny took the downward sweep to Pirate Bay immediately. Frank was stumbling from fatigue when they reached the shacks.

"Help me carry the luggage," Johnny said.

"I'm bushed," Frank said.

He sank helplessly on the bunk in the main shack, watching Johnny gather Anna Marie's scattered belongings and cram them into her suitcases. "What are those holes?" he asked.

"Bullet holes," Johnny said.

"It would've been better if they'd have killed you," Frank said. "I would rather have found you lying dead at my feet than in the clutches of a dame wanted by federal agents."

"We lived on beans practically the whole time we've been here," Johnny said.

"A wave in your hair," Frank said. "and your brains knocked out by a fast-talking babe with sticky fingers. Where is this going to end?"

Johnny departed, lugging Anna Marie's bags. Frank accompanied him tragically. He waited while Johnny gathered his own clothes.

"At least you weren't living together, I note," Frank commented. "There won't be any scandal except for your curls."

"Did you ever drink coconut milk?" Johnny said. "It's not bad."

"You can tell me, Johnny boy," Frank said. "I've seen the seamy side of life. Did she—"

"You are speaking of the woman I love," Johnny said.

"I beg your pardon," Frank said, and picked up part of the luggage and went out into the rain.

Mr. Craig and Mr. Hervey rose from the hatch as Frank and Johnny waded to the amphibian. They and the luggage were hauled aboard.

"No visitors?" Johnny said.

"Not that I noticed," Mr. Craig replied.

Johnny lowered himself through the hatch, crawled up past the pilots' compartment, and walked into the cabin beyond, Frank right behind him. The girl industrialist, seated at a table, awaited them.

"What was in the boxes?" she asked.

"What I thought," Johnny said. "Plenty of stuff to arm your bombers."

She looked at him, the color draining from her cheeks. "Did you run into Anastacio and Pedro?"

"No."

"Now what?"

"We light out for Panama," Johnny said, "and pay a call on the district attorney. And in the meantime we pray Mrs. Redo hasn't made a sale yet from her used-airplane lot." He paused while overpowering affection fought with his better self and won the bout on a close decision. "And we forget all about treasure islands, see? And we deny everything, no matter how much other people talk."

"Yes, sir."

"I hear from Frank that you weren't bluffing on the F.B.I. He says they checked with him."

"No, I wasn't bluffing," Anna Marie said. "That's why I came, among other reasons to stop it. Honest, Johnny."

"I believe you."

"Do you think the F.B.I. will keep them from getting rid of the planes?"

"I don't know," Johnny said. "The guy told Frank they needed more definite evidence. If we arrive there in time, we have it."

"I believe you're a wonderful private eye," Anna Marie said, "and I—"

She stopped. The pilots had come in the cabin to stow the bags.

"The ceiling's dropped on us," Mr. Craig said, "and the wind is gone. We need plenty of both to pull out of here. So we'll have to wait a while. The wind should freshen in late afternoon and push a few of these clouds out of the way. In the meantime, just make yourselves comfortable. You gents can get out of your wet clothes in the lavatory at the rear."

"We're in kind of a hurry to reach Panama," Johnny said. "Are you sure you can't make a special effort?"

"Yeah, I'm sure," Mr. Craig said.

He grinned again, and went forward with Mr. Hervey to resume an interrupted card game. Anna Marie poured coffee for Johnny and Frank from a vacuum bottle.

"Coffee," Johnny said. "I've been dreaming of that for three nights."

"You weren't otherwise occupied, huh?" Frank asked.

Johnny glared at him. They each had a brandy, and Anna Marie lighted their cigarettes for them.

"Java and a smoke," Johnny said. "What more could a man want?"

"What, indeed?" Frank said. "Go ahead and change your clothes."

RUMMAGING in a bag, Johnny found garments only slightly drier than those he was wearing, and vanished at the rear. His expression gloomy and sardonic, Frank sat down across from Anna Marie. The amphibian rocked.

"Have a brandy," he said.

"I don't drink," Anna Marie said.

"Smoke?"

"No."

"Any other vices?"

Anna Marie smiled in a tired fashion. "Once in a while I smuggle a little opium for the chain of drive-in dens that I run."

"How old are you, honey?" Frank said.

"Twenty-nine."

"Johnny boy is twenty-eight."

"Yes, he told me," Anna Marie said.

"He's a fine, clean-cut type," Frank said. "Sort of uncomplicated and idealistic. Desires to rise in the world by hard work and honesty. I've always acted in the capacity of older brother to him. Though I do not condone the guy's lack of brilliance, I do respect his simple integrity. Someday I hope to find a sincere, unworldly, young little dame who will join him in marriage, raise his kids, and keep his house spick-and-span. It is my opinion that the wrong kind of wife could wreck a naïve character like our John."

"I suppose the wrong wife could."

"Especially one that was restless. Let's face it, life with John is going to be dull. Unless you get a boot out of pushing a carpet sweeper and sitting home listening to the radio at night, you'd blow your top. Think of what that would do to him. Spiritually, he bruises easily."

"I've noticed that," Anna Marie said.

"I see you gave him a finger wave, darling," Frank said.

"A home permanent. Just as a joke and to pass the time."

"There's a story along the same lines as that in a book you may have read called the Bible. The fellow's name was Samson; the girl's Delilah."

"I think I read it once," Anna Marie said.

"It's sure easy to make him look ridiculous, isn't it?" Frank said.

Suddenly Anna Marie's eyes filled with

COLLIER'S "It seems silly to go to Florida after all the money we spent to get the furnace fixed" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tears. She tried to speak and couldn't and turned away from Frank. He was somewhat startled. He was still gazing doubtfully at the back of her head when Johnny emerged from the rear.

"You're next, handsome," he said. "Annie, pour me another cup of coffee."

Frank walked hastily away, and Anna Marie handled the vacuum bottle with lowered eyes. She had to blow her nose. Johnny drank the coffee and regarded her tolerantly.

"Don't be blue," he said. "We'll make it yet."

"Johnny," Anna Marie said, "am I the wrong girl for you?"

"Huh?"

"Could we ever be really happy together?"

"Who knows?" Johnny said. "You have to try. Are you getting cold feet?"

"Oh, no," Anna Marie said. "But I'm older. I—uh—believe in the interchange of currency and—and individual enterprise. I'm a gambler and you're not."

"That's all right."

FRESH tears welled in her eyes. "I've already made a liar of you about the treasure thing."

"I told one or two before I met you," Johnny said.

"You need a young girl," Anna Marie said. "A child. Somebody to listen to the radio and push a carpet sweeper."

He stared at her, his hurt showing. "Annie, I know I'm not pretty. I'm not even bright. But I love you. You said you loved me. Have you changed your mind?"

"Oh, no, Johnny." Her voice almost broke. "No, no! I'm only considering your own good."

"Well, forget it."

"Maybe I'm in serious trouble."

"Then I'll stick around."

They were silent for a moment. He reached across the table with a handkerchief and clumsily wiped her damp cheeks.

"Listen," Anna Marie said fiercely, "nobody is going to talk me out of this. You're my busted-beaked darling. I'll work and slave for you. I'll make a fortune. We'll have maids and governesses for the children, and you can look at television in the evening instead of just listening to the radio. You'll never want again in your life."

"Now you're talking," Johnny said.

"Furthermore," Anna Marie said, "I'll provide you with a law practice if I have to commit a few crimes to do it. You'll have every winning case that money can buy. I got over two hundred thousand dollars from the sale of Madame de Maintenon after taxes and paying off various loans, and every cent of it has gone into a new oil field in California. I've got all the land in the area tied up. An old friend of my father's tipped me off. I'm drilling a test well right this moment. That two hundred grand will be five hundred before we know it."

"Gee!" Johnny said.

"Could a child of tender years provide that kind of money?" Anna Marie said. "No. Not unless you married an heiress, and I don't feel you are attractive enough to get one. Could the same child, pushing a carpet sweeper and raising your kids, give you my desperate devotion? No."

"No," Johnny said. "All I ask is, Annie, that you try to be a little more honest from now on."

"I accept your criticism in the constructive spirit in which it is given," Anna Marie said. "I will try, John."

She rose, leaned forward and kissed him. Frank came upon them in the midst of the embrace. He wasn't pleased.

"I trust I am not intruding," he said.

"Not in the least," Anna Marie said. "Pull up a chair. Hang your hat on a hook."

"You certainly have a wonderful sense of humor," Frank said.

Conversation broke down shortly thereafter, and Johnny, worn by his exertions, draped himself on a seat and dozed off. The sound of the engines starting roused him. Anna Marie and Frank were fastening their safety belts. Rising, Johnny walked forward and knelt between the pilots' seats.

"We've got a wind finally," Mr. Craig said, "and the visibility's better. I think we might fly this thing to Balboa."

"Can I stay here during take-off?" Johnny asked.

"Sure. Brace yourself."

They taxied to the far end of the bay, giving Mr. Craig a chance to run the engines up. Johnny looked at Mangrove Island, hoping it was a final inspection. The amphibian careened about. Mr. Craig squinted along the water.

"All I have to do," he said, "is open my engines wide, get up on my step, and take off."

"I know exactly what you mean," Johnny said.

"Didn't think the old man could dance any more, did you?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

THERE were turbulent conditions en route. Johnny was airsick, and Frank and Anna Marie scuffled slightly for the privilege of ministering to him. He sank into a bilious, gritty-eyed doze. Darkness came as the plane droned steadily on. Anna Marie awakened him, and he gazed down on the sweep of the lights of Balboa, Ancon and Panama City and the long ribbon of illumination that was the canal.

"So what?" he said glumly. "It could be south San Francisco."

"No, it couldn't," Frank replied. "I had a look around. This is a very live burg. Hundreds of saloons, Blue Moon girls and places to buy perfume cheap. As soon as we put Miss Bishop on a plane for New York, I'll show you a few points of interest."

"Is that so?" Anna Marie said.

"All I want to see is the D.A.," Johnny said.

They landed at Albrook Field and taxied up on the ramp. Johnny asked an urgent favor of Mr. Craig, and then customs and immigration enfolded them. As usual, the authorities were curious as to why tourists carried revolvers in shoulder holsters. Frank produced his badge and announced he was a detective working on a case. Johnny added his badge as corroboration. Immigration expressed itself as quite satisfied and seemed rather impressed by both the badges and the private eyes. Anna Marie's surprise was painful to behold.

But a few moments later difficulties developed. Johnny could show no evidence of recent vaccination. He swore on his solemn word of honor that he had been inoculated for smallpox only the other day and had lost the paper, that his religion forbade his being vaccinated, that he was willing to be needled but not with any serum. As he turned exceedingly pale, an unfeeling doctor vaccinated him.

"Now I'll have a sore arm," he stated indignantly. "Can I use the phone to call the district attorney?"

"Aren't you getting pretty upset over a little thing like a vaccination?" the doctor asked. "I assure you they won't arrest me for protecting your health."

"This is another matter," Johnny said.

He was provided with a telephone and the federal district attorney's off-hours number. A servant with an insecure grasp of the English language answered and said the D.A. was absent and not expected to return until fairly late. Johnny extorted the address from the man and announced he was coming over with some friends to wait for the D.A.

"That's how they spend the taxpayers' money," he said, "out on the town instead of home doing business."

"Do you find you get better service in San Francisco?" the doctor said.

"I don't get vaccinated every time I go to the city hall," Johnny snapped.

Porters carried their luggage to the taxi stand. Mr. Craig and Mr. Hervey were waiting for them in the airport lobby, which was crowded. Johnny headed for them, glancing about him nervously. A policeman was standing by a pillar.

"Should we pick up the cop?" Anna Marie said.

"We're safe enough," Johnny said. "They probably started running for cover right after Frank braced them. If your planes aren't gone we're impregnable."

"Hi," Mr. Craig said, and accepted the check Frank handed him. "I talked with Operations, Mr. Smith. Miss Bishop's planes are still on the field. They say the chief pilot, a guy named Lane, has brought in some American boys from New Orleans and is going to run test flights on the ships the first thing in the morning."

"Ah," Johnny said. He felt Anna Marie clutching his arm to keep herself upright. "Take the other arm, Annie—that's the sore arm."

"Anything else we can do for you?" Mr. Craig said. "Have you people got hotel reservations?"

"We're going to a guy's house to begin with," Johnny said. "The hotel can wait."

"Okay," Mr. Craig said. "If you ever want another ride, we're in the phone book. Charters anywhere."

"You guys must lead exciting lives," Mr. Hervey said, and appeared suddenly envious. "Private eyes, huh?"

"Yeah," Johnny said. "It's some life. So long."

MR. CRAIG and Mr. Hervey nodded casually and drifted off. A loudspeaker boomed out in Spanish and English, announcing a flight departure. Their porters approached, puzzled by the delay. One of them said brokenly that the bags were loaded and the taxi was waiting. Frank tipped them.

Moist, stifling heat engulfed the three when they left the terminal. They climbed into the rear of the battered old sedan the porters indicated. Johnny gave the address on Columbia Road.

"Sí, señor," the driver said.

The taxi rattled off. Johnny stretched his legs as far forward as he could, relaxed and sighed. "Well," he said, "this is it. The end of the trail—as soon as the D.A. gets home from his party."

"I feel weak all at once," Anna Marie said.

Johnny noticed Frank looking through the rear window. "Anybody following us?" he said.

"No," Frank said.

"I gather the D.A. lives in style," Johnny said. "These are swell homes."

"He ain't very close in," Frank said.

The taxi was rolling at high speed, squeaking and banging. Johnny sat up, observing that they had left the residential district and were traversing a suburban countryside. Street lights had grown scanty.

"How much farther, Mac?" he said to the driver.

"Little deestance yet," the driver replied. "Columbia Road long way out."

"Johnny boy," Frank said.

They looked at each other. Frank put his hand inside his shirt. Johnny was conscious of Anna Marie stiffening beside him. Perspiration dripped from his chin. The driver turned sharply left, down a narrow, unpaved road. The headlights flashed on the tangled green of jungle, and for an instant outlined the white and crumbling walls of a ruin.

"Listen, Mac—" Johnny began.

The driver applied the brakes with tremendous force. The three of them in the rear seat pitched forward, doubled up by the impact. Johnny's head thudded on the ash receiver set in the upholstery on the back of the front seat, and he was momentarily dazed. Frank's elbow jammed in his ribs as the former swore and tried to draw his gun. There was the sound of the driver grunting, and a blow. Frank collapsed on Johnny as he tried to rise. The headlights went off. Both rear doors were yanked open. Electric torches shone blindingly on them from either side.

"Sit still," a man's voice said. "Lift your hands, I don't want to have to shoot you."

Anna Marie was pulled from the car. Leaning over, a blackjack in his hand, the driver pushed Frank upright and took his gun. He slapped Johnny's body cautiously, in search of weapons.

"I'll shoot the girl if you make a move, Smith," the man's voice said.

Frank lifted his head and shook it, breathing heavily. Blood was trickling over his right eyebrow. An arm entered the car, gripped the waistband of his trousers and dragged him from the seat. He scrambled out.

"Come on, Smith," the man said. "Slowly."

Johnny slipped from the taxi. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

light stayed on him. He saw shadowy figures, too many of them, and blinked his watering eyes unhappily.

"Who are you?" he said. "What is this?"

"My name is Lane," the man said. "Pop Lane. And you know what this is."

Frank reeled up to Johnny and bumped him. Johnny put an arm around his waist. Another flashlight outlined a path ahead of them.

"Follow the light in front of you, Smith," Lane said. "You may help your friend." He turned. "Juan."

"Sí, señor," the taxi driver said.

"Get out of here quickly. Remember you took them to the district attorney's house, if you are asked."

"Sí, señor."

Johnny aided Frank along the difficult path. The jungle closed in on them. The heat was crushing.

"So this is Panama," Johnny said.

"At least," Frank said, "you got to see the residential section. Am I bleeding?"

"Yeah," Johnny said.

"Oh, well," Frank said. "It's like in a book—but why am I so scared?"

"Where's Annie?" Johnny said.

"Here I am," Anna Marie said, from behind them. "But I wish I wasn't."

"That's enough," Lane said.

ROUNDING a turn, they entered a gap in a ruined wall. The taxi raced off in the distance. All about them was towering, roofless masonry, jutting crazily against the cloudy sky. The rubble underfoot was treacherous, and the strong and threatening jungle smells were in their nostrils. Lane prodded them into a corner silently An attenuated shadow wavered over to them.

"You darling girl!" Mrs. Redo said. "And Mr. Smith, and Mr. Graham!"

"Mrs. Redo," Johnny said, "are you sure you're doing the right thing? Why get so tough with us? We don't mean any harm. Where are we?"

"In Panama Viejo," Mrs. Redo said. "Old Panama. Founded in August, 1519. In 1671 the pirate Morgan sacked the city. Isn't it romantic? You're standing on the site of a monastery. I say, you're—"

"Aw, get back on your broomstick," Frank said.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Mrs. Redo," Johnny said hastily. "He's had a bat on the head. He's not responsible for what he says."

"I'm not offended," Mrs. Redo said. "I wish I could use a broomstick. It would be very handy."

"I've never believed any of the things I've heard of you," Johnny said. "You're a lovely, goodhearted old lady, I know. Couldn't we go into town, all of us, and sit down somewhere and have a nice cold drink and talk this over?"

"No," Mrs. Redo said. "I say no, we couldn't."

"We can't stay out here in the jungle," Johnny said. "Not at night."

"Soon you won't notice it," Mrs. Redo said.

"What do you mean?" Johnny said.

"Good night, you lovely child," Mrs. Redo said. "Goodby, Mr. Smith and Mr. Graham. I say, goodby. Good night. The men with the machetes are coming."

The white walls reflected light, and their eyes were growing used to the darkness. They saw little men with the shining blades and heard the whisper of their sandaled feet. Back of them, Anna Marie crumpled and slid down the wall.

"Your girl friend's hit the dirt," Frank said. "It's her fault. Except on her account, I'd have blown the whistle."

"It's my fault," Johnny said. "I'm no detective. I've made a lot of mistakes, Frank. This was my last one."

"Look at them," Frank said wonderingly. "This is like a private-eye book."

"They don't want us to holler," Johnny said. "Get set."

"What's the use of trying a break?" Frank said. "There's a guy with a tommy gun."

"Tommy gun?" Mrs. Redo said. "I say, tommy gun?"

A blinding light went on. The remains of the monastery suddenly seemed crowded with men in civilian clothes and men in uniforms. Every one of them had an automatic pistol, a sub-machine gun, a sawed-off shotgun or a pistol. It resembled a forest of blued-steel barrels, gently waving.

A compact, red-haired, round-faced man stepped forward, unarmed, flanked by a slim, dark-complexioned man in uniform of a colonel of the Panamanian Police who negligently held two pistols.

"Here I go," Frank said softly.

Johnny grabbed him and broke his fall.

"I am the federal district attorney of the Canal Zone, Mrs. Redo," the red-haired man was saying. "We are putting you under arrest." . . .

"We had such a lovely Christmas. Billy got so many nice things!"

"Shirts! Socks! Underwear! And ties even! You'd think I was 40!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

The D.A.'s home was not in Panama Viejo. It was high on the side of a hill in Ancon—a spacious, airy, wooden house that overlooked the lights of the city and the bay. On the second floor was a room done in rattan and light mahogany, hung with nets and the colored glass globes used as floats by Japanese fishermen, and equipped with a small bar. Johnny stood at the bar, drinking the D.A.'s excellent Scotch and soda. A faint warmth was spreading through his cold members, and he no longer had the feeling that he was going to collapse.

Mr. McVey, the district attorney, entered the room. His hands were full of envelopes. "Feeling better?" he said.

"Yes, sir," Johnny said. "But I hope my vaccination doesn't take."

"What's a sore arm," Mr. McVey said, "in comparison with the difficulties you've already had?" He passed a stack of envelopes to Johnny. "Here's your mail, Smith. I regret that we had to monitor it, but you understand."

"Certainly," Johnny said. "Thank you. How are my friends?"

"The hospital says Graham is doing well. He has a slight concussion. We've finally located the luggage as well as the taxi driver, and Miss Bishop is bathing and changing, my housekeeper tells me."

"Did you check on the boat, sir?"

"The Leise Neilsen will finish her transit of the canal at eight this morning. I'm going to run over to Cristobal on the Atlantic side and pick up Captain Maesk and his merry men. Do you care to come along?"

"Why, I don't think so, Mr. McVey. I haven't got much to say to those guys."

"I imagine not," Mr. McVey said, and smiled. "Johnny, you have an Irish face. What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Grogan."

"Mine was named McCarthy."

"That's a good name."

Mr. McVey nodded. "By the way, Mrs. Redo has told my assistant a rather fantastic story of an intent on the part of Miss Bishop to plant bogus treasures on Mangrove Island and then work some sort of confidence scheme. The details seem to fit. Is that true?"

"No, sir," Johnny said.

"You're sure, Johnny?"

"Would I be marrying a woman I knew was a crook?"

"You are marrying her, then?"

"Yes, sir," Johnny said.

"That's all I wanted to know," Mr. McVey said. "The other mail is for the future Mrs. Smith. See you later."

Johnny lighted a cigarette and read his mail, which was composed of eight airmail letters from Graciella. Seven of them reported no news. The tenth had a tidbit that Johnny read twice, his lips moving. Moisture entered his eyes. He walked out on the porch, glass in hand, and watched the dawn over the Pacific.

Anna Marie came noiselessly up behind him and touched his arm—the sore one. She was clad in a simple white dress, and barefooted. Her face was devoid of make-up, and pale. Her eyes were great blue-shadowed saucers.

"Here I am," she said, "older than ever. I've aged years in a single night."

"You look fine," Johnny said.

"Why are you weeping?"

He wiped his cheekbones with his shirt sleeve. "Oh, I don't know. I feel kind of weak and silly. And I just had a letter from my secretary in San Francisco. Mr. Albertson has slipped me a couple of good cases. If I make good, I'm in."

"Gee, I haven't brought bad luck to everybody," she said. "How is Frank?"

"All right. He has a concussion."

"I'm awfully glad for you, Johnny."

"I can see myself now," Johnny said, "up in court, arguing with everybody. Very respectable, in a blue suit!"

They returned to the bar, and he mixed himself a short drink. Anna Marie noticed her mail. She sorted through it, discarding everything but a cablegram. As she read the message, she put out a hand and braced herself on the bar.

"They're off," she said, "at Saratoga. They're running."

Johnny set his glass down, removed the telegram from her limp fingers, and read it. The message went:

TEST WELL MALONE HILLS DRY SIXTEEN THOUSAND FEET STOP GEOLOGISTS OPINION NO OIL ANYWHERE OPERATIONS ABANDONED STOP YOU CAN SETTLE FOR TEN CENTS ON DOLLAR SHALL I LIQUIDATE STOP REGARDS ALBERTSON

"Well, that's that," Anna Marie said. "There you are. The jig is up. Lower the curtain."

"You're wiped out?"

"Completely."

"What a shame," Johnny said. "We were going to be rich, weren't we?"

"I should have known better than to trust a friend of my father's," Anna Marie said. "Johnny, I no longer have anything to offer you. I release you from your pledge, unless you are willing to wait until I can think up a few new deals."

"Look," Johnny said, "by tonight you'll be Mrs. John Grogan Smith, and there won't be any more new deals. When we're through here, you're coming to San Francisco to settle in a flat and push a carpet sweeper. You'll be a housewife, see? No more doing business, and no more private enterprise, interchange of currency and individual initiative. Only kids, dusting and the parent-teacher association."

"But—" Anna Marie started to say.

"Don't 'but' me," Johnny said. "Mrs. Redo has fingered you to the D.A. I committed perjury in here a few minutes ago. Mr. McVey intimated that if I don't marry you, you'll catch a federal indictment. What'll you take, Mrs. John Grogan Smith or a number?"

"I'll take Mrs. John Grogan Smith," Anna Marie said quietly. "You say when, boss."

"We've got to be careful of one thing," Johnny said. "That's Frank. He's in a delicate condition about us. It's going to be a great shock to him when he learns we're married. We'll have to break it gradually and—"

THE D.A.'s housekeeper interrupted them. She said she had a telephone call for Mr. Smith, and would plug in the upstairs extension. Johnny went out in the hall, trailed by his shoeless fiancée.

"Hello," he said. "J. G. Smith speaking."

"Johnny?" Frank said. "This is Frankie boy. Listen, I caulderoled the nurse for a minute and sneaked down the frammis."

"What?"

"I had to talk to you."

"You get back in bed!" Johnny said. "You're sick."

"That little bump on the head?' Frank said. "You think a *little samifrance* like that could make me interwesternate?"

"What?"

"Listen to me, I've been lying on fraggis and costaminating about you and Bishop. I've changed my stancil. She's okay for you. So she is an older massip and a little trancil. As long as she's not hot, take her. It's a good match. You'll be rich and dressed in sernals and going out every night to a glassim. I approve, Johnny boy. Take her by the hand and lead her to the alsim."

"Say," Johnny said, "that's pretty big of you, Frank. Can I take you at your word?"

"Go, my boy," Frank said, "into the dawn. Fraginate the sempil and forget all else. Farewell."

"Farewell," Johnny said. "Sneak up the frammis and get in your fraggis right away."

He replaced the instrument in its cradle and confronted Anna Marie. He was beaming.

"That was Frank," he said. "He's changed what's left of his mind. We have his blessing."

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO BE A SALONKEEPER

Continued from page 12

The famous hostesses of history upset empires in their salons. However, it is advisable for a beginner to start out modestly by breaking up a few homes and business partnerships before proceeding to the heavy work.

A piquant touch that will keep the salon interesting is to invite mortal enemies. But get a few sessions under your belt before you invite Leo Durocher and Eddie Stanky, or Louella Parsons and Orson Welles. Get those fellows acting up on you and your salon won't last long. Literary people are the backbone of a salon, but they are there to be inspired to write great novels, not to criticize one another with your best vases.

Care should be taken not to provide enough chairs for the guests. Everybody will want to crowd around Milton Berle until Lena Horne comes in, and the hostess must keep the guests in motion. Don't introduce anybody. In the high-echelon circle you'll be moving in, everybody knows one another anyway. Just stick to your sack, lady, and trust that Rita Hayworth won't go neglected in a corner because you didn't introduce her around.

Emergencies will arise. The commonest one is when an archbishop or Eddie Arcaro loses a lighted cigar in somebody's bustle, possibly that of Mary Margaret McBride or Margaret O'Brien, or both. The hostess sees everything. She cries instantly, "Everybody hit the deck!"

When the guests are all on the floor, the hostess grasps a sand pail and shovel and crawls toward the conflagration under the protection of a small hooked rug. Suddenly she springs up, throwing the sand into the burning bustle and smothering it with the rug.

The hostess should stay on the chaise longue at all other times. Otherwise people won't know that she's the hostess. It's the badge of office. Hostesses who get up and move around never wreck French Cabinets or inspire a man to rush home and finish writing Nana. The late Evalyn Walsh McLean, famous as a Washington hostess, refused to work from a sofa, but she was an exception. She wore the Hope diamond on her chest so people would know who was in charge.

After history has been made in your drawing room, and the lost art of conversation has been revived, there comes the problem of how to clear the joint. Celebrities will stick around, hoping to overhear more of your witticisms to tell Leonard Lyons that night. Then they'll say, "Lennie, I pulled a rather good one today you might use. Lauritz Melchior was telling about the time . . ."

In the old world, the hostess would signal the close of the salon day by gracefully arising, offering her hand to be kissed by her special favorites, and withdrawing to her boudoir. American celebrities don't know the rules. When you leave them they're likely to say, "Where dat dame go? She wasn't too bad-looking. Whad you say her name was? Is she sick layin' around like that alla time?" Then they open your liquor closet.

One good technique for emptying the hall until next Tuesday is to find out which one of your guests has a public appearance that evening. For instance, Fred Allen will leave a salon early Sunday evening for his broadcast. As he slips out the door, the hostess yells, "Oh, I say, let's all go to Freddie's broadcast." Or if it's the Secretary of the Treasury, she'll holler, "Let's all go to the Cabinet meeting! That would be frightfully amusing." While the crowd is milling around outside, the hostess can give them the slip.

If this fails, there's one chaser that won't. About eleven P.M. Cousin Elwood comes home from night classes at the Air-Conditioning Institute. He walks in on the salon and takes off his shirt and starts to go to bed on the chaise longue. That'll run 'em.

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

Continued from page 11

too, gazed out the window. It had been ten years since Agatha's father died.

"Agatha," Gwen continued, "you really must do something about Charlie Harper. It's most unfair. He would make a good, devoted husband. Why, he's been devoted to you since you were in pigtails."

"I know," Agatha said. "I feel bad about it."

"Then for Heaven's sake, get hold of yourself," Gwen said. "Go on and marry the poor boy."

"I'd feel worse about that," Agatha said.

"If you really knew what you wanted, I wouldn't dream of interfering," Gwen said. "But you don't know what you want."

"Yes, I do," said Agatha.

"What, for Heaven's sake?" Gwen demanded.

"I want to run a restaurant," Agatha said. "In New York City."

"Now you're being ridiculous," Gwen said. "You're out of your mind."

"No, I mean it."

Agatha came by her temper from the Christopher side; had it been otherwise she would have heard from her mother at that point. But Gwen covered her exasperation with a sigh and shoved the mashie into her golf bag. "I'll talk to you later," she said. "When you're in a reasonable mood."

Whether she was reasonable or not, Agatha told herself, at least she had made up her mind. All at once there was a new excitement, a fresh interest, and she did not regret the scene she had made in the library.

Agatha slipped quietly out of the room and went upstairs, the letter clutched in her hand. The mirror on her bureau showed her face broadly smiling.

The day's excitement had brought color to her cheeks and a sparkle to her eyes. In her best moments Agatha thought she was quite pretty, and this was one of those moments.

Her brown hair, which was very fine and hard to handle, had a warm sheen in the sunlight. Her nose was—she reached for her compact—with a dab of powder her nose was not obtrusive at all. It was not a small nose, but at least it was not obtrusive. Her lips were full and beautifully shaped. There was often a droop to them that some people thought petulant, but Agatha knew it was not petulance. It was this discontent, this vague but persistent discontent.

The sound of an automobile horn reached her and she turned her head. A canary-yellow convertible stood in the drive. Charlie Harper, of course. She was annoyed. It was typical of Charlie that he should sit in the car and sound his horn, like a jitterbug calling for his first date; he had done so the first time he was allowed use of the family car. From her window she saw him at last open the door and get out. He walked purposefully toward the house, and Agatha,

There's no Gin like Gordon's

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF 94.4

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .

Gordon's Gin

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drawing in a deep breath and straightening her shoulders, moved slowly toward the stairs.

He was already inside when she reached the foot of the stairs, and was striding toward her. He was a stocky man, with crew-cut blond hair and a pink face, and had the skin-deep cordiality of the real-estate man. But today his eyes were narrowed and his mouth set.

"Agatha," he said. "I've had enough of this."

"Of what?" said Agatha.

"This cat-and-mouse stuff. I'm not taking any more of it." He came toward her. "You're my girl, see?"

BEFORE she had time to fix her level, composed gaze on his face his arms were around her and he had kissed her roughly.

"Oh, stop it!" Agatha said furiously.

"I'm sorry," Charlie said. His hands were hanging at his sides now, and he seemed painfully aware of them. "I guess I made a mistake."

"Next time you make a mistake, Charlie," said Agatha, "please make it less violently."

"All right," he said. "All *right*. I was trying to make some sense, that's all. Nothing else seems to make much sense." He looked at her. "Now see here, Agatha, this is a lot of nonsense, running a restaurant in New York."

"How did you know I was—" Agatha stopped, and smiled. "Oh, I see. Mother telephoned you, didn't she?"

"What do you know about restaurants?" he demanded.

"Nothing," said Agatha. "Nothing at all."

"Agatha," Charlie said in a careful tone, "I wish I knew just what's got into you."

"But I have ideas about it," Agatha said. "Lots of ideas. It will be a quiet place, very plush, and with the best food in town. You'll have to make a reservation a week in advance. And you know what will happen if anybody comes in and puts ketchup on his steak?"

"What?" said Charlie.

"We'll throw him out," Agatha said.

"Seems to me if a guy wants to put ketchup on his steak he's got a perfect right to."

"Not in *my* restaurant," said Agatha.

"But he's paying for the steak," Charlie objected. The issue had become important. "It's *his* steak. He's got a perfect right to do whatever he wants to do with his own steak."

"He can't put ketchup on it, though," Agatha said. "There just won't be any ketchup in my restaurant."

"Agatha," he said slowly. "I don't know what's made you so damned contrary. We used to get along fine. I think you ought to see a good psychiatrist. I hate to say that, but that's what I think."

"I see," she said. "If I disapprove of ketchup on steak I must be emotionally unbalanced. Is that it?"

"Agatha," Charlie said. "You know damned well I put ketchup on pretty near everything."

"Then *you* better see a psychiatrist," Agatha said.

"Oh, hell!" said Charlie. "You know it hasn't got anything to do with ketchup." He glared at her; they were both angry now. "I'm talking about the contrary way you've been acting about everything. I hear you even quit your job at the library."

"That's right," Agatha said.

"I hear you had a fight with old Roy Smith."

"I did," Agatha said.

Charlie spread his hands. "Well, I give up," he said. "I just give up." He hesitated, looking at her, and said appealingly, "Agatha—"

This was the moment Agatha had been dreading; she knew she had to face it and she said, "Yes, Charlie?"

"We've known each other a long time," he said quietly. "Too long, I guess. I'm the old shoe and I guess I don't fit any more. But you know how I've always felt about you. I still do. In the mood you're in I'm not going to ask you any questions. I'm not going to say anything at all, except I'll still be here, hanging around. You go on to New York and run your restaurant, and if you need any help, you call on me."

"Thank you, Charlie," Agatha said.

She avoided his eyes, but went with him to the door. There was a vise on her heart, but at the same time there was a great yearning to be free. She wanted to push him out the door and slam it shut and scream, but she merely smiled, a little wanly, as Charlie said, "So long, Agatha," and turned away.

When the door shut behind him, Agatha turned, and found her mother watching from the sun porch.

"Mother," Agatha said, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to New York Monday morning."

"Of course it's up to you," Gwen said, with a shrug. "You're old enough to know your own mind and make your own decisions." A sly smile turned her lips. "In fact you're not getting any younger, dear."

"Twenty-four is hardly the age of decrepitude," Agatha said.

"My dear, when I was twenty-four," Gwen began, orating from the platform of experience, "aside from winning the women's state title, I had already—"

"I know, I know," Agatha broke in. "Yes, I know. Time to plan ahead, isn't it? Well, I'm planning to run a restaurant."

"I'm afraid you'll live to regret it, Agatha."

"Yes, I probably will," Agatha said cheerfully. "I'll end up a wizened little old spinster lady living not on memories but on regrets. If it's going to be that way, Mother, I'll see to it that there's plenty to regret."

AS SOON as she was settled in her room in the Hotel Westbrook, Agatha looked up the firm of Martin, Elder and Barlow in the Manhattan directory and put through a call. A secretary made an appointment for her to see Mr. Barlow at noon.

Agatha had over an hour to kill, but she was not in the mood for shopping. Her mood, in fact, was a puzzle to her. She stood at the window and looked down at traffic eighteen floors below with inattentive eyes. All the exhilaration was gone, and there remained hardly a trace of the excitement that had accompanied the first reading of the letter from the attorney.

Now in her hotel room Agatha felt depressed. She had gone over in her mind everything she had done on Saturday, and everything she had said, and she approved of hardly any of it. If she had been old Roy Smith, she thought, she would have given Agatha Christopher a sound spanking. If she had been Charlie Harper—well, God forbid.

She glanced at her watch; she had passed the better part of her hour at the window, and it was time to start downtown. She drew in a deep, significant breath, and went on her way to claim her restaurant.

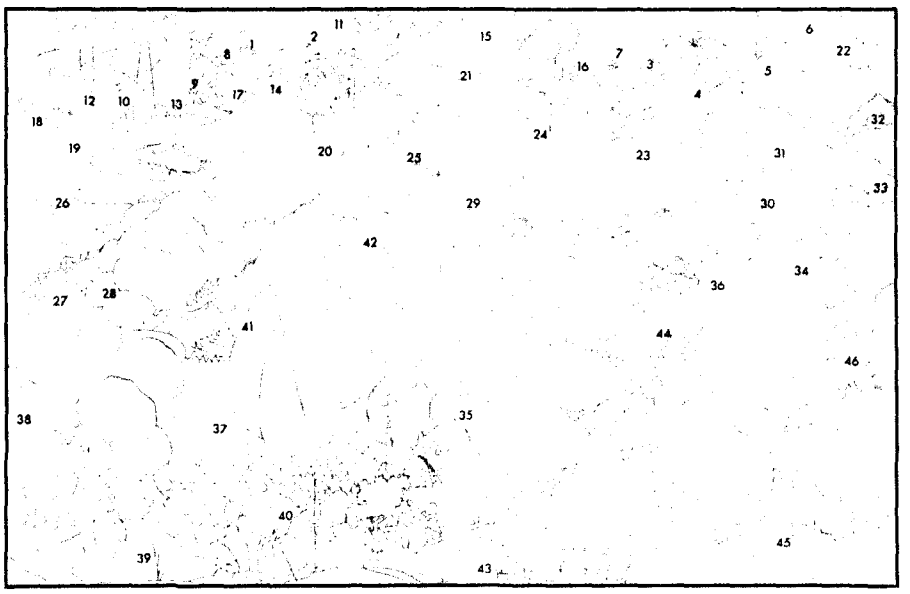
Martin, Elder and Barlow had their offices on the twelfth floor of a building on lower Broadway. A receptionist took Agatha's name and directed her to Mr. Barlow's office, third down the hall. The door stood open, probably to encourage a current of air, since the room was not large. A desk, file cases and bookshelves took up most of the space, and there was only one chair besides the swivel chair in which Mr. Barlow was seated. He got promptly to his feet when Agatha appeared at the door.

"Hello," he said. "Miss Christopher?"

"Yes."

"Please sit down. I have everything

LIFE OF CHRIST



THE 46 scenes in Ayres Houghtelling's art-told tale "The Life of Christ" (pp. 24 and 25) are identified by number in this key drawing. The story begins when (1) The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth. (2) Joseph and Mary went to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. (3) The wheatfields through which Joseph and Mary passed. (4) The stable at Bethlehem in which Jesus was born; the Three Wise Men approach from the east. (5) The route Joseph and Mary took on their flight into Egypt with the Child. (6) The Holy Family remained in Egypt (indicated by the Pyramids) until Herod's death. (7) Returning from exile unto Nazareth. (8) Nazareth, where Jesus worked with Joseph as a carpenter during His youth. (9) It was in Nazareth that Jesus heard of John the Baptist and went from Galilee to Jordan to be baptized. (10) After Jesus' baptism, the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove. (11) Jesus returned from Jordan and was led by the Spirit into the wilderness where, for forty days, He was tempted of the devil. (12) Walking by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus took Peter and Andrew as His first followers. (13) Going on, He saw two brothers, James and John, mending their nets and He called them and they immediately left the ship and followed Him. (14) Jacob's well where Jesus asked drink of the woman of Samaria. (15) Jesus delivers the Sermon on the Mount in which He gives the Beatitudes to His followers. (16) At the gates of the city of Nain, Christ raised the widow's son from the dead. (17) In the home of Lazarus at Bethany, Mary, the sister of Martha, anointed Jesus' feet with costly oil and wiped them with her hair. (18) Jesus performs the miracle of the fishes to feed the multitude. (19) Jesus walks upon the water. (20) Jesus raises the daughter of Jairus from the dead. (21) He makes the two blind men to see. (22) The Transfiguration of Jesus before Peter, James and John. (23) The lunatic child is cured. (24) Jesus teaches His disciples humility. (25) Of the woman taken in adultery, Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." (26) From a ship Jesus preaches parables to the multitudes on the shore. (27) Jesus on the path to Martha's home. (28) In the home of Mary and Martha. (29) He preaches in Jerusalem. (30) Jesus receives the little children. (31) In the Pharisee's house, Jesus sat down to meat. (32) Lazarus, the brother of Mary and Martha, was raised from the dead. (33) Mary Magdalene, who was a sinner, washed His feet with her tears. (34) Zacchaeus climbed into a tree that he might see Jesus. (35) His triumphal entrance into Jerusalem riding on an ass. (36) Returning to Jerusalem, Christ caused the fig tree to wither. (37) The Last Supper. (38) The Garden of Gethsemane. (39) Christ prays as Judas and the soldiers approach. (40) The Betrayal. (41) Peter thrice denies the Master. (42) Christ is delivered bound to Pilate. (43) Christ carries the cross, aided by Simon of Cyrene. (44) The Crucifixion. (45) Christ is carried to the tomb. (46) On the third day, the angel of the Lord announces His Resurrection to Mary Magdalene and the other Mary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congratulations, sir! Your bandaged beak is a badge of honor!

It's a symbol of service . . . a sure sign that you, like most of us these days, have been keeping your nose to the grindstone—working your hardest just to keep your family living the way you want them to live.

But what of the future? Your nose can't take it forever. Someday you'll want to retire, to take the trips and do the things that you've always dreamed of doing.

That's going to take just one thing—MONEY! And will you have it when you want it?

You will if you're buying U. S. Savings Bonds *automatically*—on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or on the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

With either plan, you're heading for real financial security. Month after month, regularly as clockwork, your money is saved for you. All *you* have to do is sit back and watch the Bonds pile up.

It's just about the easiest, surest, fastest way of building financial security that anyone ever dreamed up. And with U. S. Savings Bonds, you *make money* while you save it. Every $75 Bond you buy today will be worth $100 in just 10 years!

Of course, you can always buy Bonds at any bank or post office. But the best way, the sure and steady way, is to buy 'em automatically!

Start doing it now! Keep on doing it! And in no time flat, you'll find that you're well on your way to a permanent separation of nose and grindstone!

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING—U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ready here." He moved some papers on the desk. "Here somewhere."

He was a slender, slow-moving man, and surprised Agatha by being quite young, certainly under thirty. She always thought of lawyers as middle-aged, with paunches developed prow-like for the display of a Phi Beta Kappa key. But this lawyer was youthful, and nice-looking. He had rather a tight-lipped look, in the legal tradition, but his smile had been nice. He hardly looked at Agatha, and at once she decided he was shy, and that again did not accord with her conception of a lawyer.

HE DID, however, have his Phi Beta Kappa key. She saw it as he turned again to face her, a sheaf of papers triumphantly in his hand. She wondered idly if a Phi Beta Kappa key was a requisite to admittance to the bar, or for that matter, if all lawyers who wore them were entitled to do so.

"I wonder," she murmured, "can you just go into a jeweler's and buy one of those?"

"What?" He stared at her.

"Goodness," Agatha said. "I was thinking out loud. Please excuse me. What I meant was—"

"It's my own key," he said dryly. "See, here's my name on the back."

Agatha was blushing. "What I meant, was does the fraternity supply the keys or does— It was just a silly thought I had, Mr. Barlow, and it popped out."

Mr. Barlow was smiling, and his smile was not tight-lipped at all. It had humor in it, and understanding.

"One of the drawbacks of being an attorney, Miss Christopher, is the need of discretion," he said. "A lawyer can't just let things pop."

"I'm sorry I popped," said Agatha.

"If I weren't a lawyer, and I were to pop," he went on, "I'd say you were damned pretty when you blush." He cleared his throat and continued smoothly. "Now as I informed you in my letter, your uncle made you his sole heir. There's a little cash in the bank, which will be consumed by taxes and other fees. And then there's the restaurant property, and a few shares of rather odd stocks." He cleared his throat again. "That constitutes the entire estate."

"I'm especially curious about the restaurant," Agatha said eagerly. "Where is it? What's the name of it?" She explained, "You see I'm planning to take it over and operate it myself."

His eyebrows went up. "Are you? I thought you might be planning to sell."

"Not I," said Agatha. "I want to try my hand at running it, at least. Tell me about it, Mr. Barlow."

"I don't believe it's a very pretentious property," he said. "It's on Eighth Avenue, you know."

Agatha frowned. "Eighth Avenue? No, that doesn't sound—what did you call it—pretentious, does it? What's the name of it, Mr. Barlow?"

"Leo's Place," said the lawyer.

"Leo's Place?" Agatha's frown deepened. "I don't like that name. With apologies to Uncle Leo, I'll have to change that name." She felt disappointed, and had a premonition that running a restaurant was not going to be all she had anticipated. She said aloud, "Gee, I hope I haven't made a mistake."

"About running it yourself, you mean?"

"Yes," Agatha said, with a smile. "I had an idea it would be named Le Champignon d'Or, or something like that."

The lawyer lowered the papers from in front of his face, and grinned at her. "How about, say, the Sign of the Lion?"

"The Sign of the Lion," Agatha repeated. "Why?"

"For Leo's Place."

"I suppose you're laughing at me," Agatha said, and shrugged. "I don't blame you. Here I am, worrying about a name for the restaurant, and what I should be concerned about is my own ignorance. I don't know the first thing about restaurant management."

"I don't suppose it's very complicated," the lawyer said. "After all, you're taking over a going concern. I'll bet you can swing it."

"I intend to try," Agatha said.

They exchanged smiles, and Mr. Barlow relaxed in his chair, then abruptly recovered himself and leaned forward. "I have some papers here for you to sign," he said. "Here, on the last line."

Agatha signed the papers, and as she did so she noticed that he was covertly glancing at his watch. When she had finished he gathered up the papers and said, "There will be the usual formalities to go through. Where can I get in touch with you, Miss Christopher?"

"The Hotel Westbrook."

He made a note on a memorandum pad.

"Is that all?" asked Agatha.

"Speaking of restaurants," he said, and protested, "Isn't this place awfully expensive?"

"Not when you're taking an heiress out to lunch," he said.

Agatha made a point of observing details of the restaurant's operation, beginning with a consideration of whether the hat-check girl bleached her hair. She examined how the silverware was laid—knives with the cutting edge facing right—and the fold of the napkins. She studied the menu as if it were the first she had ever seen, and was amazed at the number of items that appeared on one menu for one meal. Running a restaurant was pretty complicated; the matter of having daily menus printed she had never considered before.

"I'm amazed at my own audacity," she told the lawyer. "I couldn't be more ignorant about restaurants."

"You'll learn," he said with assurance.

He could not know that this humble note was new in Agatha, who was not often amazed by her own audacity. Generally speaking, she was rarely in need of having her confidence boosted. But she liked it, and she became a very humble Agatha indeed. By the time they were having brandy with their coffee it was no longer Miss Christopher and Mr. Barlow; it was Agatha and Jack. The truth was that Agatha had brought this about by asking what the F. stood for in John F. Barlow, and finding it stood for Foraker, then asking if his friends called him Johnny, because he didn't look like a man who would be called Johnny.

"They call me Jack," he said. "I'm wondering if you answer to Aggie."

"I certainly don't," Agatha said. "Except with a brickbat."

"I didn't think so," he said. "But it seems to suit you." He grinned at her. "I guess you never shot marbles when you were a kid, did you?"

"No," she said. "Why?"

"Well, an aggie is something pretty special. The first real aggie I ever owned I won in a game, and I guess I was prouder of that than anything that ever happened."

Agatha was pleased to learn that aggie had any such particular distinction; she liked being set apart from the rest of the marbles. Jack Barlow, she thought, was a comfortable person to be with. It was nice knowing someone in New York who might take one out to lunch now and then, and she knew very well from his smile and the way his eyes sought hers that she would be asked again.

It came when they were on the sidewalk outside the restaurant. He cleared his throat again, smiled at her, and said, "What you ought to do is forage around, look the other restaurants over, in the line of research."

"Yes, I suppose I should," Agatha agreed.

"I'm a forager myself," he said. "I live alone, eat in restaurants most of the time. I guess I qualify as an expert forager, and I was thinking, maybe you'd let me squire you around."

"I'd love it," Agatha said.

"I'll call you at your hotel, then. Tomorrow. How about dinner tomorrow?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "I'd like that." She touched his arm eagerly. "And now," she said, "is my big moment. I'm going up to Eighth Avenue. If you'll call me a cab, I'll drop you off at your office."

"I'll walk," he said, and raised his hand to a cab. "I hope Leo's Place comes up to expectations."

He smiled as he held the cab door open for her, and murmured, "Good luck." Later Agatha wondered about that smile; there was a slight droop of the lips that even then caught her eye. He slammed the door and the cab moved away. Glancing back, she saw him standing on the corner, with his hat still in his hand, his head sticking up out of the crowd.

THE taxicab moved uptown, turned west on Canal Street, and then north again on Hudson. This moment had savor for Agatha, but uneasiness also; she was like a diner doubtful of her oyster. She sat erect, on the edge of the seat, and clutched the side strap. The taxi moved through the crowded, shabby area of the lower West Side, and Agatha reminded herself that there were some very good restaurants downtown.

Why, one of the best places to get a steak was in a most unprepossessing building, on the edge of Washington Market. In a city such as New York, neighborhoods were unimportant. It was like France. You could wander into a dingy little restaurant in, say, Dijon, and find that you were in the famous Aux Trois Faisans.

The cab drew up to the curb and the driver said, "Here you are, lady."

Agatha took one look and said, "Oh, no, not that!"

"It's the address you give me, lady," the driver said.

The neon sign was not in operation, but it was plain that the name it would garishly proclaim at nightfall was Leo's Place. She looked at the letters of gold on the plate glass and the signs that said TELEVISION and FIGHTS TONIGHT. She paid the driver and got slowly out of the cab.

"Everything all right, lady?" he asked.

Agatha gave him a look, said, "Just perfect, thank you," and turned away. With slow steps she approached her inheritance. She had absorbed the blow rather stoically, but she had not yet felt its full, delayed effect.

She paused in the doorway. The lights were faint inside the room, but she could see the gray, streaky walls, the gleams of the polished bar and spigots, and a distorted reflection of the street behind her in the screen of the television set. As she stood in the doorway, it was the first time she had really given any thought to her Uncle Leo. She had not seen him since childhood, and he had been little more than a name to her, a remote person who was mentioned always with a faint, amused smile.

But now she stood in Leo's Place, where he had done business and passed the greater part of each day. It was only the knowledge that this had been her uncle's place that kept her from turning and bolting out the door. That knowledge was a link. Agatha had never been in a bar such as this in her life, but the fact that Uncle Leo had owned it gave her confidence.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S **"Don't forget, Edwin—you promised to take a photograph of the house for next year's Christmas card"** PERRY BARLOW

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

car. My second son was born just as easily. We plan to have as many as we can afford. . . . MRS. EDITH A. GLASSMYER, JR., Harrisburg, Pa.

. . . If only 1949 could be born as painlessly. Maybe it would end that way, then. . . . KARL FLAGHART, Detroit, Mich.

BOMBAY BEAUTY

DEAR SIR: My wife and my sister have been regular readers of your greatly appreciated journal over a period of years. Herewith I am enclosing a photograph of my sister Miss Jyotsna V. Bhagat who is doing her term in college for arts, showing her reading your journal with keen interest. You may use this photograph either as a cover page or in any way you think appropriate. J. V. BHAGAT, Bombay, India

DEPT. OF CORRECTION

GENTLEMEN: I note on page 44 for Nov. 6th last column "A sodium salicylate solution, commonly known as water glass, will make your Christmas tree less inflammable if applied to the limbs." Was not *sodium silicate* meant? Water glass is a sodium silicate solution whereas sodium salicylate is combustible, is that not so?

WILBERT J. HUFF, College Park, Md.

Yes.

. . . Darned if I'm going to put any kind of sodium solution on *my* limbs to fireproof an Xmas tree! Besides I don't see how it would work. Personally, I don't plan to burn up over the holidays. Such ambiguity!

ROSE MABEL GRINSBURG, Jersey City, N. J.

WAR OF WORDS

DEAR SIR: Re J. B. P. Johnstone's ill-founded blast (The Week's Mail, Nov. 13th) against Quentin Reynolds' article on the air lift, Britain has received full credit for her share in joint operations, research, inventions, etc., in many U.S. publications. As for the British "giving" us their lands and facilities, Britain was paid rental to the tune of some billions of dollars, accepted in goods through Lend-Lease. He claims the R.A.F. defeated the Hun in 1942 alone and unaided. The greatest damage done to Germany by planes was done during the daytime. Daytime bombings were initiated by the Americans against advice of the British who later joined in.

H. B. SUMNER, Colton, Cal.

. . . Mr. Johnstone stated that the British taught us how to build planes, ships and guns. For his information the Wrights of Dayton, Ohio, built the first plane; on March 9, 1862, the first two armored battleships, the Monitor and the Merrimac, clashed in Hampton Roads; the first rapid-fire gun was invented by Richard Jordan Gatling (1818-1903), born in North Carolina. The first submarine to be operated in an open sea, the Argonaut, was designed and built by Simon Lake, of Pleasantville, N. J.

LOWELL G. STARKEY, W. Hartford, Conn.

. . . As a former B-17 pilot in England, and a European Air Transport pilot in Berlin twenty months, I saw red. . . .

IRA B. BAKER, Galax, Va.

. . . Reminds me of the story of a ship torpedoed during the war. There were two survivors, one Yank, one Britisher. Two sharks swam up, each picked a man. The shark that got the American swallowed him readily. The other circled the limey, shaking his head. Queried the first shark, "Why don't you eat him?" Replied shark number two, "See that tattoo on his arm—'We won the First War'?" "Yep!" "Well," said number two, "I get indigestion from eating too much baloney!"

D. W. DREHER, Miles City, Mont.

. . . As a Canadian I wish to take exception to Mr. Johnstone of Toronto. He takes a very narrow view. . . .

D. E. PEARSALL, Vancouver, B. C.

. . . Is Johnstone trying to start a war between the U.S.A. and England? If so he'll have to fight it alone—none of my British friends agree with him. . . .

JEANNETTE MERRILL, New York, N. Y.

3500 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

DEAR SIRS: Your article about the terrible condition of the White House (The White House Shudders, Nov. 13th) alarmed me so much I began to dream of the second story collapsing on the Russian ambassador thus precipitating an international incident. I even saw Mr. Truman falling through while playing the piano. Then one morning a few days afterward I picked up my newspaper to find that money had been appropriated to make the necessary repairs and to house the number one American properly. Congratulations on a scoop!

JONAS BERGEN, Seattle, Wash.

. . . I am 100 per cent American and resent the criticism of the White House. Its safety standard has held up under bigger men than Truman and Heaven knows he broke his neck to get back into it. He doesn't spend too much time in it.

BLANCHE T. BELL, Akron, Ohio

. . . What a prophetic piece! Too bad Mr. Dewey, the only American who became ex-President before he was elected President, won't enjoy the new White House.

GEORGE HILTEBEITEL, Westport, Conn.

MILLING MOPPETS

DEAR SIR: Three cheers for Recess by the Berenstains (Nov. 6th). We think they could have used our school playground as a model.

During recess the boys and girls conduct three baseball games, two football games, twist, turn and jump out of six swings, fall off three teeters, bump into eighteen trees, fall down four flights of stairs and during one week lose 2,000 marbles, 250 coats, 1,000 mittens, 400 scarfs, 250 lunch boxes,

100 galoshes and about $25 in small coins.

Eighteen teachers thank you from the bottom of their hearts for your kind understanding of our problems with jumping, running, falling, screaming, adorable moppets!

EIGHTEEN TEACHERS, Southside School, Reno, Nevada

"SMART DRIVER—GOT V BAR CHAIN-SAFE"

• You'll discover driving over ice and snow is easier and safer when you use WEED AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS. These new, improved chains give you better stop-and-go control—greater safety. So, use WEED AMERICAN V BAR chains. They . . .

Start Easier • Stop Shorter
Hold Straighter • Last Longer

Because of . . .

Two-Way Grip, Right and Left
288 Gripping Points • Heel-and-Toe Action

Feel Safe. Be Safe. Ask for WEED AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED Tire Chains early as supply is still limited. Get WEED *Zip-On* Tire Chain Appliers, too. Only 40c, they pay for themselves every time you put chains on.

AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.

In Business for Your Safety

LITTLE LULU

Little Lulu says... Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why Kleenex* is America's favorite tissue. With Kleenex, you pull *just one* double tissue at a time—and up pops another!

* International Cellucotton Products Co. *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NINE WISE MEN AND YOU

Continued from page 49

Okie. The law descended on Edwards because he had committed a misdemeanor simply by bringing his brother-in-law home with him.

While the country held its breath (several other states were contemplating legislation to keep out certain people), the case inched its way into the Supreme Court. The angry Court wasted no time in tossing the California law into the ash can.

Angriest of all was Justice Douglas, who wrote: "I am of the opinion that the right of persons to move freely from state to state occupies a more protected position in our constitutional system, than does the movement of cattle, fruit, steel and coal across state lines. The right to move freely from state to state is an incident of national citizenship protected by the Fourteenth Amendment against state interference." And that's why there are no state police road blocks on our states' borders today.

Group Medical Plans Aided

This has been the day-by-day story of the Supreme Court. You can belong to a Blue Cross Medical Plan today, only because the Supreme Court, on January 18, 1943, ruled that through the American Medical Association, the nation's doctors were guilty of "conspiring to coerce practicing physicians from accepting employment under Group Health Associates (a Washington, D. C., Blue Cross plan for government employees), conspiring to restrain practicing physicians from consulting with Group Health doctors, and conspiring to restrain hospitals from affording facilities for the care of patients of Group Health's physicians."

The American Medical Association physicians were shocked to learn that their noble profession was a trade, and that in opposing Blue Cross, they were—in the eyes of the Supreme Court—acting in restraint of trade.

Our whole present economy is based on a case that got under way when a man named Norman walked into a Baltimore & Ohio Railroad office and presented a bond coupon which called for a payment of $22.50 "in gold coin of an equal to the standard of weight and fineness existing on February 1, 1930." The cashier gave Norman his $22.50. Norman cast a jaundiced eye at this and said, "No, you owe me $38.10."

"I beg your pardon?" asked the astonished cashier.

"Thirty-eight dollars and ten cents," repeated Norman. "Congress has devalued the dollar, so my $22.50 now is worth $38.10 in gold coin of February 1, 1930."

If the Supreme Court hadn't ruled on February 18, 1935, that Congress had the constitutional right to regulate the value of money, this superseding the gold clause on Mr. Norman's $22.50 coupon, the U.S. Treasury would have become a financial shambles.

By the same token, our whole war economy in World War II was predicated on the OPA's price ceilings being able to hold the line on the civilian economy. And all this stemmed back to a 50-pound sack of sugar which was sold for $10.07 by the Cohen Grocery Company in St. Louis in 1920. The customer who bought the sack of sugar filed a complaint that Cohen's $10.07 price violated the Lever Act—the World War I price control law which set no ceilings but merely prohibited the sale of necessary items at "excessive prices."

Cohen eventually was hauled into the Supreme Court, where he was acquitted on the grounds that he could not have known that $10.07 was an excessive price without standards to guide him, or that he had committed a crime by charging same. To forestall such gigantic loopholes in World War II, specific ceilings were placed on every conceivable item. So whether you curse or bless the OPA, it was sired by the Supreme Court out of the Cohen Grocery Company's 50-pound sack of sugar.

Even today when you sit in on the hearings before the nine young men in Washington, you never know when something earth-shaking is going to take place before your eyes. A perfect example of this was a rather dull-sounding case in October, 1947.

The government was suing the cement industry for violation of the antitrust laws. The specific charge was that all the cement in the country was sold on a so-called basing-point system, which meant that when you bought a bag of cement, you paid exactly the same price for it, whether the cement was manufactured in your town or in a city hundreds of miles away. These basing-point rates have been a time-honored American industrial practice, the simplest example of which was steel.

"Guthrie . . . can one sue a newspaper for mentioning one in a '35-years-ago-today' item?"

COLLIER'S — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Every time you bought steel, you always paid the existing rate *plus* freight charges from Pittsburgh—even though the steel actually may have been manufactured and shipped from just the other side of town. This was a mutual agreement designed to protect all manufacturers from geographical disadvantages. But it was rough on the buying public.

The Supreme Court apparently saw it that way, too, for when it handed down its decision last April, it declared all basing-point agreements illegal. No recent Supreme Court decision has caused such a frantic scurrying all over the United States. Lowell B. Mason, a member of the Federal Trade Commission, said, "118,952 business enterprises will be concerned."

Economists are predicting that the big manufacturers will decentralize and build new factories all over the country to meet the competition of local manufacturers, who do not have to add freight rates to their prices. New cities will spring up around the factories; and *your town might be transformed overnight.*

All this is what the Supreme Court's audience heard on that historic day last October. Other recent Supreme Court audiences have watched the demise of restrictive covenants, which prevented minority people from living in certain neighborhoods; and they have seen the gradual unsnarling of the legal tangle of quickie out-of-state divorces.

"Looks as though Mrs. Kinney landed a lucky punch that time"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

Universities Lift Race Ban

On January 8, 1948, they heard the case of Ada Lois Sipuel, a girl who had been refused admission to the University of Oklahoma on the grounds that she is a Negro. A few weeks later, the university had been ordered to take Miss Sipuel in, and other Southern states were hastily making arrangements to admit Negroes to their universities for the first time.

On December 8, 1947, they heard the case of freethinker Vashti McCollum, whose child had come home from school in Champaign, Illinois, crying because of the taunts of other children who received religious instruction during school hours. A few weeks later, all such religious instruction on public-school property during school hours was declared a violation of the separation-of-church-and-state provision of the Constitution.

Sometimes there is humor mixed in with the history making. Last June, for instance, the Court handed down a decision concerning one Frank Townsend, who had been sentenced to Eastern State Penitentiary on a larceny charge in Pennsylvania. At the Supreme Court hearing, it developed that the only trial Townsend had had in Pennsylvania consisted of the following:

Judge: "Townsend, how old are you?"

Townsend: "Twenty-nine."

Judge: "You have been here before, haven't you?"

Townsend: "Yes, sir."

Judge: "1933, larceny of automobile. 1934, larceny of produce. 1930, larceny of bicycle. 1938, arrested in Doylestown. You robbed a paint store."

Townsend: "No, sir, that was my brother."

Judge: "You were tried for it, weren't you?"

Townsend: "Yes, but I was found not guilty."

Judge: "And this. 1936, entering to steal and larceny. Is that your brother, too?"

Townsend: "No."

Judge: "1937, receiving stolen goods. A saxophone. What did you want with the saxophone? Didn't hope to play in the prison band then, did you? Ten to twenty years in the penitentiary."

The entire trial lasted less than fifteen minutes, and Townsend had no lawyer to defend him. The judge thought that was the end of the affair, but it wasn't. The Supreme Court excoriated His Honor with gusto, as it freed Townsend.

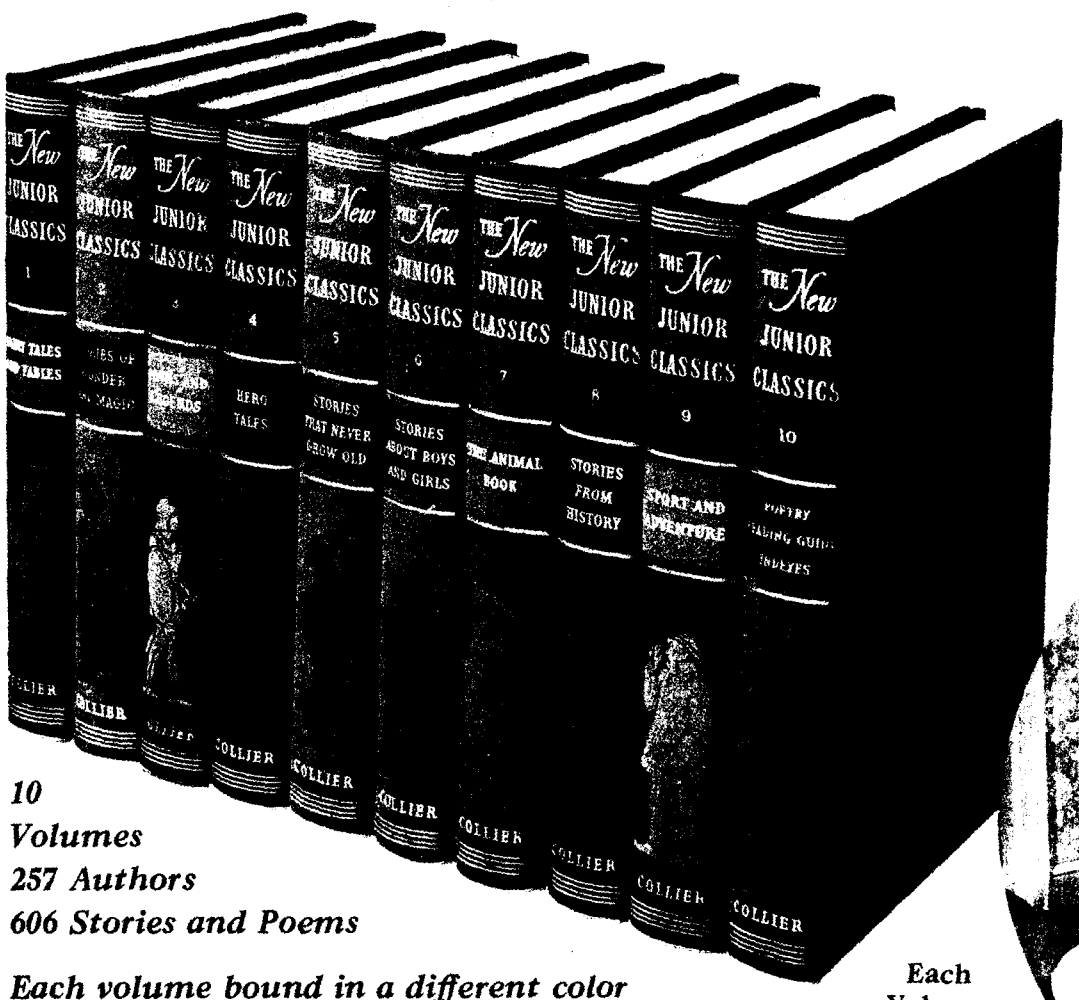
Justice Robert Jackson wrote: "The trial court's facetiousness casts a somewhat somber reflection on the fairness of the proceeding when we learn from the record that actually the charge of receiving the stolen saxophone had been dismissed and Townsend discharged by the magistrate. We also find from the record that on two other charges which the court recited against the defendant, he had also been found not guilty."

Townsend himself was not the most important factor in this matter. The important thing is that this decision will assure *you* a fair trial and will protect *you* against similar incorrect charges and against similar comedian-type judges.

In fact, if you read or listen to these everyday Supreme Court cases that never get into the newspapers, you realize more and more that nearly every decision is designed to protect *you.*

That's why your Supreme Court is (to quote Justice Jackson in another famous decision) "one of the most fundamental distinctions between our form of government, where officers are *under* the law, and the police state, where they *are* the law."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



10
Volumes
257 Authors
606 Stories and Poems

Each volume bound in a different color Fabrikoid produces a beautiful Rainbow Effect.

Open New Worlds To Your Children

Each Volume 9½" x 7⅞"

Safer Happier Hours at HOME

THE YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS

(THE JUNIOR CLASSICS)

Did you ever have a child ask you to tell him, "Just one more story?" Here in COLLIER'S "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS," you may by referring to the Index find a wisely chosen and attractively presented selection suitable to the changing interests of the growing child. The authentic versions of these time-honored stories are illustrated by noted artists, printed in easily readable type on high quality paper. Experience the pleasure of gathering the children about you and sharing with them the joy and fascination to be found in this great collection of juvenile literature.

SELECTED FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF EVERY AGE

All children, whether they read or still must be read to, will find in this set just what they want. For girls there is the charm of stories by Hans Christian Andersen, Lewis Carroll and Ella Young. Boys will thrill to the deeds of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, Roland At Roncesvalles, Poe's "Gold Bug" and Admiral Byrd's Flight Over The North Pole. There are stories in the field of sports, adventure, as well as tales of buccaneers and square-riggers.

A BRIGHTER TOMORROW IS IN STORE FOR THE BOY OR GIRL WHO READS TODAY

By placing this superb library in a child's hands, parents can stimulate a desire to learn more, aid in developing a creative imagination and lay the foundation for that priceless possession—a retentive memory. It will inspire boys and girls with a love for good books and noble ideals which will remain well into maturity. The pre-school child who is brought up with a set of the JUNIOR CLASSICS will be well equipped for his FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

NO COAXING NEEDED WHEN IT COMES TO READING OR LISTENING TO THESE SELECTIONS

From these stories and folklore of nations, the growing child will gain knowledge and respect for the thoughts and customs of peoples of other lands. This is another reason why the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" has been recommended by School Superintendents, Principals and Teachers and is used by outstanding Juvenile Psychologists and thousands of far-sighted Parents!

PROGRESSIVE SELECTIONS AID IN DEVELOPING "READING-READINESS" IN THE CHILD

The JUNIOR CLASSICS carry forward on a junior level, the policies of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard who said: "Thoughtful parents and teachers, who realize the evils of indiscriminate reading on the part of children will appreciate the educational value of such a collection." The selections were edited by two well-known Librarians, Miss Mabel Williams, Superintendent of Work with Schools in the New York Public Library and Miss Marcia Dalphin, Librarian of the Public Library at Rye, New York. As a result of many years assisting youthful users of library facilities, these experts know firsthand which books children enjoy.

A READING CHILD IS A HAPPY CHILD

Children who rarely read are, as a rule, unhappy, frequently quarrelsome, and often backward in their schoolwork. Psychologists recognize that few factors, aside from home surroundings, so greatly influence a child's future as what he reads. The normal growing child lives in a wonderland of fiction, poetry and history. Enjoy the happiness of watching your child enter fascinating New Worlds and travels through them in the comfort and safety of your own living room.

The 10-Volume "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS" can be had in two bindings—the more elaborate and colorful De Luxe Library Edition, shown in the upper left, or the Popular Edition. Each volume is bound in a different color Fabrikoid with title stamping in 22-karat gold.

Send the coupon for an attractive folder which tells more about the "YOUNG FOLKS' SHELF OF BOOKS." It is sent without cost or obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

The Young Folks' Shelf of Books
P. F. Collier & Son Corporation
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me without obligation a copy of the multi-color broadside on the Junior Classics for my Child as well as information as to how I can obtain this set under COLLIER'S convenient Budget Plan.

Parents' Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

C-3

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRACTICALLY CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 18

Christmas balls. Yeah, in all the houses except mine.

I walked down the street with my hands shoved deep in my pockets, a vague resentment of everybody and everything gnawing inside of me. There was Jimmy Pecorella's house, a wreath in each window and fresh curtains—and his old man only a fruit peddler!

Here was the Dagostinos' house, and blocking the window was a big tree, which they were decorating with electric lights—and him only a shoemaker! And now my house, the second-floor windows bare and unwreathed—and my old man a longshoreman!

ON THE way upstairs, I could hear Dominick Bianchi through the closed kitchen door, yelling and running around like a kid. He was eight and a half, but he was still a kid. I walked the rest of the way up on tiptoe; I wasn't going to have him gloat at me!

When I opened the kitchen door, Concetta and Amelia were boiling water in the big macaroni pot.

"What's going on here?" I asked Concetta.

"I don't know. We were coming home and Mama got sick."

"Where were you?"

"Shopping."

"Shopping?" I asked. "For what?"

"You'll see," Amelia said mysteriously, smiling.

"What do you mean I'll see?" I said.

"It's a surprise," Concetta said.

"What do you mean surprise?"

"Joey, you're in my way," she said, in her big-sister tone.

From inside the bedroom, I heard Mama call, "Amelia, hurry up. Get *la levatrice*."

"Yes, Mama," Amelia said, fumbling with the sleeve of her coat and rushing out past me, slamming the door.

"What's the matter with Mama?" I said. "What are you boiling so much water for?"

"I don't know," Concetta said. "Stop asking so many questions."

"I'll find out for myself," I said, and I went into the bedroom. Mama was in bed, sweating and writhing, groaning and praying. I began to feel helpless and embarrassed. "Can I help, Mama?"

Mama looked up at me with a strained smile. Her face was streaked with perspiration and her hair lay against the pillow like wet black silk. She winced back a pain and smiled again.

"Joey," she said, "you go front room with Nonno."

"But can't I help even a little bit?"

"I all right. Go, Joey."

Nonno was asleep in the rocker, his head cocked back and his cold pipe dangling from his teeth. I walked around Nonno's outstretched feet and sat on the window ledge and looked down into the street. This was some Christmas! On top of it all, Mama had to get sick!

In a minute the street lights began to come on, and I could see Amelia and Mrs. Onofrio, the midwife, running with mincing steps down the street, puffs of cold air spurting from their mouths. They crossed the street at right angles to the house, and next I heard them running up the stairs. From the front room, what followed sounded confused. I could hear a lot of voices talking together, a lot of bustling about. And then suddenly I heard Mama moan, shrilly and long—then a piercing screech—then a slap—a squeal—and then silence.

I was scared. I didn't know what to do. If Concetta and Amelia hadn't come running into the front room right then, I would have started bawling. Their eyes were shining with good news.

"Joey," Concetta said, "Mama just bought a baby."

"A boy," Amelia said.

"Are you sure?" I said. "Mama said she wasn't going to buy it till next month."

"She changed her mind," Amelia said. "That's why she told me to get Mrs. Onofrio."

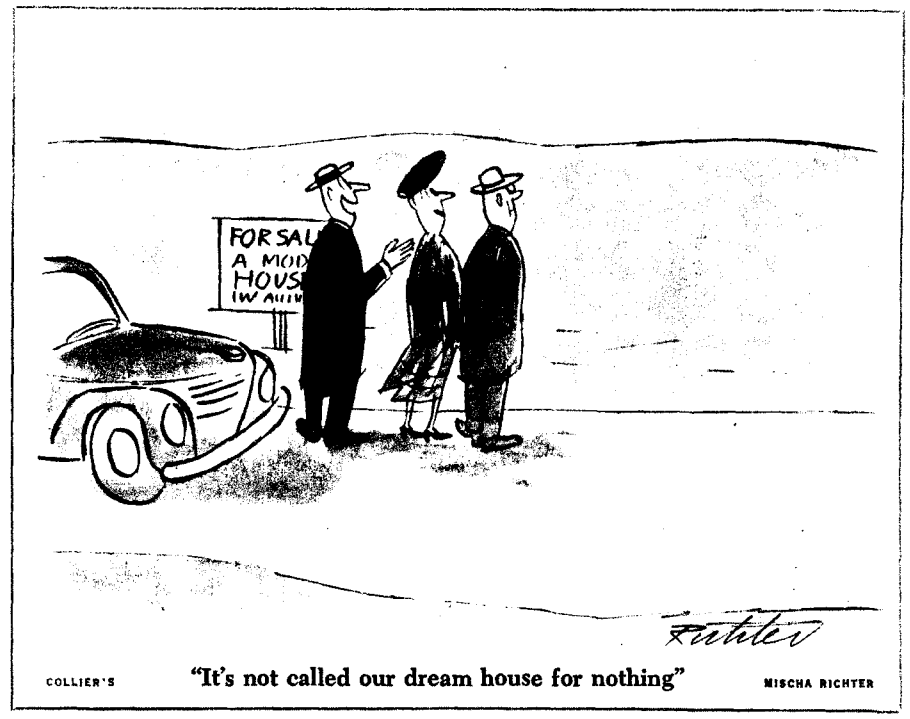
"Can we go in and look?" I said.

"No," Amelia said. "Mrs. Onofrio said Mama and the baby are sleeping."

"And now," Concetta said, "we'll show you the surprise."

CONCETTA, Amelia, Nonno and I were sitting around the table, and Mrs. Onofrio was serving us peppers and eggs out of the frying pan, when Papa finally came home. We all looked up at his squat figure in the doorway, and then looked down quickly. His coat was open and his longshoreman's hook dangled from his shirt pocket. Papa didn't say anything, just kept looking at Mrs. Onofrio with a puzzled frown, and pushed his hat to the back of his head.

Mrs. Onofrio ignored him completely. walking around the table like a clucking mother hen to see that all our needs were taken care of. She sliced the bread, salted each plate individually, and filled our glasses with milk; Nonno's glass she filled with wine. I looked up at Papa, who stood in the open doorway, his barrel chest heaving up and down. Then he slammed the door and thundered, "Get out, you fake!"



COLLIER'S "It's not called our dream house for nothing" MISCHA RICHTER

With a startled scream, Mrs. Onofrio dropped the frying pan on the table and ran, yelling blue murder, into Mama's bedroom, Papa following her with long strides of his short legs, cursing her and waving his longshoreman's hook. We could hear Mrs. Onofrio now in Mama's bedroom and Papa following close on her heels, screaming and swearing. Then the bedroom door closed with a slam that echoed through the house, and we shook with the walls.

We waited breathlessly for the next move. We were all worried. Papa was mad, and that was bad, very bad. Because if Papa got mad enough and went into the front room, he would see the surprise. Mama's surprise for the whole family. With the twenty-five dollars she saved by having Mrs. Onofrio, instead of Dr. Capolongo, buy the baby, she had bought a small Christmas tree which we had just finished decorating; and before it we had put Nonno's box of cigars, Amelia's roller skates and Concetta's doll. And smack in the center—*my* Silver Streak!

But the way Papa sounded now, he was mad enough to root up the tree and toys in his arms and heave everything out of the window.

The walls were still vibrating, and we sat at the table, looking fearfully at each other and waiting for Papa's next move.

Then, almost magically, the shouting subsided and there was a great silence in the house. As if from a signal, we all got up from the table and crept quietly to Mama's bedroom door and listened. Papa was talking to Mama with a gentle gruffness.

"How you feel?"

"All right," Mama said.

I opened the door just a crack, and looked in. Mrs. Onofrio was standing on the other side of the bed with her arms folded across her bosom, and tapping her foot. Papa was leaning on the headboard, looking down at Mama.

"Why you no tell me you get the baby today?" Papa asked.

"I no worry you," Mama said.

"If you wasa go to Dr. Capolongo like I say, you know when the baby come and when the baby no come," Papa said.

"I know the baby come today," Mama said, her eyes twinkling mischievously for a moment before she lowered them to look down at the baby.

"What you mean, you know?"

"I know," Mama said.

"You know nothing," Papa said. "You say January fifteens."

"She no say January fifteens," Mrs. Onofrio cut in. "She say three month ago to me the baby is come today."

Mama cooed at the baby and tweaked him playfully under the chin. Papa, whose face was beginning to purple with rage, was bending over her, shaking his finger under her nose.

"Then why you no tell me? Huh?"

"If I wasa tell you, then I no can charge," Mama said.

"Charge what?" Papa wanted to know.

"Charge at the Three-and-Nine," Mama said. "I charge twenty-one dollar for Nonno's toback, Amelia's skate, Concetta's doll, and Joey's sled."

Papa's jaw dropped, and he looked at Mama like she was the craziest person in the world. Mama kept right on going.

"Dr. Capolongo cost thirty-five dollar, Mrs. Onofrio cost ten dollar. I save twenty-five dollar and I charge twenty-one dollar."

"No!" Papa yelled, throwing his hat on the floor. "No charge. I take them all back! Is gotta be a practically Chrisamees!"

"Is practically," Mama said. "You save four dollar. You want more practically than that?"

"Yes," Papa said, picking his hat up and punching his fist into it. "I say practically Chrisamees, and practically Chrisamees is gonna be! I take them all back."

WE WERE sunk. Once Papa got an idea in his head, no one could do anything with him. We knew it was hopeless, especially with a principle of his at stake. He pulled his hat on, and just as he was charging out of the room past us, the baby began to cry. Papa stopped and turned around. He started to go again, and the baby seemed to cry louder. He hesitated for a moment at the door, and then came slowly back into the room.

"What it is—a boy or a girl?" Papa asked.

"A boy," Mama said.

"A boy, huh?" Papa said.

"About ten pounds," Mrs. Onofrio said.

"A boy, about ten pounds! Well!" Papa leaned over the bed and pulled a corner of the blanket away from the baby's face, and smiled at it. "Good-looking boy."

"Looks joosta like you," Mama said.

"Joosta like I say—good-looking boy," Papa said, laughing.

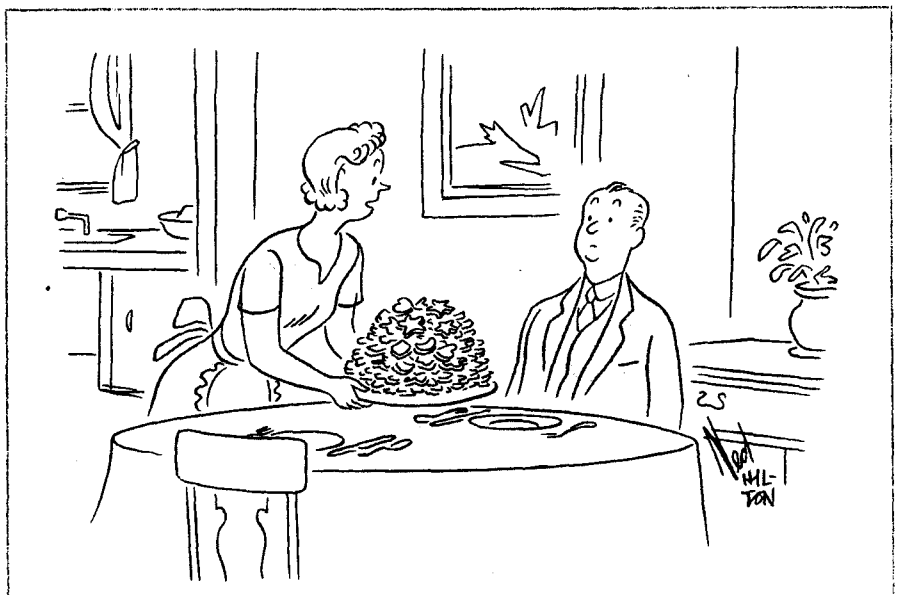
I thought it was funny-looking, all red-looking and scrunched up. But Papa was chuckling now and poking his finger into the baby's chest.

"What we call him?" Papa asked.

"Natale," Mama said, which means Christmas.

"Buono," Papa said, which means good.

"Buono Natale," Mama said, which means Merry Christmas.



COLLIER'S "I hope you like cottage cheese and grape jelly. The bridge club didn't" NED HILTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SWEET INTERLUDE

Continued from page 47

car was already filling up with plump, dull-looking matrons accompanied by their dull, middle-aged husbands. There were also a number of children, but on these Mr. Catlin did not waste a glance. Children on trains were to be avoided like the plague.

Mr. Catlin finished his drink and went in the diner. The first call for dinner had not yet been sounded and the car was empty, save for the busy waiters making their preparations. The steward greeted Mr. Catlin warmly by name. Mr. Catlin in anticipation of this greeting, shook hands cordially, leaving in the steward's palm a neatly folded twenty-dollar bill. As a tax consultant Mr. Catlin knew all the deductible items.

"Don't stick me at a table with any missionaries," said Mr. Catlin.

"I'll do the best I can for you," the steward promised. Mr. Catlin inquired casually if there was anyone on the train of particular interest.

"Haven't heard of anyone, Mr. Catlin. You should have been with us last week, though. Very cute little blond starlet —can't think of her name now."

"Well—I'll be in later." Mr. Catlin indicated a table for two. "Hold that one and remember I like to face the engine."

A BRIEF tour of the train confirmed the impression which Mr. Catlin had already formed in the club car. Nothing but old and middle-aged people, and kids. He went to his drawing room, selected a magazine and returned to the diner. It was already filled up, and the vestibule was choked with passengers awaiting their turn. Only the table which he had selected was still vacant, and Mr. Catlin sat down.

"Never saw such a dull bunch of people," he grumbled.

"Luck of the game," said the steward. "Now, *last* week—"

"Never mind last week." Frowning, Mr. Catlin picked up the menu. A shrill, indignant dowager, waiting in the vestibule, called the steward peremptorily.

"Mr. Catlin," the steward was deeply apologetic. "I'll have to seat *someone* with you. We're too crowded this—"

Mr. Catlin glanced up from his menu. "Isn't there *one* young and beautiful girl on the train?"

The steward's eyes narrowed, speculatively. "I have a passenger waiting in the club car. She's young and very pretty. A Miss Clarice Kendall. Traveling alone."

"Miss Clarice Kendall sounds fascinating." Mr. Catlin grinned. "Promote her on your list."

The steward smiled faintly and vanished for several minutes into the club car. Mr. Catlin promptly buried his nose in his magazine. Girls on trains were best handled, according to his philosophy, by an initial attitude of cool indifference.

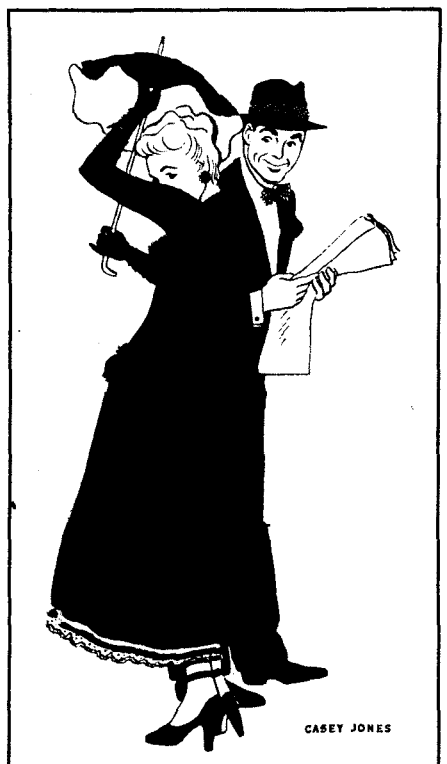
He did not look up from his magazine again until the steward, with Miss Clarice Kendall at his heels, was already hovering over the table and pulling out the other chair. Then when Mr. Catlin did look up he scowled with annoyance. The steward, who would have done better if he could, faded away hurriedly.

It was not that the steward had actually misrepresented the facts. Miss Clarice Kendall was indeed both young and beautiful, being an exceptionally pretty child of about eleven, as nearly as Mr. Catlin could judge. She wore a little smocked linen dress of pale yellow, white socks and black patent-leather pumps. She carried a small, quite expensive-looking purse. She also seemed to be remarkably poised and cheerful.

"I'll bet you're simply furious that I'm not Lana Turner or Hedy Lamarr or someone," she observed with an impish grin as she took her seat. "I thought I'd have to wait for *hours* and I was tickled pink when the man told me I could come in now. I hope you don't mind?"

"I, too," said Mr. Catlin, with ponderous sarcasm, "am tickled pink."

"Oh, no you're not," the little girl giggled. "And I really don't blame you. But it's not the steward's fault. He said that if there'd been a really gorgeous dish on the train, he'd have found her for you, but there just aren't any, and he *had* to put *somebody* at your table. He said he thought you'd prefer me to a mission-



CASEY JONES

Skirting the Subject

Man, tied and haltered,
Of woman thus whines:
Her styles may have altered,
But not her designs.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

ary." She was a beguiling, refreshing little person.

"No missionary," said Mr. Catlin amiably, "could hold a candle to you. Although I'll admit that you *were* rather a surprise. I wasn't led to expect that you'd be a little girl."

"I can't help being little," she said, coolly. She picked up the menu. Mr. Catlin, wryly amused, noted that this was but a gesture. Over the top of the menu her big, brown eyes were constantly leveled in his direction. They were fine, expressive eyes, and it seemed to Mr. Catlin that they somehow belied the poise and cheerfulness she was endeavoring to maintain. They were wise and sad and frightened.

She lowered her menu. "You know, I saw you a little while back in the club car. You were having a drink. I wondered who you were. You looked so nice but so *disagreeable*. You were scowling at everybody. And you're really not a *bit* disagreeable."

"I try not to frighten children," Mr. Catlin laughed. She lowered her eyes, sighed heavily, and blushed. Mr. Catlin, whose experience with children was negligible, was puzzled.

"I suppose you think I'm about ten?"

"No—not quite. I figured on eleven," Mr. Catlin said.

"I'm older than that." She looked up, and smiled. "Can you keep a secret?"

"I can, and will," Mr. Catlin promised, sincerely.

Her eyes shone with gratitude. She leaned toward him, cupping her small chin on her fists, her elbows on the table. She said, "I'm so glad the man sat me here with you. You're so nice. I just *dreaded* coming in here alone. Most people are horrible. You're so different."

Mr. Catlin, contemplating his plans for this trip, felt vaguely ashamed. He also felt slightly uncomfortable under the frank scrutiny of this strange little girl. "You were about to tell me a secret."

"Well, *look*," she whispered, "I'm a lot older than you think. I'm much older than *anybody'd* think, just looking at me. Believe it or not, I'm nearly fourteen."

Mr. Catlin almost believed it. Her voice and her eyes were not childish. "You don't dress or look like fourteen."

She smiled rather ruefully. "I know. I just happen to be very small—and I'm still quite—well, quite flat-chested, so when I travel on trains I can get away with it and go for half fare, and nobody even questions it or makes a stink. I don't like doing it, but it saves money."

With this confession behind her she seemed relieved. She smiled at him quite gaily.

"I don't blurt it out as a rule," she added, "but I was afraid if I *didn't* tell you, that you'd offer me your key ring to play with or something." She giggled at his puzzled, bewildered expression. "I'm only kidding. I just felt I *wanted* you to know, you're so nice." She spread her napkin across her lap, studied the menu briefly and wrote up her order in a very experienced manner.

WATCHING her, Mr. Catlin found her rather charming. She had a small pale face, entirely devoid of powder or cosmetics; her hands were slim, pretty and very well groomed, with almond-shaped nails without polish; her dark hair, cut in bangs, framed the small, sweet face very becomingly.

"Don't look so *worried*," she said suddenly, looking up. "I'm not going to spill things, or throw up or do anything childish. I *promise* you. I've traveled on trains millions of times."

"Are you *really* nearly fourteen?" he said.

"Yes, I'll be fourteen in two months." She looked at him reproachfully and sighed audibly. "And don't look so skeptical. I've *told* you I'm flat-chested and I can't help it and it's very, *very* humiliating." She stared out of the window soberly. "Go ahead and read your magazine," she sulked. "You don't have to 'entertain' me."

"Now, don't be difficult," Mr. Catlin said. He tried not to sound either patronizing or indulgent.

"Life happens to be rather difficult," she announced gravely, "when people treat people as if they were babes in arms or something."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Catlin humbly. "I really was trying *not* to be patronizing."

The little girl gave him a long, quiet glance which Mr. Catlin found both disarming and rather unnerving. "You're really very nice," she observed finally. "How old are *you?* I know it's supposed to be very rude to ask personal questions like that but grownups always do it to kids, so I don't see why *kids* shouldn't ask. I mean it's obviously a pretty good way to get to know about people. Do you mind telling me?"

"Not in the least," said Mr. Catlin. "How old would you think?"

"The Things I Want To Do!

YOU seem to understand the problems a home woman must face, judging by the letters your Pin Money Club members write you. That's why I am writing you today—maybe you can help me, too!

"We are a young couple with a boy and girl. Like all mothers, I have plans for them. My husband's salary is small and we always are struggling to keep out of debt. Even $25 more a month would help out so much in these days of high prices."

This is just one of the many letters that come to me in every day's mail. It is indeed my pleasure to tell about our friendly money-making Club—to help every woman and girl who needs money and wants to help herself.

A Michigan member writes—

"This has been my most successful year. I am glad to report I earned $382.10. Having been a member for 24 years I can look back on many benefits derived. This year I was able to buy several household items—including new rugs for our comfort."

Give Me The Chance!

I want to tell you about our Pin Money Club. Send a card or letter today for our folder, "There's Money For You." It is free—it will help you get started making the money you want and need.

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly, C-27
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She looked him over very thoroughly. "I really don't know, I'm not much good at guessing ages, and anyway those dark glasses aren't much help. I'd say you were round about thirty."

"You're only two years off," he told her. "I'm twenty-eight. Just twice your age."

"Yes," she admitted, "but in ten years time you'll be thirty-eight and I'll be twenty-four and it won't be such an *enormous* difference." She smiled reminiscently. "A friend of mine's cousin just married a man who's twenty-five years older than she is and they're both as happy as clams."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Mr. Catlin and laughed. The little girl flushed a deep red and stared out of the window for several minutes. Her lower lip trembled childishly, and Mr. Catlin, for no particular reason, felt like a heel. He hoped she wasn't going to cry. The issue remained in doubt for some moments, but presently the flush ebbed from her face, and she smiled across the table at him.

"The trouble with *me*," she said viciously, "is that I *talk* too much. Of all the *stupid* remarks! Do you think I'm terrible?"

"Don't be silly," said Mr. Catlin, kindly. "It was a perfectly natural harmless observation. One makes chitchat on trains, Clarice."

"How do you know my name?" she asked instantly.

"The steward told me."

"Oh. He didn't tell me yours."

"It's Catlin. Tom Catlin."

Her lips formed the words several times, silently, as if she were savoring some rare flavor and trying to identify it. Then she said, very softly, "I like that name."

"The steward also told me," said Mr. Catlin, "that you were traveling alone."

THE little girl looked at him steadily for a long time. It seemed to Mr. Catlin that her fine, dark eyes were a little misty with unshed tears. "Well," she managed finally, "yes—and no."

"That's a cryptic utterance." Mr. Catlin smiled. He wasn't too sure that she would know what "cryptic" meant.

"I wasn't trying to be cryptic," she said, "but it's a rather hard question to answer truthfully. And I'd like to be truthful, with you."

"Now I'm completely at sea," he confessed.

"You and me both, Mr. Catlin," she whispered soberly. "You and me both." She sounded sad, cynical, feminine, and very adult.

The waiter brought her order, and while he was setting out the dishes, she opened up her purse, found a piece of tissue and blew her nose. Mr. Catlin was puzzled and distressed to note that she was crying.

"Are you in trouble of any sort?" he inquired.

"I'll be okay," she assured him, with a grateful smile. "Just don't pay any attention to me for a bit."

Gravely she started to eat her dinner. Her appetite, apparently, was unimpaired. She ate the very hearty meal that she had ordered, with obvious enjoyment.

"I simply adore eating on trains," she declared brightly, after a long, rather painful silence. "Trains and hotels and cafés. The food always tastes so much better when you haven't run yourself ragged doing the marketing."

"You talk like a woman who's kept house for years," said Mr. Catlin, amused.

The little girl shrugged her slim shoulders indifferently. "You probably won't believe me," she said calmly, "but I have kept house—for years." She stared out of the window, scowling. "And I've loathed every second of it." Her voice was full of venom.

The steward passed their table, and Mr. Catlin turned around in his chair and conferred with him for a moment in a whisper. The steward nodded and passed on down the dining car.

The little girl waited discreetly until he went into the vestibule.

"Mr. Catlin," she said urgently, "I heard what you said to the man and you're awfully nice, but I want to pay for my own dinner, please."

"My dear Miss Kendall," he said with mock formality, "I'm sure you go to the movies and read magazines and you must know, therefore, that it's always the man's privilege and delight to pay for a pretty girl's dinner."

She smiled and blushed with pleasure. "If I was eighteen—I mean if I *were* eighteen," she hastily corrected herself, "or even if I were *eight*, I wouldn't argue with you, Mr. Catlin. But since I'm just sort of betwixt and between—well, I'd be much happier if you'd let me pay."

"At the risk of making you unhappy," he said, "it's too late. It's all taken care of. And for your information I find that 'betwixt and between' is a fascinating age."

"Okay," she said. "You win."

"And now," Mr. Catlin suggested, "would you care to explain that puzzling 'yes—and no' business?"

She nibbled thoughtfully on a radish for several moments, crunching it between her white, even little teeth. She was looking down at the tablecloth.

"Yes—I'll explain it," she said. "But not in here. I'd *like* to explain it. I don't know a soul on the train and I've been dying to talk to somebody. Just dying." She was very pale and her voice was very shaky.

"I'll finish my coffee," said Mr. Catlin, "and then we can sit in the club car or the observation car."

"No," she said. "Not where there are people."

"All right—let's go back to my drawing room."

He paid the check and they left the diner. The club car was crowded. Several elderly ladies smiled in a friendly way at the little girl, who paused for a moment to chat with one of them. Mr. Catlin, feeling slightly self-conscious, waited for her at the far end of the car. The little girl waved to him. "Just a sec, Mr. Catlin," she called out. "I'll be right there. Don't go." Mr. Catlin lighted a cigarette rather clumsily and felt even more self-conscious.

The little girl hurried through the car and plucked at Mr. Catlin's sleeve to advertise her arrival. "I had to say hello to her," she whispered. "She's been quite friendly."

Mr. Catlin's drawing room was in the next car. He kicked open the door and led the way in. The berth had not yet been made up. Clarice looked all around her, flopped onto the seat, and with one tanned, bare leg deftly kicked the door shut. She said, "This is nice."

FEELING extremely foolish and stuffy, Mr. Catlin, who had also taken a seat, got up and pointedly opened the door again. A noisy party of passengers walking through the train toward the diner paused to glance casually into the drawing room.

"Why did you open the door?" the little girl asked innocently. "We can't talk properly with people barging by all the time and laughing."

"Well, I was too young for the last war, but I feel that the older generations have failed miserably to solve the world's ills, and that it's up to the youth of the world to . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"I think we'd better keep it open," he said stiffly. He sat down in the armchair, facing her.

She laughed, stretched out a leg again, and deliberately kicked the door shut. "Oh, for Heaven's sake," she said. "How absolutely ridiculous! Nobody's going to think you've brought me in here to kiss me or anything like that. I mean that's *silly*. I'm just a child, or at least I *look* like one."

"Nevertheless," Mr. Catlin began.

"Oh—who cares about people?" she said bitterly. "People *stink*." She looked at him, hurt and defiant, sat up straight and crossed her legs demurely, pulling her little yellow linen dress over her knees. "Go ahead and open it," she said, sulkily. "I don't care. I wouldn't want you to be embarrassed. I just think it's awfully silly, that's all."

"Maybe you're right," Mr. Catlin conceded. "It *is* rather silly. We'll leave it shut."

"You're so nice," she said gently. "I like your voice so much. Why do you wear dark glasses? I wish you were fifty."

"Why on earth do you wish that?"

"Oh—I dunno." Her voice was miserable again and there were tears on her eyelashes. She brushed them away angrily with her knuckles. Mr. Catlin's hand made an involuntary movement toward his breast pocket.

"*Please* don't offer me your hanky," she said unhappily. "Some grownup is always doing that in Margaret O'Brien pictures and I always think it's so *silly*. I *always* carry tissue." She snapped open her little purse and rummaged through it. "Oh, *nuts*," she muttered, "I've used the last piece."

Mr. Catlin sat frozen in his chair, sympathetic but completely bewildered. Presently she looked at him with another of her pixie smiles.

"Now of course I feel like a fool," she observed. "Now I'd *like* to borrow your hanky but I wouldn't blame you for not letting me have it." Gravely he proffered it. She blew her nose and tucked the handkerchief into the belt of her dress.

"I'll bet you're sorry now that the steward wished me onto you," she observed.

"Oh, no. You're a strange, funny little thing, but you're very sweet, and if at times I'm a little tongue-tied, just put it down to the fact that I've had very little to do with"—he hesitated a moment—"with kids your age." He scratched his chin thoughtfully and added, not too subtly, "Particularly when they're traveling across the continent alone."

She plucked with nervous fingers at the belt of her dress, her eyes downcast. "I'll explain about that, Mr. Catlin," she said finally. "I *am* alone, yes—but, well, I'm taking my father back to New York. Nobody knows about it—not even the conductor. I felt sort of funny telling *anyone*." She looked up at him, steadily. "He died three days ago in Los Angeles. I'm taking the coffin back to New York. It's in the baggage car."

"Good God!" said Mr. Catlin. "You poor kid."

"It's all right," she said, steadily. "That's not why I'm unhappy. I—I—" She sighed painfully and leaned forward, her small, heart-shaped face very pale. "D'you mind if I talk about it?"

"Get it off your chest," he advised, kindly.

"I really didn't know my father any too well," she went on, "and I know it sounds awful but—well, I didn't like him and he didn't like me. He was like a stranger. My mother died when I was born and he always held it against me. It wasn't *my* fault, but he always held it against me, and he just didn't *like* me. So when he died I wasn't terribly unhappy. He was *really* like a stranger. D'you think that's awful of me?"

Mr. Catlin, lighting a fresh cigarette, shook his head silently.

The little girl squirmed into the corner of the seat by the window, tucked her feet under her, and relaxed. She seemed to be completely composed, but now and then her voice faltered for a moment. "I didn't live with him all the time. He used to send me off to relatives of ours in the East. That's where I'm taking him now. He has two old-maid sisters. I don't like them at all. They don't like me either. They never did. They're both sort of dried-up and cold."

"Are you going to live with them now?"

SHE gave her characteristic little shrug. "I guess so. Until I grow up. They're the only relatives I've got. They own a boardinghouse. They wired for me to come. My father had a little money and there was some insurance. I'll be all right, I guess. At least I won't have to keep house. That's *something*." She shook her head, sadly. "It's not much fun keeping house for a father who does nothing but criticize. We had a woman who did the cooking. He didn't like her either. I *loathed* her. She always griped about the way I did the marketing. And she never cleaned the house properly or anything. She was a *stinker*."

"Aren't you still in school?" Mr. Catlin asked.

"Sure. I'm in junior high. I'm pretty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good, too. I like school very much. I like to read. But, again, it's not much fun when nobody cares what grades you get or helps you with your homework or anything."

She shivered, and Mr. Catlin asked her if she would like a blanket around her.

"No—I'm not a bit cold," she assured him. "I often shiver like that when I'm upset or when I feel blue."

"Getting a bit chilly and that looks like a pretty thin dress," Mr. Catlin ventured.

She looked down at her dress and then met his eyes. "I s'pose you're wondering why I'm wearing a yellow dress and not something black for mourning," she said. "I s'pose I *could* have bought something black or gray, but I thought—well, it would be sort of dishonest. People mourn for people they love. He never wanted me to love him and I didn't. D'you think I'm awful?"

She was crying now, softly, quietly, like a child who has had too much excitement and is overtired.

Mr. Catlin, filled with compassion, sat down next to her, and put his arm lightly around her slim shoulders. For a few moments she caught her breath in little choking sobs, and then she buried her face against his coat and moved along the seat very close to him. Mr. Catlin heard himself telling her, in a voice that sounded very strange to him, to go ahead and have a good cry.

"I'll be okay in a few minutes," she assured him. She tried to smile. She took his arm, which still rested lightly across her shoulders, placed it firmly around her body, and leaned against him gratefully.

THEY sat in friendly, silent communion for about five minutes, listening to the rhythmic rattle of the train.

"I hate being the age I am and the way I look," she said finally.

"I think fourteen is a very charming age," said Mr. Catlin, "and I think you look very nice."

"No." She shook her head unhappily. "I look like a child and I act and talk like an adolescent, and I feel very grown up most of the time—and it's horrible." The train was rounding a curve and she peered out of the window. "Where's the baggage car, Mr. Catlin—front or back?"

Mr. Catlin winced ever so slightly. "I don't know," he said. "Don't think about it."

"I was just wondering"—she looked into his face questioningly—"I was just wondering if I ought to—to go back there. Just to see if—I don't *want* to, one little bit, but I just thought—"

"That's just morbid," said Mr. Catlin firmly.

"I guess it is," she murmured. "Okay then—I *won't* go." She squirmed even closer to him, and held his arm tighter around her. She kept her hands tightly clasped over his. Childishly she rubbed her cheek against his arm. She said, "This is nice. This is *so* nice. Now I feel so much better."

Mr. Catlin, who had sat with his arm around many a girl on many a train, but never around a child, was also filled with wonder. There was a strange, clean, endearing quality about this little girl, so obviously frightened and lonely, who had attached herself to him in this unusual way. He sensed her need to be comforted, but her age was a barrier that he did not quite know how to surmount.

"Mr. Catlin," she said presently, "I've practically told you my life history. How about you? I don't even know if you're married. Are you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm still quite young," he laughed. "Give me time."

"I wonder," she said, wistfully, "I wonder if—no, skip it."

"You wonder if *what?*" he prompted.

"Nothing. I was just wondring if we'd ever meet again after we get off the train. Probably not."

"Why not?" said Mr. Catlin cheerfully. "You often *do* run into people you've met on trains years ago."

"Have *you?*" she asked gravely.

He tried to remember an instance, in his own experience, but nothing came to mind. He decided to lie to her. "Sure I have," he said.

She leaned back against his encircling arm, and throwing back her head, looked up at him for a long time. "You're lying," said the little girl reproachfully. "I can tell by your voice that you're lying, and by your eyes, even behind those dark glasses. It's kind of you to try and lie about it—but it doesn't help. One never does meet people again. One never does."

She stood up and smoothed out her little dress. Her cheeks were wet with tears. "I guess I'd better go and get some sleep," she said, yawning.

Mr. Catlin got up, and took off his dark glasses. He tossed them onto a shelf.

"Why do you wear them, Mr. Catlin? You have such nice eyes."

His affectation, which heretofore had always seemed rather amusing, now seemed rather silly and shabby to him.

"Don't like the glare of lights," he muttered. It did not sound convincing. He wondered, uneasily, if she knew that he was lying now. He had a sudden impulse to tell her the real reason, but decided against it.

The little girl picked up the handkerchief which had fallen to the floor, and blew her nose again. "I'm really not a crybaby at all," she asserted, "although you wouldn't believe it, the way I've been bawling."

"You'll feel better in the morning," he told her. "Let's have breakfast together, shall we?"

"Honestly? You really want to."

"Honestly. I really want to."

She flashed him a fleeting, heart-warming smile, half feminine, half childish. "You're *so* nice, Mr. Catlin. I can't tell you how grateful I am that I sat at your table. You've been so nice to me."

SHE walked to the door and leaned her back against it, looking down at her feet. Her voice was a shaky little whisper. "I just hate to say good night, Mr. Catlin. Gosh—I wish I was six." She glanced up for just an instant, smiling through her tears as she corrected herself again. *"Were* six."

"Why, baby?"

"Please don't call me baby. I'm *not* a baby." She was resentful and sulky.

"I wasn't referring to your age," Mr. Catlin explained hastily. "It's an endearment that I often use—to all attractive females up to the age of forty. You're the first girl who ever minded."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I guess I'm just touchy. You see, I've never been called 'baby' by anyone, *ever*. Honestly."

"No boy friends?" he inquired.

"I loathe boys of fourteen."

He walked over to the door and stood very close to her. "Why do you wish you were six, baby?"

"Promise you won't laugh at me?"

"I promise."

She looked steadily at her patent-leather pumps, scuffing one against the other. She blushed crimson. "If I was six—*were* six, I could ask you to let me sleep here tonight on the couch and it'd be perfectly okay and we could talk in the darkness and it would be wonderful."

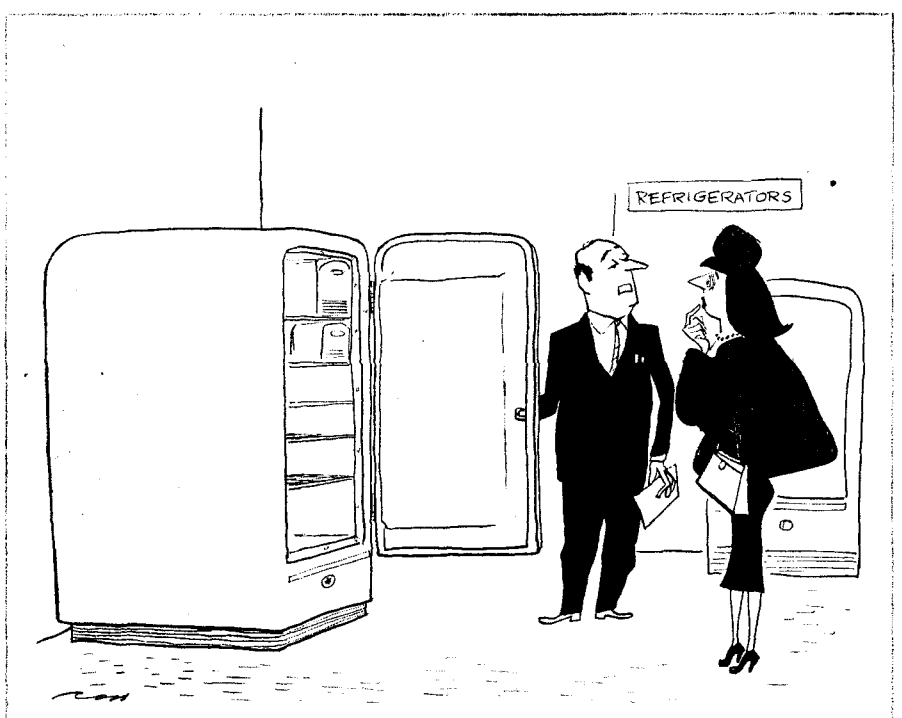
"You can sleep on the couch," said Mr. Catlin. His voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

The little girl shook her head sadly. She did not look up. "No," she said. "No. I can't. You were worried about leaving the door open, and you were right. I'm *not* six. I'm nearly fourteen. I *hate* being my age. It's like I said—I'm neither fish, flesh, fowl—nor good red herring. It's horrible."

She stared at her feet for a few moments longer and then finally looked up steadily into Mr. Catlin's puzzled, troubled face. She said, very simply, "Mr. Catlin, I'd like to kiss you good night. I *never* kissed my father. He never wanted me to and I never did. I never kiss my aunts either. They're not the type. Come to think of it—I don't believe I've ever kissed *anybody* good night—*ever*."

Mr. Catlin took her face between his hands, and gently brushed his lips against her cool, soft cheeks. Then he kissed her wet, salty eyes. She stood, absolutely rigid for a moment. Then, turning her face away, she gave him one quick, childish hug, kissed the sleeve of his coat, and hurried from the drawing room, without looking back. He stepped out into the corridor and was just in time to see a flash of yellow linen as she vanished round the corner at the other end of the car. Slowly he went back into his room and closed the door.

Mr. Catlin picked up his dark glasses and sat for a long time staring at the place where the little girl had sat. For no conscious reason he carefully removed the lenses and broke the plastic frame into a great many very small pieces. He cut his finger on a jagged edge of the plastic, and as he licked the scratch he reflected that the blood tasted as salty as the little girl's tears. He did not sleep for hours.



COLLIER'S "At present-day prices, it holds $367 worth of food" AL ROSS

Happiness Comes From Little Things!

REAL happiness cannot be bought. But there are times when a new lamp for a dark corner, an extra hat or pair of shoes would help.

Lucky is the girl or woman who is a member of the Pin Money Club in times like these. In spare moments she can make the dollars for the things she wants or needs.

So if there is something you want but cannot afford, write for our free folder for girls and women, "*There's Money For You.*" It will show you how to work in your own time doing something easy and pleasant.

Margaret Clarke
Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly, Dept. C-29
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET'S GIVE THE POSTMAN A BREAK

Continued from page 14

to the melting pot. Many of the old settlers on the route were kids trailing after him when he first came to the neighborhood. Jim is their confidant and altogether an important man in their lives.

There's much that Jim loves about his job—the open air, and the friendly people "who come to rely on you." But the National Association of Letter Carriers, listing the trials of a mailman's life, voted 228 resolutions at its 1948 convention to detail them all. Summed up, the resolutions told the story of men—the mailmen who do burdensome foot and back labor for a niggardly and grudging Uncle Sam who has lagged behind other employers in providing modern working facilities and conditions.

Jim marched a block from the postal station to reach his first "patron" (the P.O.'s word for those it serves).

"Other fellows ain't as lucky," he confided. "They lug their bags up to half a mile before they start delivering, or they take a couple of busses." He climbed a flight of fourteen cement steps to reach the first of a half-dozen frame houses perched above the street. Scientists figure it takes three times as much energy, second for second, to walk up steps as it does to saw wood; it takes twice as much energy as running or swimming. I was puffing when I came down.

"You don't mind it after a while," Jim said, "unless you get a bad ticker or a hernia first."

A little old lady, hands clasped as if in prayer, watched from her doorway as the burdened mailman made his way up and handed her a long envelope.

"You're a good man," she said.

It was the first of the month, and the envelope contained a check—one of the federal, state and county relief and pension checks with which his bag was loaded. All along his route Jim would bang the mailbox three times to signal that a check had come.

"This what you expected?" he'd ask.

Soft Answer Cures Hate

Jim chuckled as he came down. "There was another old lady, once. Used to say, 'I hate you, I hate you.' I'd tell her, 'But I don't hate you.' She left me a little money when she died."

At the corner two aged men and a young woman of twenty-five, in dungarees and blouse, were waiting.

"Any luck this morning, Jimmy?" the girl asked anxiously.

"You heard from him last week," Jim said kindly.

"Aw, that ain't fair." The girl turned away to hide her face.

Later Jim said, "Waiting to hear from hubby. He's in the coop."

In his freshly pressed uniform trousers, service jacket and newly laundered chambray shirt, with his uniformed neatness, Jim cuts a dignified figure in the neighborhood, and patrons greeted him with respect as well as affection. Once Jim became a central figure in a neighborhood tragedy. A child of four disappeared while playing in a near-by park, and it was feared she had been kidnaped.

"The prettiest little thing you ever see," Jim related. "The newspaper fellows, about a dozen of 'em, would gather round me as I started my route. Wanted to know if the kidnaper had mailed a ransom note. Believe me I'd hold my breath when I sorted my mail in the morning. But the ransom letter never came, and they never did find that little girl. I sure missed her."

Other mailmen, in other towns, have made their daily visits as significant for the part they played in neighborhood life as for the mail they carried. Take Charlie Dillon, now president of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) branch of the Letter Carriers Association. The neighbors used to call him "Chamberlain" when he delivered the mail. He alone could appease two quarreling families and prevent them from coming to blows. A jowly 200-pounder with the presence of an Irish ward leader, Charlie would glare first at one party, then at the other until the two would let up.

Jim's uniform costs him $46. (It used to cost $18.) He buys one a year, pays for it himself, but is not permitted to charge this or the three pairs of shoes he buys against income for tax purposes. Dogs, one of the mailman's sorest trials, have complicated Jim's uniform problem by sinking their teeth into his legs on five occasions. Once Jim neglected to get medical treatment until he was through with his rounds, and doctors feared tetanus had set in. But the surgeon's knife saved the day.

Whenever he was bitten after that he would hasten to a neighborhood doctor, paying for the treatment out of his own pocket. Unless a disabled mailman is treated at a Marine or other federal hospital he must pay for his own hospitalization even if hurt on the job. Michigan law is harder on dog owners than are most states which operate on the common-law principle—that a dog is entitled to at least one bite before his master can be sued, a dictum which mailmen describe as "one bite on the house." Jim has never sued anyone because of a dog.

"I try to make friends with them when they're puppies," he says. "That way it works better."

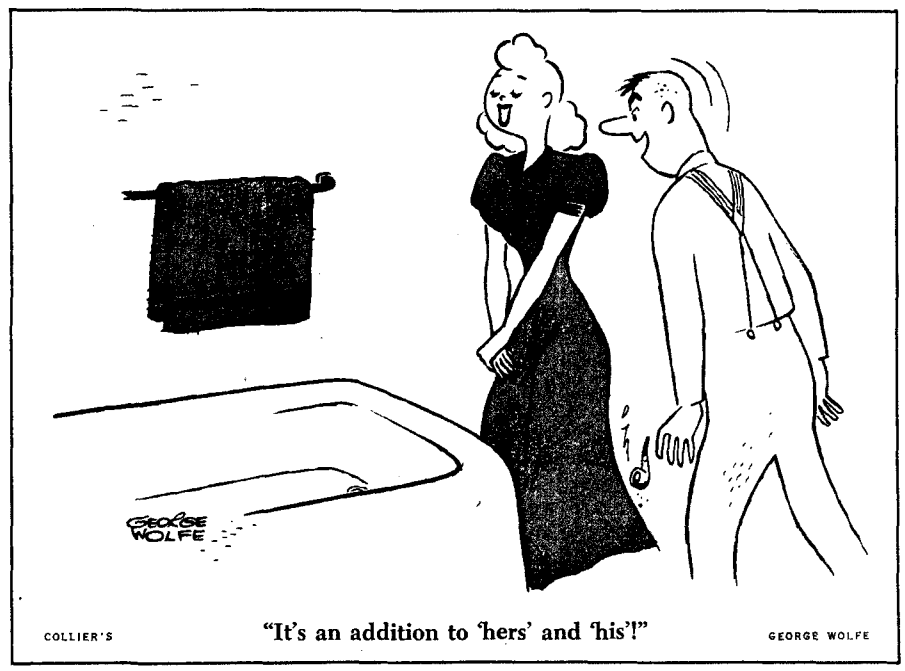
When a dog bites he often takes with him a big chunk of the mailman's income. Here's why. Jim earns $3,550 a year which spells out to $61.50 in weekly take-home pay. Injured on the job and unable to work, his income falls to $26.50 a week. For with letter carriers Uncle Sam is a hard-fisted boss. The law allows a mailman two thirds compensation, figured on a maximum wage of $2,100 yearly. Mailmen's wages were lower when compensation rates were fixed in 1916 and nobody has taken the trouble to bring them up to date.

Besides, foot and leg ailments, heart ills and hernia, all of which mailmen say result from their work, are not regarded as occupational ailments by the U.S. Compensation Commission. Suppose Jim broke a leg while delivering mail on an icy stoop. He would not get paid for his first three days away from the job—and unless he had sick leave to draw on, he would have no income for that time.

Sick leave is another sore point with the mailman. Despite heavy outdoor work, which makes colds and pneumonia a common occupational hazard, the mailman gets less sick leave than civil servants with light jobs in heated buildings.

Jim gets a yearly checkup by his own doctor. Although, at the end of the day, he's now "beginning to feel it in the legs," his heart "keeps ticking away good." Five fellow carriers in Jim's union aren't so lucky. Partially disabled by bad hearts and hernias, they have sought less taxing clerical work indoors only to run into rigid seniority rules. Even if disabled in the line of duty, a mailman with long years of service behind him must wait his turn for a post office clerk job. And then he probably will go on nightwork.

Jim gets by on his pay. His three sons and daughter are married, so he has only himself and his wife, Jennie, to support. In three years he'll retire on $1,500 a year. But younger mail carriers with growing families have tough going. A Washington, D. C., mailman's wife told investigating congressmen last year her food budget was so tight that one of her three little boys asked for a pound of butter for Christmas.



COLLIER'S "It's an addition to 'hers' and 'his'!" GEORGE WOLFE

In two hours of house-to-house trudging, Jim had worked off his mail load, but a mailman's bag is never empty. As he went, he collected outgoing mail, and this plus mail from the street box which he had emptied into his bag now made a sizable bundle. He would haul this about until he returned to the post office several hours later. In the meantime, postal trucks deposited additional mail loads for Jim at relay points along his route.

"The moment this old bag gets lighter," Jim said, "we hit a relay point." The 35-pound load he had carted from the postal station, supplemented by three refills and another trip in the afternoon, would bring his total burden for the day to almost 200 pounds.

The letters that weigh most on the mailman aren't necessarily those that are heaviest. They are the registered mail for whose contents he is personally responsible. The letter must be delivered into the hand of the person to whom it is addressed or to a close relative. A mislaid "register" is a nightmare to all mailmen. Jim (like mailmen everywhere) knows the story of the New York City carrier who lost a "register" containing a $1,000 cashier's check. The hapless mailman put it down near his sorting case and forgot about it. So he had to replace the $1,000. Fellow carriers throughout New York City chipped in to help him make it good.

His morning delivery done, Jim started back to the post office for a respite of 45 minutes and his lunch: a ham sandwich and coffee. In other post offices, mailmen are forced to wait as much as two hours before starting out on their afternoon rounds, but Jim is lucky. He can begin his second trip right after lunch, and will get home that much earlier.

According to Jim's reckoning he had covered six miles on his morning rounds carrying his 35-pound load. He totes his bag six days a week, for the post office insists on spreading his forty hours over six days.

The Hard Way Is Expensive

The way Jim and his fellows do their work, by foot and by hand, is part of the reason the post office has been subjected to increasing fire. For the hard way is the expensive way, too.

With its $1,650,000,000 (estimated) income last year, the Post Office Department was the world's biggest business. And with its half-million employees it was the world's biggest boss. Yet the department has no research and development unit to study short cuts and reduce costs. Nor does it have methods or management engineers, now common in other government agencies, to study the most efficient disposal of its man power. No industry with a small fraction of the post office's income would try to stay in business without these common-sense aids.

"Sure the department moves mountains of mail," Congressional critics jeered. "But it does it the way Pharaoh built the pyramids, through the sheer weight of numbers."

This year American taxpayers will have to dig down into their pockets to make good a half-billion-dollar loss which the Post Office Department will incur on its operations. In all fairness, the department, a service organization, should not be judged alone by its earnings or losses. Its deficits can't be blamed altogether on faulty methods, for the post office performs many vital public chores at less than cost.

Then too, postal officials are not complete masters of their domain. Jesse Donaldson, the first Postmaster General who had been a letter carrier previously and who therefore knows the P.O. from the bottom up, must go to Congress for rulings on wages and rates and for appropriations for facilities and equipment.

Still, the faithful old post office needs a shot of mechanization and a going-over by efficiency experts. Herbert Hoover, chairman of the Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of Government, reported in November that $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 every year could be sliced from post office costs by efficient operations.

Nineteen forty-nine could be the year to have mechanized equipment and new methods come to the rescue. For instance: Why not a mobile post office—a postal station on wheels that would take the mail off the carrier's back and bring you the P.O.'s wares and services—stamps, letter registry, parcel weighing—right to your front door?

In the second and final installment of this article, the author takes you into the future—shows you what the mechanized post office might be. But there are odds against it. Next week read the blow by blow account of the Post Office Department's unbelievable battle against modernization and economy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOUGHEST COP IN BERLIN

Continued from page 21

"Yeah, Mike, you go out and get them. Take three of the boys with you."

"What for?" Mike protested. "I can do this alone."

"You gotta have someone to drive the cars back," Carlucci said mildly. So Mike left and we were alone in the Office of the Director, Criminal Investigation Division, Department of the Army, Berlin. That's Carlucci; Director of the C.I.D., which makes him the top cop in the American sector of Berlin. There are 1,500,000 Germans living in the American sector, and any time any one of them commits a crime against Army personnel or property it is up to Carlucci to bring him to justice. It is also his job to bring to justice any G.I. or officer who commits a crime against the German citizens in the sector. This, however, was not the job for which the French government gave him the *Croix de guerre* (with palm) and the coveted Legion of Honor.

Clean-Up Job in Marseille

Ray Carlucci began the war as a private. He emerged as a captain. The Army was smart enough to put him in its Criminal Investigation Department and he did a lot of work with the French in North Africa and with the Italians in Naples. The Army gave him the Bronze Star for that. Later he was handed the hardly enviable job of cleaning up Marseille, and if you hit Marseille in wartime you know that this was not a job for a Milquetoast.

The French might well have cleared up Marseille themselves (although they haven't made much progress in a hundred years) but it is a fact that American G.I.s never take kindly to foreign cops or MPs even if such cops wear the uniform of brave allies. The French asked that Carlucci take over the job, and he did. There was an eleven-o'clock curfew in Marseille, and Carlucci knew if he could enforce that he would get on top of the situation.

"They thought we were kidding about the curfew," Carlucci said. "Life was usually getting started in Marseille around eleven at night. But I had two big boys with me. Nice boys, too, who could hit very hard indeed if need be. Both of them were Negroes and they'd never heard anything about fear. We'd go into a joint at eleven and I'd say, 'Everybody pay their bill and scram outa here.' We didn't have much trouble with the G.I.s. Sometimes the people who ran the joints objected and tried to ease us out. My two big boys didn't like to get run out of places. Me, either. So now and then we had a little trouble, but I will say we never had to use guns.

"Sometimes a character would pull a knife, but my boys were brought up on knives. They could throw a punch faster than anyone could throw a knife, and then they would toss the knife thrower into the clink. Well, we cleaned up Marseille pretty good, and not many of our G.I.s got hurt. Anyhow that's what the French gave me these medals for."

When the war was over, General Lucius Clay heard about Ray's record and assigned him to act as C.I.D. chief in Berlin. Carlucci has held the job down ever since, and virtually everyone in Berlin (except a few characters who now languish in nonair-conditioned jails) will tell you that the boyish-looking thirty-eight-year-old gent with the quick grin and the soft voice has done very well.

If you ask General Clay (I did) about Carlucci he will say, "He's done a fine job, a remarkable job." If you ask Colonel Frank Howley, commandant of the American sector in Berlin (I did) about Carlucci, he will say, "Ray is all right. He's a man you can depend on. And do you know something? He never carries a gun."

If you ask the boys around the Press Club on Sven Hedin Strasse (I did), you'll hear someone say, "Best thing Ray does is keep kids out of trouble. When he finds German kids who have been out of order he goes to their parents and gives the parents hell. And he's kept many a young G.I. from being court-martialed. You'd never think it, but Ray was a bad boy himself one time and he understands how wild kids can get. Yeah, Carlucci is all right. We're lucky to have him here in Berlin."

When Carlucci says that he was a dead-end kid he is not fooling. Some months ago Communist newspapers in America attacked Carlucci savagely. They dug up the fact that before the war he had been an undercover man who occasionally wangled his way into Communist-controlled unions for the purpose of blowing a very loud whistle. He was then working for Joseph P. Ryan, president of the International Longshoremen's Association (affiliated with the A.F. of L.).

Headlines Hurl Accusations

With their usual fine restraint they screamed that Carlucci had been a "fink" and a strong-arm guy who went around busting the skulls of honest laboring men with a baseball bat. A headline in one of the Communist papers announced, "Army's Top Cop in Berlin Was Labor Spy." They told, too, of how he had run afoul of the law as a young man and of how he had broken his parole.

The Secretary of War sent General Clay a message suggesting that he get rid of his "top cop." The general told them in Washington that Carlucci had never made a secret of his past. Clay also handed the Army brass a copy of Carlucci's war record with commendations from every commanding officer under whom he had served. He told them of the fine job Carlucci was doing in Berlin. When Clay goes to bat for one of his men he takes a full swing. General Clay is a soft-spoken man with a charming smile. But he can be very tough, even with the very top brass. Carlucci stayed on the job.

"You know, the Communist papers weren't too far off," Carlucci says with rueful frankness. "Except for that crack about the baseball bat. I was a dead-end kid, as I told you. I got mixed up in a crap game once and then got in a fight, and the first thing you know I was in court. I was sixteen. I got a suspended sentence. I was supposed to report to a parole officer but I skipped one report and went to a reformatory for fifteen days. After that I held all sorts of jobs around the docks in Hoboken and Union City.

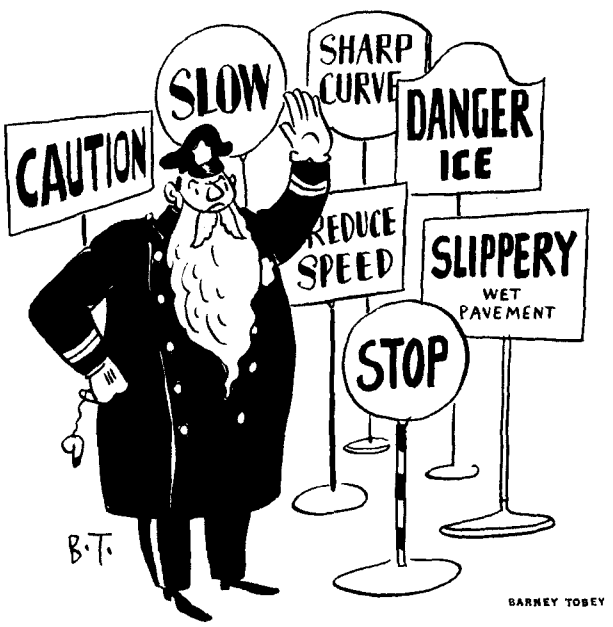
"Yeah, I did a lot of things as a kid I'm not proud of. Who hasn't? But then I got into the Army. Some guys maybe the Army is no good for. It made me grow up. You work for men like General Clay and Colonel Howley and you're bound to grow up. You're bound to develop a sense of responsibility."

Carlucci took over the job of running the C.I.D. in Berlin in 1945, right after Colonel Howley and his American military government men moved in. The job was one which might have discouraged a more experienced cop than Ray Carlucci. He was thirty-four then, well set up, but he weighed only 140 pounds, which is all he weighs today.

Berlin was filled with dubious characters with no papers, no visible means of

Ounce of Prevention

"Deaths from motor vehicle accidents both on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day are two to three times the annual daily average . . . Last December the death rate was 58% over the average monthly rate. Traffic accidents killed 3,190 and injured nearly 100,000 people."—National Safety Council.



THE BLIGHT ABOUT CHRISTMAS

December, the jolliest month of the year,
Is crammed to the valance with holiday cheer—
Reunions and parties, and turkey and pie,
The kids home from school with their spirits sky-high.
But though it's the season when everyone's merry,
It's likewise the month when we all must be wary,
Especially out on the highways at night,
When drivers contend with a shortage of light,
That makes the pedestrian harder to see
As out he cavorts from the lee of a tree.
To take foolish chances is downright insane
On boulevards skiddy from snow or from rain.
Remember, it's pleasanter, far, to arrive
Wherever you're going, intact and alive.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

WANT EXTRA INCOME
during 1949?

With a little spare time—with no financial outlay—you can now start a profitable business of your own taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and *all* popular publications.

There are probably hundreds of homes within a one-mile radius of yours, in which Collier's, The National Weekly, and other leading magazines are read regularly. These magazine readers prefer to place their subscriptions through a local magazine service.

Many of your friends are already subscribing—their renewals will pay you the same generous profits as new subscriptions. You can enjoy profits year after year by looking after the same subscriptions while new ones swell your total earnings.

A Profitable Business in Spare Time

Right in your own home, you can build up a paying business by telephone or mail. No door-to-door selling is necessary. When you discover how easy and profitable it is to establish a neighborhood subscription service, you will want to start earning extra income at once.

For money-making supplies, *just mail a penny postal or the coupon now!*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-41
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

How can I make EXTRA INCOME in spare time?

Name_____
(Please print)

Street_____

City_____ Zone No._____

State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

support, and no affection for, or inclination to obey, the Ten Commandments or the law as set forth by American military government. For the most part these were not Germans; they were members of the Spanish Blue Division, which had fought against Russia, or they were French collaborationists who quite rightly feared to go back to France. They were renegade Poles and Yugoslavs and Greeks, and they were Italians who felt that the pickings would be better in Berlin than in Rome. Most of them had managed to steal American uniforms and all of them had larceny in their hearts.

"We didn't have much trouble with the Germans then and we don't now," Carlucci says. "But these characters would steal the fillings outa your teeth. Especially automobiles. They were very good at stealing automobiles. They would steal them in our sector and hustle them over to the Russian sector. They'd repaint them, get new license plates for them and sell them."

Russians Like His Approach

This posed a delicate problem for Carlucci. If you followed a stolen car into Soviet territory the Russians might not like it. They were showing increasing signs of touchiness. Carlucci didn't know anything about protocol. Hell, he was a cop. So he just stormed into Russian C.I.D. headquarters and asked for the headman. He told the headman the situation. He explained that he was no political cop. He was just a guy who wanted to nab anybody who was stealing or murdering, and how about a little cooperation? The Russians, who seem to understand the direct approach better than they do the diplomatic, liked Carlucci's attitude. Henceforth he could follow stolen cars anywhere he wanted.

"Funny thing," Carlucci says, as though puzzled at it himself. "Me and the Russians hit it off fine. You see them all there when I got these medals?"

Carlucci has thirty American agents and ten Germans working out of his headquarters at Andrews Barracks. In addition, he can call on the American MPs any time he needs them or he can use any or all of the 3,000 German police in Berlin. On one occasion he used not only all of these, but the Air Force as well, to solve a murder mystery.

One day on the list of G.I.s who were A.W.O.L. he found the name of Corporal Stanley Claycomb. Several days went by and the corporal's name remained on the list. There was no reason why Carlucci should take on what was a routine job for the MPs, but he found himself thinking about the young corporal, and one day he went to see the men in Claycomb's outfit. They all expressed themselves as being amazed at the corporal's absence.

"He just ain't that kind of a guy," a sergeant told Carlucci. "Besides, he had a girl. Not one of these *Fräuleins* you can have for a couple of cigarettes, but a real nice girl."

"Maybe he ran off with her," Carlucci suggested.

"Not a chance. This girl can't run," the sergeant said. "She's a cripple. Yeah, she's in the hospital now."

Carlucci went to see her and she was a nice girl. She was horribly worried about her corporal, too. She had been stricken with osteomyelitis and Corporal Claycomb had sent her to the hospital and was paying the doctor bills. One of Claycomb's pals told Ray that the corporal never smoked or ate candy or used any of his Post Exchange rations; he sold everything to pay for his girl's doctor bills. There was some Kraut dentist near Tempelhof who bought chocolate sirup from the kid, someone remembered. Matter of fact, Claycomb had mentioned that this dentist owed him quite a bit of change.

Carlucci sent his boys out to round up any dentists who lived in the Tempelhof area. They came in with Dr. Werner Raabe, a calm, cool customer who had been a paratrooper in the German army during the war. Yes, he remembered Corporal Claycomb, a very fine young man. Claycomb had sold him a few cans of chocolate sirup and he had paid the soldier.

Carlucci and his boys examined Doctor Raabe's apartment, which also contained his dentist's office. Carlucci noticed what appeared to be bloodstains on the wall. Could be, Doctor Raabe said easily, sometimes a patient did bleed. There was a balcony outside the living room of the flat. Ray found a small hatchet there and the back of it was rusted.

"Maybe you hit the corporal on the head with this and then washed the blood off with water," Carlucci said. "It's only the back of the hatchet that's rusty."

"Really," Doctor Raabe laughed. "This is absurd. You accuse me of murder and you haven't even any proof that the corporal is dead."

"That's right." Ray said softly, because he just isn't a loud-voiced character. He told Mike Strauch and Big John Weber (once a cop in Baltimore) to go over the flat with a fine comb. He told Pat Gallagher to analyze anything that looked suspicious. Gallagher is in charge of the well-equipped C.I.D. laboratory in Berlin. Then Carlucci went looking for a body. He asked the Air Force to help. They sent low-flying airplanes searching the Tempelhof area. Ray asked the infantry and the M.P.s for a thorough search of the neighborhood. A week later they found the body under the rubble and debris not far from Raabe's home.

Meanwhile, Pat Gallagher had turned up something in his laboratory. He had found plenty of Claycomb's fingerprints, but he had also found a small thatch of bloodstained hair under a splinter of wood a foot above the doorjamb in the opening between the dentist's office and living room. The blood was the same type as Claycomb's. He found a suit of Raabe's at the cleaners. It hadn't been cleaned as yet and it too showed bloodstains. Carlucci, who had been keeping Raabe on ice on a technical black-market charge, brought him into his office.

"You got into a fight with Claycomb," he said quietly. "You struck him with this hatchet and killed him. You dragged him through the doorway and his head hit the side and a splinter picked up some of his hair. You carried him downstairs on your back but some of the blood got on your coat. You brought him out in back of your house and piled bricks and debris over him. You oughtn't to have done that, Doctor."

"We were having a drink," Raabe said, sweating now. "He swung at me with a bottle and I took the hatchet and hit him to save myself. It was self-defense."

"But, Doctor Raabe," Carlucci said mildly. "This boy was hit on the back of the head. And, Doctor, he was sitting down when he was hit. It isn't self-defense when you hit a sitting man on the back of the head with a hatchet. Now, Doctor Raabe, you and I are going to sit right here until you tell me the truth."

It went on for eight hours —persistent, endless questioning. Raabe was an ex-paratrooper. You couldn't have beaten a confession out of him with a lead pipe. But he finally broke down. He had owed the corporal several hundred marks for canned chocolate sirup and he killed him to escape paying the debt. He was tried and sentenced to death.

The black market has always been one of Carlucci's biggest headaches, but with a few exceptions illicit traffic in Army-rationed goods never really reached astronomical proportions. There were (and are) a few big operators, but Carlucci has caught up with most of them. What is still loosely called "black-market" operations is as often as not a method of barter which custom has made legitimate.

"It's like this," Carlucci went on. "The Russians keep yelling in their newspapers that the Americans are a bunch of black-market operators. All our boys have always done is to barter their own cigarettes, soap, candy and watches for luxury goods; things which do not deprive the German economy or population of vital commodities.

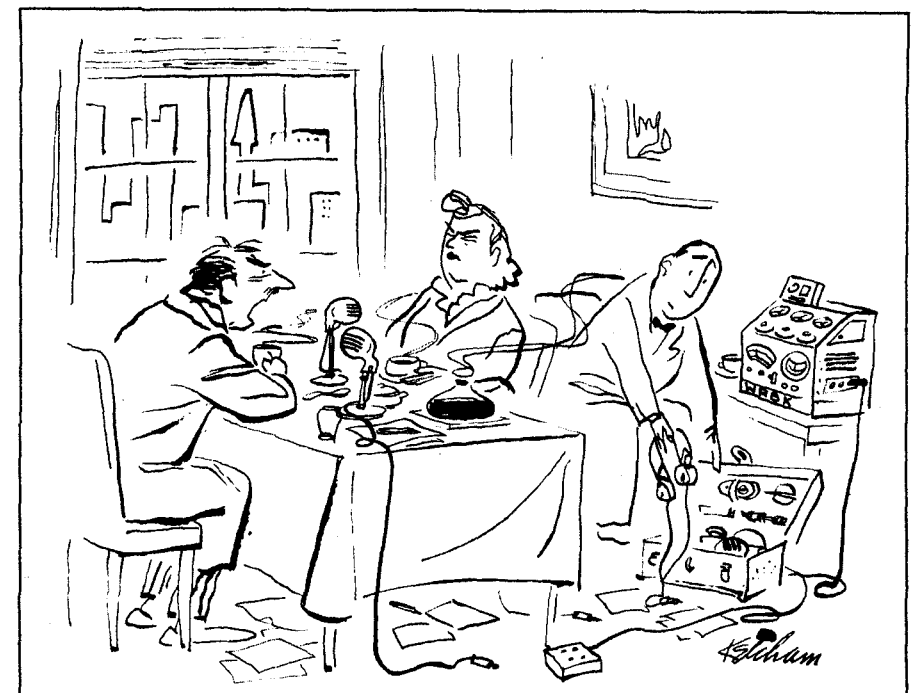
"Thousands of German kids are eating chocolate today and drinking powdered milk because some American would rather have a bit of Meissen china than he would the chocolate or the milk. I really enjoy"—Carlucci grinned—"going after professional black marketeers whose activities actually deprive German civilians of essential commodities, but you'd be surprised how few of them there are."

"How would you enjoy going after the guy who stole the boss's rug?" I asked.

"I was hoping you didn't know about that," he said sadly. "The general had been in Frankfurt for a couple of days. When he came back to his office, damned if his rug wasn't gone. So he called me in. I questioned every workman who had been in the building while the boss was away. I couldn't get a thing out of any of them. The rug was gone. It's still gone," Carlucci said unhappily. "And every time I meet General Clay he says, 'Carlucci, when are you going to return that rug of mine?' "

He shook his head. "You know what the rug was worth? Maybe ten bucks. That's all. And when I leave here that's what they'll remember me by. They'll say, 'Carlucci? They stole the general's rug right from under his nose. That's the kind of a cop Carlucci was.' "

Maybe someday General Clay will confess to Carlucci that the whole thing was a gag and that the moth-eaten rug was not stolen but thrown away. But I won't tell Carlucci that. You don't catch me blowing the whistle on a four-star general.



COLLIER'S

"Very well, I'll give you a divorce— but I insist on custody of the program!"

Guess What?

Just to be different, we present a quiz in reverse. Below are ten answers. All you have to do is figure out the questions. After you have given up, see next page.

THE ANSWERS

1. Yes, you

2. Seattle

3. Married

4. 7,250,225

5. (C)

6. No thanks, just had some

7. Thirty-five stories

8. Adams, Jefferson, Grant, Harrison, Taft, Roosevelt

9. A man who racks up balls in a billiard parlor

10. Nothing

—CARL H. WINSTON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OPEN SEASON ON GEORGE

Continued from page 28

In their seats again, George asked, "Where'd you find the meat ball?"

"Janet?" Lilly shrugged. "The woods are full of them, George. And once word gets around that you are no longer under special contract to me, your hair will be full of them, too. I promise."

"I can wait," George Wayne said.

But he hadn't long to wait. As the curtain fell on a sodden third act and the audience moved out adjusting their coats and furs below disconsolate faces, Janet Graham tugged at his elbow.

"I have so many questions I want to ask you," she told him. "And my apartment is right near the theater. Won't you come up for a nightcap, Mistuh Wayne? You too, Lilly, of course."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," Lilly said, "if you're sure I won't be in the way."

"You can talk to me," Jack Forbes said.

Miss Graham's apartment was not quite as near the theater as she said it was, and reaching it necessitated a taxi ride for which George Wayne had to pay since Lilly Pallin drew Jack Forbes away from the cab when it stopped.

"Somebody is in the chips," Lilly Pallin said as lights flashed on to reveal a turquoise blue and beige living room with modern blond woods and turquoise satin chairs and an Utrillo in a huge white frame. Miss Graham's eyes flashed a mean turquoise themselves.

"I wanted to live at the Studio Club or someplace like that," she said earnestly, "but my guardian insists that a girl with the trust fund my father set up for me must have a proper background."

"It's proper, all right," Lilly Pallin said.

"Mistuh Wayne," Janet Graham was saying, "I want to show you something."

"Shall we leave the room?" Lilly asked.

Miss Graham laughed some of her golden laughter. "Of course not," she cooed, "unless you want to. I tell you what, why don't you and Jack mix the drinks? Jack knows where everything is. I want to show Mr. Wayne something."

"Call him George," Lilly said. "You have my permission."

"Oh—may I, George?" Miss Graham asked.

"I suppose so," George Wayne said without any particular enthusiasm. He looked a trifle bewildered. Lilly flicked a hand at him and left the room.

Miss Graham went to a large, bleached mahogany bookcase and took out a large book bound in turquoise leather. In it, to George's complete amazement, were carefully pasted all his reviews.

"Well," he said heartily, "you *are* a fan, aren't you—Miss—uh—Graham? Uh, Janet." And he settled himself to a pleasurable perusal of the big book.

In the kitchen Jack Forbes was explaining the turquoise-bound scrapbook to Lilly Pallin.

"It was my idea," he said. "She has money to burn, you know, and she's always asking me ways to spend it. I told her to have scrapbooks made of each critic's stuff. It's a fantastic idea, but you never can tell. And here's Wayne. I never really thought she'd get wonder boy into this apartment. You ought to warn him, Lilly."

"Not me," Lilly Pallin said. "And not you, either, you hear. As you value my new-found friendship, Forbes, don't mention the other scrapbooks."

"I don't get it," Forbes said. "You want to lose your boy friend?"

"For a while," Lilly told him, "for a while. Look, a couple of years ago he was a stage-struck kid out in Pasadena or someplace. He belonged to one of those little theater groups and he worked very hard at small acting chores, but nobody noticed him. And then he wrote this book, Acting Is Easy. It's not a bad book; they are reissuing it this year. And the book caught on.

"His publisher got him to come East and somebody offered him the drama job on the newspaper. I met him his first week here and he started to take me around and I've been his girl ever since. But really, at heart, he's just a hick kid and he's never had a fling at being an eligible bachelor on the New York scene. I want him to have his fling."

Jack Forbes, who had not been born yesterday, gave Lilly Pallin a long look.

"I also want him to marry me," she admitted, "and I don't think he properly appreciates that. In time, he may . . ."

During the week following there were no theater openings at all, and though George Wayne called Lilly Pallin he didn't once see her. She was out; something or other prevented it In all truth, George didn't press very hard. He was confused; he was going through a week such as he never had experienced before.

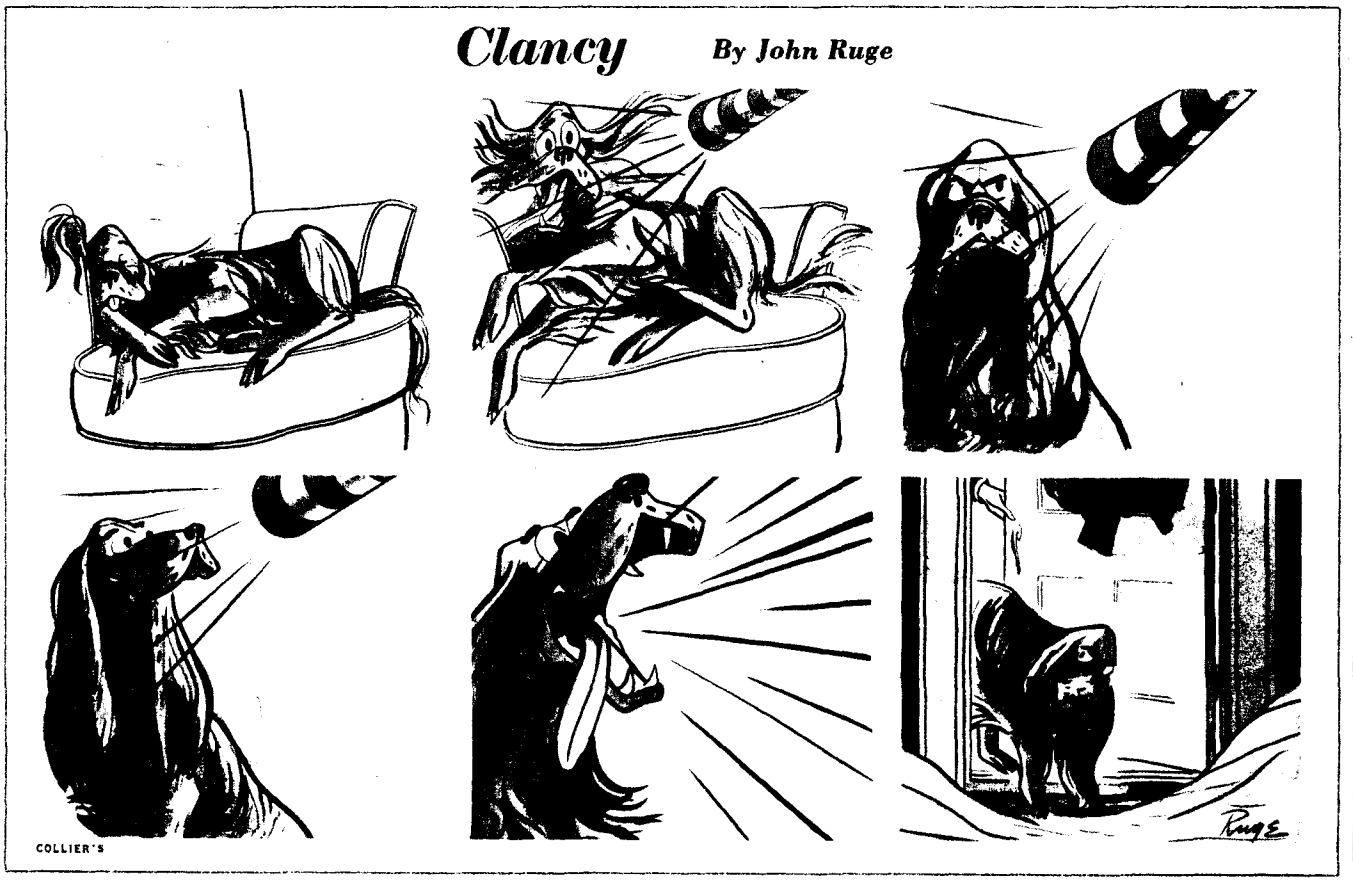
First there had been the girl who had rushed into his office and declared her love for him; and almost on her heels had come the murderous young man who said he loved the girl and accused George of threatening young girls through his drama column. Only yesterday a frail old lady had come in to claim that George Wayne was the reincarnation of someone or other.

After that, the tearful, dark-haired

THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS TO THE ANSWERS ON PRECEDING PAGE

1. Who, me?
2. Where were you the night of February 8, 1937?
3. What is the past tense of the verb marry?
4. Will you please guess a number, any number?
5. Is it (a) a short, (b) medium or (c) long time between drinks?
6. May I present the next speaker?
7. Read anything good lately?
8. Name six hotels in the United States.
9. What do you call a man who racks up balls in a billiard parlor?
10. What do you get if you question all these answers correctly?

Clancy By John Ruge



AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories* ®

ITCH CHECKED *IN A JIFFY*

Sufferers from the torturing itch caused by eczema, pimples, scales, scabies, athlete's foot, "factory" itch, and other itch troubles are praising cooling, liquid **D. D. D. Prescription.** This time-proved medication—developed by Dr. D. D. Dennis—positively relieves that cruel, burning itch. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes and comforts even the most intense itching in a jiffy. A 35c trial bottle proves its merits or your money back. Ask your druggist today for **D. D. D. Prescription.**

Get Well **QUICKER**
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

NO HULLS
ALWAYS POPS-CRISP-TENDER
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

TOOTHACHE?
For Quick Relief Ask your Druggist for **DENT'S** TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS POULTICE

Collier's* *pays you MORE!

Whether you already have a *magazine subscription business* or want to start one, you can make MORE money by sending your orders for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE direct to us. Accept this invitation to write for our profitable plan offering a valuable direct connection with the publishers. For money-making supplies, *just mail a penny postal now to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-42
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

girl who had lost her first part and was certain that George Wayne, and he alone, could get it back for her—she had read his book. And the astonishing crowd of bobby-soxers outside Sardi's that day at lunch, who had cheered him. And, to top it off, the devastating column of Freddy Jackson's:

"George Wayne, the young drama critic, has finally succumbed to the sales talk of some press agent—he is now hiring a whole cast of weird characters to chase him all over town . . ."

It was the morning this appeared that Lilly called him. "It certainly doesn't sound like the George Wayne I know," she said sadly.

"It isn't!" he yelled. "Lilly, I *must* see you!"

"Tomorrow night?" Lilly ventured.

"Yes, sure, certainly," George said—and then yelled again. "Oh, no, Lilly! It's the new Pradery play opening tomorrow night. I'd forgotten. Janet Graham called me up and begged me to take her. Begged me, Lilly. She has a promise of an understudy role—listen, Lilly, I'll call her and tell her no."

"I wouldn't think of it," Lilly said sweetly. "It's perfectly all right."

"What are you going to be doing later?"

"I'll just stay home and do what girls without dates always do. I'll wash my hair and paint my toenails."

But she didn't. Jack Forbes called her, and asked her to go to the Pradery opening. Would she?

"You betcha my life," Lilly said.

The Pradery play was elegantly literate and only mildly boring. The audience was brilliant and smelled to high heaven of expensive scents and crawled all over one another to shake hands and exchange witticisms. Lilly Pallin's hair and eyes and shoulders (revealed by a beige satin off-the-shoulder dress) attracted all the attention she could ask for—including a couple of very hard looks from George Wayne.

At first intermission, George Wayne hung back in the aisle to speak to Lilly.

"I thought you were staying home painting your toenails."

"They dried in time."

"Look," he said, "Janet's arranged some damned supper party afterward. Reservations in a restaurant—"

"That's fine," Lilly said, "seeing how you love restaurants."

"Now listen," George Wayne said, "couldn't you and Forbes join us?"

Jack Forbes said something about their going dancing.

"Where will you be?" George asked.

"George, darling," Janet Graham's voice cooed as she came up behind them, "the curtain is ready. Why, hello, Lilly—" . . .

Outside the theater as Lilly Pallin and Jack Forbes were getting into a cab, a swarm of pretty girls was encircling an embarrassed George Wayne, screaming for autographs.

AT HALF past one, Lilly Pallin was removing her gold sandals when the phone rang.

"Now, look," Lilly said into the phone, "whoever you are, do you know the time?"

"Yes," George Wayne said, "I do. Do you, Lilly? It's pretty late."

"Where are you?" Lilly asked.

"In some night club," he said. "We've been in five. I thought maybe I'd run into you and Forbes."

"We went to Roseland," Lilly sighed. "Forbes knows the press agent and he was able to fix it so I could dance. They have wonderful music, George."

"Listen, Lilly," George said, "I could hop a cab."

"Why, George," Lilly said. "At this hour? You want to compromise me?"

"Better you than me," George said. "Is that joker Forbes with you?"

Lilly hung up on him, and went to put coffee and milk to heat in the kitchenette. The milk was just below the boiling point when the doorbell rang.

George strode in and marched about the room.

"Try the closets, George," Lilly said.

"What's in that pot?" George demanded.

"Not Jack Forbes," Lilly said. "It's called *café con leche*. Coffee with milk. Very nice before going to sleep."

"Who is the other cup for?"

"You, dear."

"How did you know I'd be here."

"I prayed," Lilly said.

"Listen, Lilly," George said, taking her hands, "I've been going kind of crazy. Terrible things are happening to me. And not seeing you, too—I—"

The doorbell pealed loudly, furiously.

"It's that Forbes," George said, and strode belligerently to the door.

"I thought so!" Janet Graham said when she saw George. "I thought that woman would get you back again."

"What woman?" George looked around the apartment and then appealed to Lilly.

"She means me," Lilly Pallin said.

"Yes, her," Janet Graham said, "I heard she had her hooks into you. But I didn't think she would stoop so low as to entice *my* escort up to her bedroom."

"This is her living room," George said.

"That's what *she* says," Janet Graham said, "but I can see what she's up to, even if you can't, George Wayne. Well, two can play at that game—"

"I wish you'd both go," Lilly said.

"Not me," George suddenly yelled, "I'm not leaving this house tonight."

"George!" Lilly Pallin said.

"Until I've talked to you, I mean," George said.

"Take me home," Janet Graham said, beginning to weep. "I've never been so humiliated, rejected—"

"You got here by yourself," George Wayne said, and then he appealed to Lilly. "Do I have to take her home?"

"Who am I to answer that?" Lilly Pallin asked.

"You're my girl, damn it!" George Wayne yelled. "And you're going to be my wife—"

"Oh!" Lilly Pallin said.

"Oh!" Janet Graham said.

And then in unison both women said, "Why didn't you say so before?"

"I didn't know it before," George Wayne said.

LATER, much later, after George had got a taxi for Janet Graham, Lilly Pallin got up off George Wayne's lap and said she had a confession to make.

"All those people," she said slowly, "you know—the girl who cried in your office, and the man who threatened to kill you and the old lady who said you were the reincarnation of a famous person . . . and the bobby-soxers. Listen, George. I hired them."

"Thank God!" George Wayne said fervently. "I was getting scared."

"I wanted you to see," Lilly Pallin said, "how much you needed me. If only for protection. So now, if you—"

"Oh, no," George Wayne said and drew her down on his knee again. "I do need you. I love you, Lilly."

"I know," Lilly sighed, "but I thought you'd never realize it."

"You didn't hire Janet Graham, did you?" George asked.

"Oh, no! She was an accident."

"She's a very predatory woman," George said. "It's terrible to think of the hazards facing a bachelor."

"Well," Lilly said sweetly, "you can stop thinking of them, George Wayne. Rignt now."

GRAND OLD LADY OF JOHNSTOWN

Continued from page 20

from Texas where he herded sheep and fought Indians and cattle thieves. They were married on February 15, 1883—there were only 38 stars in the American flag then, and Franklin D. Roosevelt was a one-year-old baby at Hyde Park.

"The presents were numerous and elegant," the Gloversville newspaper reported, "and after congratulations, refreshments were served, and the happy couple left on the two-o'clock train for New York whence they will visit some of the principal cities in the West."

Bride Tells the True Story

"The truth is," says Mrs. Knox, "the presents were few and simple. The reason we went to New York was to get some expense money, for all Mr. Knox had in his pockets when we were married was $11 and our railroad tickets."

The young couple prospered. Mr. Knox switched from gloves, which he had been selling, to knit goods and became one of the highest-paid salesmen in the industry. Mrs. Knox saved, both openly and secretly, from her household money. They had $5,000 in the bank when, seven years after their marriage, Mr. Knox had the idea of manufacturing granulated gelatine.

Housewives of an earlier generation made their own gelatine, or "calf's-foot jelly," by cooking the shinbones of cows for long hours until they fell apart, and then straining the liquid through cheesecloth, recooking it, and finally clarifying it with egg whites. Only special occasions justified such effort—weddings, for instance, for which a large, shimmering mold of colored, sweetened jelly was made; or illness requiring a bland diet.

Mr. Knox had watched his wife through the process of making gelatine dishes and he thought there should be a market for a prepared gelatine to which only water need be added. He talked it over with her. She agreed to "take what comes." He quit his high-paying job and they moved from New York City where they had been living, to Johnstown and started the Knox Gelatine Company on their $5,000 savings.

Mrs. Knox still insists that most of the credit for the success of the business belongs to Mr. Knox. His vision, enterprise and ingenuity, she maintains, are responsible for the flourishing condition of the company today, 40 years after his death. Certainly there had never been any question about Charles Knox's ingenuity; some of his exploits made America sit up and take notice.

He launched forth brashly with a slogan that today would bring down on his head the concerted wrath of ten thousand bakers: "It's Not Like Pie, It's Healthy!" He purchased a horseless carriage when such conveyances were still new and stared at, decorated it with Knox Gelatine banners, and sent it around the state. He bought a string of fine horses, changed the name of the best one from Anaconda to Knox Gelatine King and raced them all over the country.

He offered Knox Gelatine King to the grocer submitting the thirteen best reasons for selling gelatine. A Mr. Chase, of Des Moines, Iowa, won the contest, but respectfully declined the big chestnut horse, although it was the champion two-gaited harness horse of the world. He accepted, instead, $5,000, which he seemed to think would be more helpful. The horse won $50,000 for Mr. Knox during the following season, and Mr. Chase spent his $5,000 for a corner lot in Des Moines.

Back in the gay nineties, Charles Knox solicited box tops from his customers, gave away cameras and bicycles to clerks and pianos to housewives, and sent bevies of pretty girls around to demonstrate his product. He was one of the earliest owners of a balloon or "flying airship"—emblazoned "Knox Gelatine," of course—and on January 23, 1906, the Syracuse Post-Standard felt obliged to headline his newest wild pronouncement in this reproving manner:

"Latest Freak of Gelatine King. Thinks He Can Revolutionize Modern Warfare by Introducing a Fighting Airship." With no attempt to conceal its skepticism the newspaper quoted Mr. Knox as saying the airship "can be the most formidable engine of war."

Third Candidate on a Banner

Late one night, during the McKinley-Bryan campaign in 1896, Charles Knox strung a banner across Broadway at Thirty-fourth Street, then New York's most important street intersection and still one of the busiest. One end of the banner read, "Bryan Wants to Win." At the other end was printed, "McKinley Wants to Win"; and the center, in huge letters, proclaimed, "Knox Gelatine *Always* Wins!"

The next morning tittering crowds gathered, campaign headquarters of both parties issued outraged protests, and the police ordered Mr. Knox to remove the banner. Unfortunately, he had great difficulty finding workmen to take it down. So it continued to flap in the wind and attract crowds.

On the first day the evening papers cried indignantly that the banner had been erected by "a manufacturer." On the second day news stories angrily described it as the deed of "a gelatine manufacturer." On the third day they berated "the manufacturer of Knox Gelatine" for his effrontery and bad taste. Blissfully happy that his name had at last made the papers, and that thousands of New Yorkers had seen his banner, Mr. Knox finally managed to have the banner hauled down. The trade referred to him thereafter as the "Napoleon of Advertising."

Mrs. Knox did not particularly approve of certain of her husband's spectacular stunts, but at least she always knew about them in advance, and she never tried to dissuade him. She gave advice when he asked for it, took care of their home and two sons, and wrote a book of recipes for salads and desserts she had tested in her own kitchen.

In 1908, Mrs. Knox was jolted out of a serene domestic life. They had celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary. She was fifty years old, and felt entitled to coast into graceful old age and oblivion. And, with the money rolling in, Mr. Knox had begun to think of retiring. Looking around for a hobby, he had chosen politics, and had bought the local newspaper as the first step. Then he had let contracts worth $125,000 for a new structure in which to house it. The foundations had just been completed when he died.

Mrs. Knox's two sons, Charles and James, were schoolboys. Business

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

friends of her husband offered to help her sell everything or find a manager—the only alternatives to be considered by a widow in 1908. While she pondered what to do, she engaged public accountants to go over her husband's books. As a result of their report, she fired one of her husband's most trusted assistants. She asked questions, a lot of questions, of the accountants. Then, early one morning, she walked briskly into the plant of the Knox Gelatine Company and seated herself at her husband's desk.

"I either had to run the business myself," she says, "or employ a manager. If I did the latter, I figured that by the time my boys came of age the business would belong to the manager."

As a dutiful wife, Mrs. Knox had not disputed her husband's methods. Now that she assumed sole responsibility, she examined them critically. Gelatine, she reasoned, was bought by women, and women didn't give a hoot about race horses, pretty girls, airships or election stunts. Women wanted high nutrition at low cost, a food product manufactured under sanitary conditions, and new recipes for easily prepared, appetizing and attractive dishes.

That first day she ordered the plant's rear entrance closed and eliminated, announcing to her employees that "we are all ladies and gentlemen working together here, and we'll all come in through the front door."

He Didn't Want a Woman Boss

She sent for one of the company's most important executives and asked him if it were true that he had said he wouldn't work for a woman. He said it was. She accepted his resignation on the spot. No other employee has ever complained about being bossed by a woman, particularly since 1913, when she put everybody on a five-day week, with two weeks' vacation on full pay. During the depression she laid off no one, and many of her employees have retired on pensions.

"In the beginning," she says, "it took all the courage I had, and more knowledge than I had. The first contract I signed for supplies came to $85,000, and I lay awake most of the night wondering whether I had done the right thing."

The accountants who delved into her husband's affairs advised her to sell the newspaper for whatever she could get. Her thrifty soul rebelled at taking a heavy loss. She kept the newspaper, completed the building her husband had begun, and, a year later, sold both paper and building at a profit.

Soon after this she disposed of the hardware store in Johnstown and the small power company in Versailles, Kentucky, she'd inherited. She abandoned the manufacture of "Spim" medicated soap, ointment and tonic which her husband had undertaken shortly before his death.

With all the other Knox enterprises out of the way, she concentrated on gelatine. She established an experimental kitchen from which emerged hundreds of new recipes, to be printed on the box, in leaflets and cookbooks, and in chatty advertisements in newspapers, magazines, trolley cars and trade papers, all headed "Mrs. Knox says."

She endowed research fellowships at Mellon Institute and elsewhere to find new uses for gelatine, projects which have been so successful that today probably 40 per cent of the company's output is used in industry and medicine. She successfully weathered the controversy over the enforcement of the Pure Food and Drugs Act, which was enacted in 1906. Collier's, on September 2, 1911, listed Knox Gelatine as a product "which housewives may choose without doubt or hesitancy," because it was "absolutely pure."

At first Mrs. Knox tried to conceal from the business world that a woman had taken over Knox Gelatine Company. To the trade she sent black-bordered cards announcing the death of her husband, and stating that his business policies would be carried on by his son, Charles. Actually, Charles was still in school. She kept the secret for a time, until one winter day when a traveling salesman saw a broom at the entrance of the plant.

"A woman must be in charge here," he cried. "Only a woman would have sense enough to put that broom there to sweep the snow off our shoes!"

Young Charles entered the business when he finished school. But he died within a few years, and Mrs. Knox remained president until she was compelled by illness to make her other son, James, president of the company two years ago. James Knox, incidentally, is an interesting and able person in his own right, a genial man who knows more American grocers by their first names than anyone in the nation. But he doesn't pretend to be filling his mother's shoes.

"Nobody will ever really fill them," he says. "She is a real business genius, and they don't come along very often."

Within three years after Mrs. Knox moved into her husband's office, the business outgrew its original quarters, and she built a spacious, sunlit, sanitary building, painted a gleaming white, that even today looks as modern as current designs. In 1915, when the business had almost trebled, she incorporated the company for $300,000. In 1925 it was reincorporated for $1,000,000, and in 1936 she built another plant at Camden, New Jersey.

There the shinbones of Argentine beef cattle are processed into gelatine, which is sent to Johnstown for packaging and distribution. A good deal of the beef in Argentina is canned, and shinbones can be obtained there in large quantities. In the United States, most of the beef is sold to housewives, and the shinbones wind up in a million kitchens.

On an afternoon in 1911, after she had been running the company for three years, Mrs. Knox signed a check for its annual dues to the American Grocery Manufacturers' Association. She thought enviously of the benefits to be gained by attending the annual conventions of the association; she wished that she, too, could talk things over with other food manufacturers, and learn what was being thought and done in the industry.

Quite a Shocking Idea

She telephoned the president of the A.G.M.A., and asked if he thought it would be all right for her to go to the 1911 convention of the association. After a moment of shocked silence, he said he supposed she *could*, if she *really* wanted to. But it was clear that he had never dreamed of such a thing.

"That rankled," she says. "I was paying as much as any of the men to belong to the thing. I made up my mind that I'd go to the convention, and at least find out what I was paying for."

The convention was held in the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The chairman presented Mrs. Knox to the delegates, who rose solemnly and bowed. Then she was escorted to a far corner of the room and seated on a high-backed chair under a palm tree. Occasionally a man would turn and glare at her.

At the noon recess she went to the chairman, and told him that she had noticed that none of the men smoked, and that they had looked very uncomfortable with their coats on.

"I will *not* sit under the palm tree after lunch," she said. "I intend to sit in the last row, near an open window. And tell those men for Heaven's sakes to take off their coats and smoke."

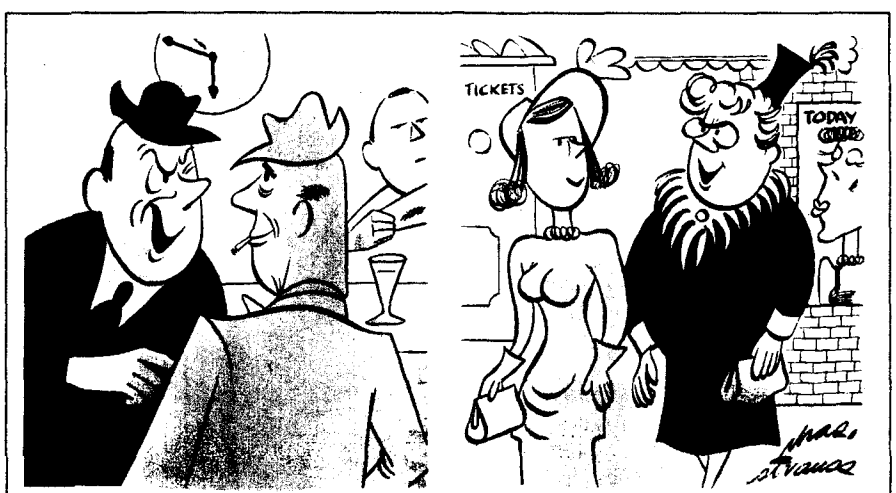
When the chairman made his announcement, every man in the room stood and gave Mrs. Knox three cheers. Thereafter she was just another food manufacturer. In later years, she was elected a director of the A.G.M.A., the first woman so honored.

Today Mrs. Knox works at a flat-topped blond maple desk in her home. She can no longer walk, and she's not resigned to it. "It is the bane of my existence to be prisoned here," she snaps angrily. Mornings she dictates to her secretary, afternoons she confers with her son and other executives. Much of her mail still comes from women seeking advice on all sorts of things—like how to pick a husband—seemingly unrelated to gelatine. The "Mrs. Knox says" ads apparently convinced a great many women that she is an oracle.

"What I'd really like to do," she says, "is to write an article of advice for men, and have it printed in a men's magazine. 'Take your business home with you,' I'd tell them. 'Talk it over with your wife. Keep her informed. You'll broaden the base of mutual understanding, strengthen the ties between you, and share the pleasure of planning and achievement. And if your wife is ever left alone, as I was, she won't be stranded. She'll be able to carry on, as I was, without having to sacrifice your children's patrimony.'"

Mrs. Knox has another bit of advice she sometimes offers.

"Don't get old," she will warn fiercely. "Stay young, stay young," she orders her friends, the old ring of authority still strong in her voice, as though she could bend Father Time, himself, to her will. The fingers are twisted with arthritis—but they don't tremble; there is no quaver in her voice, her eyes are as bright as ever, her mind alert, her manner brisk. Age has trapped her in a damaged outer body but inwardly she is as indomitable and powerful as ever.



"Don't worry—when I start my gosh-what-a-rough-day-I-had routine, the better half will forget all about my being late"

Five Dollars a Day To Chase Blues Away!

"IF I could make $5 a day—or even every other day—I'd feel rich! I could buy the children some things. Most of all, I could give my family some real treats beside the food they need. My husband is so good—he does the best he can. His salary is fair but there is never enough money to meet today's high prices."

How much she tells us! There are thousands like her who haven't yet found the way to the Pin Money Club. You may be one of them—but you won't hesitate any longer, will you?

Certainly not! Not when you know our friendly money-making club is ready to help you solve your money problems. You'll lose no time before sending for our free folder, "*There's Money For You.*" It has helped thousands of girls and women make extra dollars in spare moments. Why not you?

A New York member tells us, "I managed to tuck away $260 during the year. It paid for half the amount I spent on painting and repairing my home."

An Ohio member says, "How did I use my earnings? That is a question that is hard to answer as there are so many places for extra money—especially since the family budget has to stretch farther now than ever."

What do these letters tell you? I hope they make you feel that no matter how inexperienced you are you, too, can make extra money. Write today to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Dept. C-28
250 Park Avenue New York 17, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's believes...

IN THE LOOMING YEAR:

Prophecy is foolishness. So prudent men don't predict. We speak with recent history in mind. Time is too often rough on forecasters.

For all that, a little guessing is tempting and pleasant. Without a few looks toward the future we should never get around to planning tomorrow's breakfast or next year's harvests, or even this issue of Collier's.

So we shall indulge in a little guessing about 1949. Our guesses will be no more than reports of what sincere intelligent men think about the future. Obviously, nobody really knows.

With such reservation we guess there will be no war between the United States and Russia during 1949.

We guess further that the relationship between Russians and Americans will continue strained during 1949 and the next few years thereafter.

We realize that a Russian general in Berlin or north Korea could bring about a state of war within a few hours.

We know too that if Marshal Stalin wanted war instantly, he might well get it. Still we think that all factors considered—stormy weather but no World War III is the best guess for 1949.

We guess again that there will be no major economic depression during the next twelve months.

Yes, we remember that about four years after World War I ended there was a business recession. We likewise are sure that we are not much wiser than were our fathers.

The facts of 1948 just do not add up to a depression in 1949.

Russia keeps predicting a collapse in the United States. Actually Russia, without planning it that way, is helping us not to have a business recession.

This is doubtless very disappointing to the Russian prophets of doom for us. As good Communists they have been told that the free capitalistic countries must have depressions every now and then and especially after big wars. In loyalty to their creed they must believe that the United States economy is due to crack up.

We have disappointed them so far and shall probably continue to do so because they have been so rude and threatening to us and to the independent peoples of Europe. You have to relax economically to experience a collapse. Russia won't let us let down.

We have to spend billions, twelve billions or more, this coming year, to be ready in case Russia chooses to attack us or our allies. We have to spend a few other billions, four or five maybe, to aid the free countries of Europe that are trying to rebuild their own productive powers with Marshall Plan loans.

Except for Russian suspicion and hostility we would not have to spend many of these billions. Yet the very work we do to safeguard ourselves against attack keeps jobs and buying power available. If Russia were kind and friendly, we might not think it desirable to be so well prepared against a day of war that all Americans and probably most Russians hope will never come.

We shall have to thank Russia for a part of the very active business that will doubtless continue through 1949.

But not for all of it. The new status of labor, fortified both by the Wagner Act and the Taft-Hartley law, assures a greater stability to labor's income. The guaranteed prices for agricultural products assure the buying power of farmers. Social Security safeguards others.

We have not abolished economic change by law but we have prepared cushions against violent recessions. Thus to some degree we have insured continued prosperity for ourselves.

We guess further that there will be no abrupt turns in the policies of the Administration or of the Congress during 1949.

Union leaders have asked for the repeal of the Taft-Hartley law. The changes may be more nominal than important unless the memberships of the unions have changed their minds about the essential provisions of the law. For while the Taft-Hartley Act has been anathema to union leaders, members of unions favored vital parts of the act. When hearings are held in Congress, we shall learn their present opinions.

We guess that labor relations will tend to improve rather than to get more quarrelsome during 1949. Changes made by previous labor laws have been fairly well absorbed into custom. In many establishments friendly relations have been created. We think these will continue.

So we guess that 1949 will be counted a good year. The chance for evil always exists but if we keep our heads clear and our purposes honorable and friendly we shall probably get by this 12 months without war or catastrophe.

If we can manage 1949 without too much trouble, almost inevitably the strain of international suspicion and rivalry will have lessened. By so much our patience and good will will have protected the peace for us and for mankind. To accomplish this will be a fit goal for 1949. . . .

W. L. C.

☆ ☆ ☆

"It is the aim of Collier's to reflect impartially the best contemporary thought and on its own behalf to speak fearlessly without partisanship on all questions affecting the nation's welfare. It aims furthermore to keep always before its readers a high, sane and cheerful ideal of American citizenship." . . . ROBERT J. COLLIER

☆ ☆ ☆

DECORATION BY DONALD F. MOSS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED